

My Mind

AND

ITS THOUGHTS,

IN

SKETCHES, FRAGMENTS, AND ESSAYS;

BY SARAH WENTWORTH MORTON,
OF DORCHESTER, MASS.

“I stood among them, but not of them—

“In a shroud of thoughts, which were not *their* thoughts.

BOSTON :

WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET.

.....
1823.

PS808

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RESPONSE COURTEOUS
TO THE QUESTION IMPERIOUS,

BY WAY OF

Introduction.

AND what are your thoughts like ? or what are they worth ? exclaims the gentle reader, perhaps the ungentle critic, possibly the unsparing satirist !

Their worth it becomes not the author to appreciate ; but for their likeness, truly they resemble you, and your friend, and his acquaintance : many of them have possibly travelled over the whole fair field of your own mind, though you sought not to give the poor things utterance, and still less had you, like the present writer, the temerity to throw them *en dishabille* before the glaring eye of public remark.

She indeed doubted ere she dared, and without the usual miserable subterfuge of pressing friends and officious advisers, has, at last, pulled down all responsibility upon her own luckless head—

Yet neither deprecating censure, nor supplicating applause, but simply awaiting the award of that truth which can alone honour, and the result of that enquiry, which may possibly justify.

Should the question arise, "*Are these sketches indeed personal?*" the author is bound to reply, that as the inferences of life, are only to be deduced from the living, every observation here drawn, has been so deduced, and is thus distributed—personal—without personality—portraits designed—but not designing—reflections—by which no individual is positively or actually reflected upon.

In further apology for an offering thus avowedly made up of *Sketches* and *Fragments*, the author properly explains, that rustic and recluse, the trees of the hamlet have been her most instructive companions, and while that earth so beautifully shadowed by these, gave strength, activity, and employment to the limbs, and to the understanding; she laboured in her vocation, not with the pretension of a theoretic, and yet less with that of a scientific Botanist, but simply *Avec L'amour des Jardins*, and in burying care, has reaped contentment sufficient to console the heart for its worldly losses, and leavings; until the love of rural scenery became a real passion—probably the only passion, in which it is possible to indulge, without censure or self-reproach.

Thus occupied—with neither leisure, nor disposition, nor capacity to write a Book, there has always been opportunity to pen a thought, or to pencil a recollection.

But as it is easier to design than to discern, and more usual to attempt every thing, than to succeed in any thing, the author has felt and known, that the imperfect and the incomplete—possibly the features of ignorant deformity, are to be placed before critical eyes, habituated to, and of course, interested only in, the finished and the beautiful.

Yet it may be confessed, the present is merely an experiment, unadvised, and without promise, consequently not liable to be the victim of disappointment.

Truly the earth is already encumbered with forgotten books ; but as there is always room for the dying and the dead, the present attempt cannot prove an irremediable evil, unless made such by the individual herself, through weak pretension or viler vanity ; two sentiments, if sentiments they are, in which she does not dare to indulge.

Finally, and most feelingly, the author presumes to observe, that could the right of expectation, or of hope, exist *for her*, in any thing, that right would rest on the wish of being morally useful, in the desire of meeting merited approbation.

S. W. M.

Dorchester, 1822.

RUSTIC LINES,

UPON RETURNING TO THE BELOVED HAMLET OF DORCHESTER.

HOME OF MY HEART ! thy tranquil scene
Of plains—in early herbage green ;
Thy near hills bordering bold and wild,
The temper of thy breezes mild—
Thine ocean blue as beauty's eye,
And calm as clouds bright hovering nigh,
Ere twilight breathes her parting sigh.

OR—the brisk gale, when mid-day clear
Wakes the first floweret of the year,
Bending as if that gale to greet,
Like captive at her conqueror's feet !
While the tossed waves exulting seem
To love the sun's approaching beam.—
These all are mine—ere the young day
Warms in the bashful blush of May.

Thy vernal bird, with song of glee,
Recalls thy fugitive to thee ;
The rustic tones of truth to find,
The smile, that speaks the welcome kind ;
Or the quick eye, which seems to say,
The steps of labour must not stay ;
To all I come—for all are dear
To her, whose whole of life rests here.

Sweet Hamlet ! since no wrong invades
The quiet of thine elm-row shades,

I come—beneath those shades to rest,
And in that quiet to be blest.

Sweet Hamlet! to thy breast of bloom
In singleness of soul I come!
The aching of my cares to hide,
And dead to all that breathe beside.
For in thy bounties thou art kind,
To the world-wearied nerve of mind;
And most to her who dares not own,
How much she feels in crowds alone.

THOUGHTS.

Nº. I.

WHAT IS DISAPPOINTMENT?

EVEN that, at whose approach we exclaim and lament and suffer, as if individually the most afflicted among mortals,—and yet, how few are there of those bitter disappointments, which have not by their termination, or in their effect, become benefits?

Were we permitted to unfold and read every leaf in the book of fate and futurity, how often should we bless our DISAPPOINTMENTS—how frequently wonder at the fervent solicitude of past wishes!

Marriage prevented, fortune lost, hope frustrated—those disasters, and even that death, at whose knell misery came; these, frowning and cruel as they seemed, may all, or some of them, have rescued the heart from deeper sorrow—more desperate distress.

Who is there among the mature of age, and of understanding, but can recal to his thoughts some blessing, the offspring of disappointment—some sorrow, the child of gratified inclination?

Unless we were all-wise and all-good; that is, without selfishness; judgment in our own cause is worth nothing; discontent, of no possible avail.

If Fortitude be a virtue, Resignation a blessing, Patience a necessity, DISAPPOINTMENT, sometimes a trial, and always a lesson, is frequently a boon, which, *ugly and venomous, bears yet a precious jewel in its head!*

2.

GOOD LUCK and ILL LUCK, are terms relative, or comparative; the one usually uncertain, the other seldom irretrievable, for the wheel of fortune is so continually in mutation, and rotation, that every spoke, and *felloe* and *nave*, has its turn and its triumph, its elevation and its depression; and as surely, this same wheel of fortune will neither rust, nor rest on its axle, to enhance the hope, or to deepen the despair of any breathing creature. Why then should any one exult at the promise or in the possession of that GOOD LUCK, so versatile and mortal? or why be terrified at the threat of those frowning disasters, which have not even an earthly durability?

And is it not as wicked as unwise, while adoring the high and golden idol of prosperity, to trample on the bruised and broken victim of ILL LUCK and disappointment?

3.

Properly speaking, NICETY is refinement; a principle that accords and combines with superiority;

in the fine arts, expressing the highest finish of exquisite workmanship; in habits, manners, and morals, implying order, delicacy, and purity.

But NICETY is a *luxury*, and, like other luxuries, most frequently appertains to wealth, station, elegance, and good education; for neglected children are seen to delight in grovelling, and savages are seldom averse to the degradation of filth.

Usually, the more polished are the most nice, and yet the extreme of excessive NICETY may degenerate into imperious fastidiousness, or it may be refined into listless affectation, when, having authority, it becomes fault-finding idleness, making exaction, and refusing exertion.

And which is there of the higher principles, or blessings, when extended and extorted beyond the proper line of moral demarkation, that does not assume a different character, and make and merit for itself a less righteous appellative.

Even as extremes and excess, bringing injury to virtue, are the sure destroyers of happiness.

4.

We are seldom able to impose on the world, for the eyes of that are always open and vigilant, and the ear and heart prompt to discriminate, and willing to detect: hence the wiles of DECEIT may be compared to traps laid over quicksands, in which the contriver is often the first to be fatally caught.

Let him therefore, who to the vileness of DECEIT, gives the imposing characteristic of ingenuity or

address, ascribing the treasons of artifice to the ascendancy of genius, learn, that the wilful deceiver, like the inventor of the brazen brute of *Phalaris*, is more frequently the victim of his own crafty designs, than the builder up of good fortune, or the architect of more honourable fame.

5.

Excessive VANITY sometimes impels to insolence, more often, in self-complacency, putting on the borrowed garb of good nature, as if solicitous for popular applause, it succeeds in having its principles mistaken, and its person the object of commendation or of apology.

6.

There exists in every thinking mind, a certain conscious KNOWLEDGE OF ITSELF, which, under any possible occurrence, constitutes either its punishment, or its consolation.

7.

How often is self-love mistaken by ourselves for SELF-APPROBATION. Adversity, which never flatters, corrects this error, and bringing humility to our aid, enables us to realize many virtues; *meriting*, rather than *making*, the approval of conscience.

8.

Is it not true, that those who are held in the least possible estimation by others, have, for the most

part, the greatest delight in themselves? So true, that we may rest assured, excessive SELF-COMMENDATION will have the accompaniment of extraordinary demerit, even as humility is the guide and guardian of every virtue.

9.

Of the world, and its little ways, there may be seen industrious minds, in BUSY BODIES, whose sole occupation is that of transmitting evil reports from individual to individual.

While mingling drops of honey with the poison thus conveyed, like the *Charlatan*, they sometimes pretend to cure what they wound, and often profess to save, even while they kill.

Such are of the little world; trust them not, for their tongue is a two-edged sword, and the deceit of their words, like the fabled song of the Syren, and the tear of the crocodile, fore-runs destruction.

The industry of such minds is malice, and the business mischief; while of their mercies, the tenderness is cruelty, and the end, moral misery.

10.

Most near in faith and affinity to the Busy body, is the PLAIN SPEAKER—a being of coarse feelings, rude utterance, and boastful integrity. Could the scorn of a sarcasm kill, these would have slain their thousands. The music of such is usually upon a sharp note, and has no symphony.

In their vocabulary, presumption means sincerity ; impertinence is honesty ; careless cutting allusion, right, and righteousness. And yet the dark den of such hearts more usually encloses the tiger than the serpent brood.

11.

CONSCIENCE, simply understanding that quick sense of committed errors, is the exclusive attribute of honest minds, fallible but not wicked ; a principle existing for the correction of faults, rather than for the reformation of crimes.

The man who has a heart to perpetrate atrocities, will usually be found with a CONSCIENCE hardened, or abandoned in braving the consequences.

12.

How many words have been lavished and wasted on the arbitrary and inevitable power of CONSCIENCE ! How few thoughts expended upon the thousand ways of averting its reproaches, and of discarding its mandates !

Vanity counteracts it by boasting, or subverts by pretences. Pride overcomes it with authority, or repels in defiance. Mistake calls to his aid the poor plea of necessity ; and malice, cold deliberating malice, flings off the merited blame, and casts away the committed evil on another.

While good sense, better principle, and true religion, detecting the real aggressor, only supplicate

mercy for our very selves, as frail mortals, or as miserable sinners.

13.

Idleness is, in cause and effect, mental and moral degradation.

Industry without utility to others, may be termed the most pernicious sort of Idleness; for thieves are usually so industrious, that with less labour they might obtain an honest subsistence.

Also, the vain, the mischievous, the irascible, and the selfish, are, like the great tormentor, seldom at rest.

Useful Industry is cheerful, kind, active, vigilant and regardful, blessed and blessing—the tree that it plants, will grow, and bloom, and ripen; bringing forth fruits in season, for the beneficent hand and the feeling heart of the patient and attentive cultivator.

14.

Idleness, scorning utility, and coveting enjoyment, finds weariness, awakens discord, and invites enmity; met by punishment if not followed by repentance.

15.

What is generally termed *prudence*, is seldom other than a cowardly discretion or a vile selfishness. The Worldly Prudent avoids the unhappy; and is sometimes seen to tread upon the fallen, who, he expected, would rise no more.

16.

When, by the presence of one, whom we are willing to believe our friend, the heart is warmed and opened to unfold its anxieties, or to unburden its sorrows—

When we look for reciprocation, expect sympathy, and hope for kind unreserved counsel; how cold does the hand of SELFISH PRUDENCE strike to the soul, with a look between cunning and distrust. A silence unmoved, and unparticipating, a discretion which seems to say, I oppose my wisdom to your folly—my safety to your generosity—my foresight to your guardless confidence.

17.

It is PROPER PRUDENCE to regulate OURSELVES, by restraining the disposition to excess of every kind, in moral feelings, as in personal conduct.

It is also PROPER PRUDENCE to avoid injuring another, in word, or by deed—such forbearance being a species of self preservation; since every human being is, like ourselves, armed by nature with some shield of defence, or some weapon of offence, which will surely be turned and returned upon the assailant.

It is PROPER PRUDENCE, when happy in the present, not to be unmindful of the future nor forgetful of the past; neither rapacious of vain pleasure, nor disdainful of true enjoyment; to reflect, and resolve as to the best method of *living every day of our lives*, fixing our election either upon the high zest

of worldly pleasure, and its alternations of amusement, or upon the more *truly Epicurean* principles of virtue, mental delight, and rural retirement.

It is equally prudent, as much as in us lies, to preserve the health of the body and the mind, as under disease to submit to the kindest and wisest physician, for the cure of either, or of both; also, with the blessing of a sound mind in a sane body, to have no imaginary wants, but to pass honestly, and as far as is possible, happily, through the safe path of propriety, guarded and guided by that PROPER PRUDENCE which is not selfish, nor worldly, but in estimating others, still respecting ourselves.

18.

HASTY OPINION differs from MATURED JUDGMENT, as the passionate eloquence of the advocate differs from the serene wisdom of the judge. The one in delighting, may impose and mislead, the other, even in disappointing, will convince and instruct.

MATURE JUDGMENT may be said to display the straight line of the arrow, without the arrow's impetuosity. HASTY OPINION, like the torrent in rushing onward, frequently turns aside bewildered, and lost through intricacies. MATURE JUDGMENT is cool, and like truth, immutable. HASTY OPINION, warm, and fluctuating, though it fasten, like the vulture upon his prey, loses its hold, and sinks down into uncertainty.

Then, were it not better, *maturely* to pass *judgment* on our own individual errors, than to form and

force *hasty opinions* derogating from the merits of another.

19.

Whence is it that a man is seldom able to relinquish his animosity against those whom he has injured? Is not this factitious resentment a kind of compromise with the uneasiness of his sensations?—An effort to persuade his INJUSTICE that the victim is the aggressor?

20.

No man becomes entirely a MISANTHROPE, until he has merited ignominy. Even as no vicious character, resting on human depravity, imagines any one living to be more intentionally virtuous than himself; hence look for distrust and expect censure, exactly apportioned to the criminality of your accuser.

21.

What a credulous ear and willing investigation do we lend to every passing report, which bears hard upon the conduct of another!

How incredulous and indignant of all that tends to disclose mistakes or misconduct of our own!

In this, SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are surely not the same.

Perhaps it is morally impossible to acquire the graces of philanthropy, and the virtues of humility, without some portion of individual suffering;

for adversity, drawing aside the veil of SELF-LOVE, which ever hides us from ourselves, at the same time casts a shadow over those vertical sun-beams of fortune, which dazzle and distort, when we see or suspect the motives of another.

Adversity, in the correction of error, thus tempering extremes, shows the world its value and its votaries as they really are, and our own heart as it truly is.

22.

Is it not true, that the busy world of mankind feel, without avowing an equal abhorrence of those opposite tormentors, the DEBTOR and the CREDITOR. The one as a slave, whom it is willing to oppress, the other as a tyrant, whom it dare not irritate, and is ashamed to accuse.

If the vulgarly imperious dun, with a lordly demand of restitution, be hateful to the man of many wants and few means, in no less degree is that DEBTOR, by whose penury the necessitous CREDITOR suffers; or through whose negligence he is degraded; while on this occasion, contrary to most others, the oppressed may be considered the aggressor, as honest industrious misfortune is seldom permitted to remain the uncommiserated and unrelieved victim of any persecution whatever.

ODE TO MERCY.

BLESS'D POWER ! first attribute of heaven !

Whose melting eye,

And accent bland ;

Whose gentle sigh,

And open hand,

Were to the best beloved of mortals given ;—

Whither, ah whither, hast thou fled,

On what soft bosom rests thine angel head ;

Or to what distant wilds are thy mild graces driven ?

Thou art not in the courtly smile,

Which silken *Gratio* wears,

Whose softness flatters to beguile,

Whose kindness but in voice is known,

Round whose dark mind's degraded throne,

Falsehood her doubly forked sting with serpent venom bears.

Still further from the rough disdain,

Of rich *Lorenzo's* pride ;

He who in trifling arts excels—

Critic in flies, in flowers, in shells ;

Which o'er his hollow heart preside ;—

And shut his marble breast to sorrow's moving strain.

Nor art thou with the vaunting tongue,

Which in misconduct's tortured ear,

Proclaims each pity-giving tear,

Which virtue's sorrowing heart bestows,

When folly leads her train of woes,

And scorpions lash the voluntary wrong.

Oh shade of HOWARD ! still to thee,

Meek offspring of humility,*
 The living muses wake their grateful strain—
Howard, to sorrow *self-resigned*,†
 Whose firm, undaunted, sleepless mind,
 Embraced the extended family of pain ;
 For *that* to heaven he raised the expiring eye,
 With *that* he deigned to live,—for *that* he dared to die.‡

Does the hard earth no *living* spot disclose,
 Where pity's weeping floweret blows,
 Pouring her balm of blessedness around,
 Scenes where the sick in heart, and lost of hope are found ?

PHILOS,§ to thee unwearied mercy kneels,
 Not for thy rank, nor wealth, thy deeds alone !
 Deeds which the powerful heart of misery feels,
 Deeds of thy secret soul she calls her own ;
 Deeds at whose touch the prison'd debtor smiles,
 His dim eye lighted by his fervid prayer ;
 The blessing, which his agony beguiles,
 Is poured on heaven FOR HIM whose great reward is there.

* That this true philanthropist was among the most humble and self-accusing of mankind, is evinced in his letter, written in positive rejection of the statue, that had been ordered for the purpose of commemorating his inestimable *services*; in which letter, disclaiming all merit, he deprecates every tribute.

† “ *Self Resigned.*”

HOWARD was a man of sorrows, and thence devoted and sacrificed his life to the children of suffering.

‡ “ *With that he deigned to live,—for that he dared to die.*”

HOWARD died of a fever, the infection of which was communicated by a dying individual, who requested to see him, and in complying with that request his own life was sacrificed.

§ WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, at once modest and munificent, pre-eminent among the first in every deed of mercy. This true *Samaritan* some time since released all the debtors under close confinement within the walls of the County prison, by paying the amount of demands brought individually against them, by merciless or necessitous creditors.

ANGEL OF EARTH! whose steps in silence move,
 While scattered bounty through their pathway blooms,
 More grateful are the breathings of thy love,
 Than all the generous summer's rich perfumes,
These to the sense luxurious sweets impart;
Those come like incense to the fainting heart.

MERCY DIVINE!—though grief severe
 May rest her fang of misery *here*,
 To me thy tearful smile will seem,
 Like the young morning's dewy beam
 Cheering the gloom with promise mild,
 A foliage mid the desert wild,*
 A bark the desperate wretch to save,
 Who struggles with the stronger wave;
 A light like that the apostle knew,
 When back his prison's portals flew,
 And the soft touch of angels lay
 On chains, that touch dissolved away.
 A blessing sought, and sent and shed
 On earth—when earthly hope is dead.

BELOVED OF HEAVEN! thy healing aid impart,
 To charm and change the deeply venom'd heart,
 Give the fix'd bosom, cold as hardest steel,
 To move, to warm, to soften, and to feel.
 Rewarding each awaken'd sense
 With the rich blessing of thy own BENEVOLENCE.

* Wherever the thin and stunted palm trees are visible amid the Arabian deserts, the blessing of a spring of sweet water is expected and obtained.

23.

IMPRUDENCE usually belongs to good hearted people, with little reflection, and without design of evil : Yet how tremendous are its effects upon character ! How fatal the *result* to human happiness !

Amazement treading close upon those effects, and that result, brings anguish of mind, which, striking the barb of its arrow even to the secret heart of the offender, probably compels circum-spection—possibly impels restoration—certainly induces amendment.

At last, able to forgive ourselves, we can merit, and may meet the conciliation of the sensible, the worthy, and the sedate.

24.

Thoughtless CREDULITY, like heedless imprudence, is frequently the known attribute of kind hearts and sensible minds, rather confiding than doubting, with more of feeling than of firmness, often the victim, never the betrayer.

The celebrated and amiable *Lavater* is said to have been the most kindly credulous of mortals, neither suspecting the sincerity, nor doubting the honesty of individual character ; which confirms the sentiment, that this frailty, if it be one, may as truly be the attribute of great minds, as of guileless hearts.

Well meaning CREDULITY cannot exist with the vicious ; and yet such CREDULITY is not virtue ; rath-

er may it be termed the weakness and wildness of good intention, which good intention should restrain and chastise, lest deviation should become distortion, which is deformity, moral and material.

Thus chastised and restrained, CREDULITY is forbearing, patient and compassionate, resting on *faith*, cherished by *hope*, and above all, having *charity*.

While the unbeliever of the moral, like him of the religious world, is cold, and hard of character, suspicious, scornful and intolerant; disdaining to listen, and desiring to proselyte, he is sometimes known to force upon the mature strength of serious conviction, the thin garb of thoughtless CREDULITY.

25.

Though mere IMPUTATION can neither blacken the principles, nor harden the heart of the innocent, yet it is not unfrequently found so to harrow up his soul, and bewilder his understanding, that he seems to forget how much more appalling it were, for the proud and the feeling to *merit* and escape ignominy, than by undesigning imprudence, to awaken the wrong of suspicion, and call down the violence of calumny, pervertingly and perversely iterating,

“*Even out of thine own mouth do I condemn thee.*”

And yet whoever presumes to purchase exemption by the simple consciousness of innocency, will surely feel and find, that the *appearance* of evil, is, in foolishness and sin, next to the *perpetration* of evil.

Surmise, report and opinion, are reputation, and who shall dare to say, I disdain reputation? he will too soon, and too surely, be in danger of discarding morals, and of defying society; the zeal of IMPUTATION, the fanaticism of envy, and the cruel bigotry of calumny, notwithstanding.

26.

FLATTERY in its exaggerations, seemingly has so much of jeering equivocation, and so little of delicate praise, so few touches of character, and such broad lines of *caricatura*, that, far from honouring its object, the usual effect is to awaken ridicule, and to invite contempt.

And yet, under the moral certainty of such result, there are who greedily taste and willingly swallow and readily digest the gross food, thus prepared and appropriated to the craving appetite of insatiable vanity.

27.

The falsehood of habitual PREVARICATION is as mean as immoral, and as unavailing as mean; for the man detected in wilful falsehood, is looked after with eyes of such question and incredulity, that detection seems inevitable, and truth herself doubtful or unlovely from the pollution of his lips.

And yet there are possible occasions in which PREVARICATION is pardonable, and untruth a virtue; that is, in rescuing the life, the reputation, or the property of another from the purposed stabs, or

the proposed depredation of a determined assassin. But these occasions may be said to act not as rules of life but of individual necessity ; alternatives of rare occurrence ; a great evil to be preferred to a yet greater evil ; controlling, not depraving the will nor the person ; who may acquiesce, even as he would in all innocence submit to the scaffold, did patriotism or religion call for the sacrifice.

28.

If PERFECTION concentrate in no one mortal, it will be admitted that particularly and partially, it is sometimes seemingly visible in the personal beauty, or temper or goodness, or intellectual capacities, of the fairest and the best.

Who is there among the fine and the feeling, that has not in the morning of life been led by grateful affection to the almost religious belief ?—recognizing and rejoicing at the possible discovery of angelic PERFECTION ? assimilating the human to the divine nature.

29.

We often deceive ourselves, and sometimes impose on the credulity of those by whom we happen to be valued, or are really beloved, but the judgment seat of society accredits nothing fine nor favourable upon the *ex-parte* PRETENSION of the concerned.

As PRETENSION is not authority, and neither do words nor actions avail, unless supported by the evidence

of external senses, better, brighter, and less partially directed than our own.

30.

To wonder at the fickleness of FORTUNE, or under her frown, to feel hurt at the mere coolness of acquaintance, were foolishness ; since who is astonished at the storm which suddenly shadows a fair day, when it scatters the insects and reptiles that were wont to bask in the sunshine !

31.

MISFORTUNE is the great teacher, whom we cannot know, without realizing some certain moral advantage.

It is the test of friendship, and the key-stone of the virtues, whose fair edifice is too often undermined or overturned by the revels of prosperity.

32.

PROSPERITY may possibly, by its kindness, improve the temper, but was never known to mend the heart ; hence, those who remain unspoiled by its allurements, must, beyond all others, be radically excellent.

33.

The school of AFFLICTION, even in its utmost SEVERITY, is found to inculcate the best principles of gentleness and virtue ; thence the truly sorrowful, those who are heart-struck, are usually the most lib-

eral, benignant and forgiving. As in feeling our own miseries, we learn not merely to tolerate, but to compassionate those of others.

LINES TO POVERTY.

OH POVERTY! hard featured dame,
 Whence grow the terrors of thy name?
 'Tis said that from thy serious eye,
 The laughing train of pleasures fly.
 That deep within thy mansion rude,
 Lurks the black fiend, ingratitude.
 That toil, and want, and shame are known
 To make thy heartless hours their own,
 'Till guilt, his phrenzied eye on fire,
 Bids the last famished hope expire.
 Thus speaks the world,—to mammon true,
 While wrongs thy pleading worth pursue;
 To me—and *I have seen thee near*,
 Though harsh thy withering look appear;
 Though stern the teachers of the poor,
 And hard the lesson, *to endure*,
 Yet many a virtue born of thee,
 Lives sundered from prosperity.
 Religion, that on heaven relies,
 The moral of thy mind supplies.
 —Pity, with plaintive accent, kind,
 And patience, to her fate resigned;
 Are seen thy lowly cot to share,
 While temperance dwells an inmate there.
 Love joined by truth—no rival's eye
 Wakes to the wish of poverty,
 But all the blest affections twine

Round many a rustic home of thine.
 Close circling with the nuptial tie,
 Joys, which a monarch could not buy,
 Though boonless, and to praise unknown,
 Oft is the lustre'd life thy own :
 To thee, the priests of God belong,
 And thine the Poet's deathless song :
 Thee, toiling science lives to claim,
 Thou lead'st his thorny steps to fame.
 Creative genius feels thy power,
 Coeval with his natal hour ;
 On him the rays of glory shine
 Too late—his parting breath is thine.

Let *me* thy simple glances meet,
 Near the green hamlet's calm retreat ;
 Not where the city, throng'd with sin,
 Bids all the monster crimes begin.
 Thence will thy timid virtues fly,
 Scared by seduction's serpent eye.
 Their fate, each murdered hope to see,
 While every suffering lives to thee.

Not that along the wintry shore,
 The fisher plies the wearying oar,
 Not that amid the sultry plain,
 The peasant piles the laboured grain,
 Wilt thou with frowning brow appear,
 To wring the grief-extorted tear.
 But when to wrongs thy sufferings lead,
 While shame, and false reproach succeed ;
 When genius, doomed with thee to mourn,
 Sees his unsheltered laurels torn.
 While ignorant malice, rushing by,
 Quick glances with insidious eye.
 When all thy cultured virtues move,
 Nor sense to feel, nor heart to love ;
 While treachery under friendship's guise,

Bids the pernicious rumour rise,
 Still aiming with envenomed dart,
 To reach the life-pulse of thy heart.
 Then POVERTY, hard featured dame,
 We feel the miseries of thy claim,
 Would from thy close embraces fly,
 Or in their palsyng pressure die.

34.

Our most embittered ENEMIES would for the most part be converted into real FRIENDS, were we by any means to obtain the power of conferring either pleasure or promotion personally upon them.

It is equally true that not more than one FRIEND in a thousand will be found to outbrave the hard storm of our adversity.

35.

Generally speaking, we retain the affections of our friends, just so long as we have no occasion for their actual services. The moment a tax is laid, revolt ensues, constraint appears, FRIENDSHIP declines, and even the feeble gleam of cold good-will becomes obscured, if not wholly extinguished.

36.

In possessing capacity of any kind, let us rest upon that and upon ourselves, rather than upon the promise of FRIENDS, and the hope of friendship; since a favour solicited is an obligation incurred, subverting the essential equality of friendship, or at least, blending its kind sentiment with the evil feelings of debtor and creditor.

37.

Who is mine ENEMY ?

Not he who to the rudeness of contradiction adds the violence of accusation, and the cruelty of reproach ; since rudeness, violence and cruelty do not persuade, are without influence, and make no converts. Of such outrage, injury is not born ; but rather of him, the flatterer of my foibles, the reviler of my virtues ;—for who is there among educated and erring mortals, destitute of both ?—The doubter ! the questioner, the sneering apologist !

It is not he who like the apostolic *Peter* could have rashly and rudely denied his Lord, and loved him ; but he who as the professing *Judas*, while betraying even to the death, follows with blandishments and meets with caresses ; insidiously exclaiming “ *All Hail ! Lord or Master !* ”

38.

Perform a BENEFICENT action, and let it be actuated by the first of human pleasures, that of conferring benefits ; but never expect gratitude, nor even the return of spontaneous affection, since it requires superiority of mind, and nobler attributes of heart to admit or endure the heavy weight of obligation.

39.

How often is it found, after we have given all that we could in benefaction, yet provided that all be inadequate to the wants or even to the vain wish-

es of the necessitous; far from kindling the warmth of gratitude, or reaping the harvest of kindness; the gratuity thus limited and insufficient, remains as if to rise up in judgment against us; with discontent, vexation, reproach and sarcasm—*deep, if not loud*—leaving to the simple heart of the poor benefactor only the purity of intention, the pride of principle and the approbation of conscience, with the best blessing—not temporal but eternal—of heaven itself.

Is it then a question, what are the REWARDS OF BENEFICENCE?

40.

To those who have in any way, or by any means, alleviated our miseries, though possibly from a spirit of ostentation; yet under the presumption of such possibility should we hold ourselves grateful; even as an honest heart appreciates the deed of benevolence by the good that is conferred, while a base mind is busied in analysing motives, as if to obtain dispensation from the whole debt of TRUE GRATITUDE.

41.

MERCY is before sacrifice, and it is more useful to reclaim than to destroy, even as it is better patiently to prune and cultivate the tree, rather than to root it from the earth when it appears fruitless and unflourishing.

42.

Nine tenths of the vices of this world, not to speak

of its crimes, do certainly originate more through thoughtless imbecility of character, than from deliberate atrocity of intention ; and if not immediately succeeded by reformation, are eventually followed by repentance ; hence the persuasion of pity, and the forbearance of MERCY are more likely to be efficacious, than the hardness of reproof or the severity of punishment.

43.

If VIRTUE be not always its own reward, yet admit this infallible axiom, VICE is ever its own avenger.

SOUVENIR.

During the endemial ravages of the spotted malignant fever in the state of Maine, the active benevolence of one man was known to meliorate the distress, and to preserve the existence of hundreds of human victims.

To that man, the compassionate friend and beneficent physician of the poor, the following lines were inscribed by

ONE OF THE GRATEFUL.

For him, "THE MAN OF ROSS"—your boast prolong,
 Who love the Poet and the Muses' song.
Lives there, whose deeds an equal homage claim,
 Yet shuns the tributary breath of fame,
 To pale disease, and paler misery flies,
 His dread the question of enquiring eyes.
 He, born to bless, with secret step draws near
 Where the proud sufferer drops the silent tear.

Where hard and deep the frost of fortune lay ;
 Pours light and life, like heaven's restoring ray :
 Or where the murmuring poor by wants oppress'd,
 Claim the large bounty of his ample breast,
 Is known to loiter—till the bursting prayer,
 Tells his touched soul a pitying God is there ;
 That prayer the rescued innocent shall raise,
 With eyes that speak unutterable praise.

Do hoards of wealth this bounteous stream supply ?
 Ah ! when could gold the richer feelings buy.
 See the vain *Midas*, grasping mid his store,
 Wait till the prosperous gales have wafted more.
 While he who breathes to shelter and to save,
 Repays his heaven the portioned boon it gave.
Lives there—like him, by Britain's bard defined,
 A man of melting heart and matchless mind ;
 Who flies the grateful fame that would pursue ?*
 Thou, VAUGHAN† wilt "blush" to find the semblance true.

44.

As EXTREMES are frequently known to meet, and strike, and fasten upon each other, those heavy afflictions which breaking down the spirit, sink the soul in despondency or resign it to despair—those are sometimes overpowered by a sudden blaze of success, or requited by a restoring and rewarding stream of cloudless prosperity, rendered more bright and more blessed from the dim misery it found ; even as the darkest moment of night is that which

* " *Did good by stealth, and BLUSHED to find it fame.*"

† Benjamin Vaughan, of Hallowell in the state of Maine, whose ample fortune is expended in deeds of mercy ; and whose medical science is exerted for the preservation of those whose only remuneration can be by blessings and prayers to heaven, where his best treasure is, and his heart also !

precedes the glorious dawning of day ; and the last convulsing agony of human life, is—for the merciful and the just—but as a path-way to the heaven of happiness and remuneration.

Thence should not the cruelty of fortune blot out earthly HOPE, nor the inflictions of mortal sorrow, nor the malice of worldly destiny, wounding and wasting the heart, lead and leave it to DESPAIR.

TO

GEORGE HENRY APTHORP.

MY BROTHER ! at youth's vernal hour,
Thine was beauty's transient flower ;
MY BROTHER ! in life's summer day,
Thine is of mind, the enduring ray ;
From blushing morn, to noon's decline,
Of soul and heart, the strength is thine,
Soul to sustain, and heart to cheer
The pilgrim's path of darkness here.

To me thy deeds of kindness seem
Expressive as the patriarch's dream,
When to his lightly slumbering eyes,
Angels from earth were seen to rise
On steps* celestial—bright and fair,
As hope had brought her bounties there,
While on his sense the vision grew,
The golden gate of heaven he knew :†

* Steps, rather than ladders, according to the original Hebrew.

† And Jacob said, Surely this is the gate of heaven.

Holy Scriptures.

Thus to the mourner's musing eyes,
 A passage brightening to the skies
 Is seen from earth—an angel's care
 Unfolds the portal's blessing there.

45.

As the consciousness of a man's mind usually regulates his relative OPINION on every question of conduct, motives and virtues; the truly good rather hopes, trusts and vindicates, while the really wicked willingly doubts, disdains and vilifies. The heart of the one pities, pardons and accepts, that of the other, like the iron couch of the ancient *Procrustes*, is found to mutilate or to distort, enlarging or reducing to the cruel dimensions of its own hard substance.

46.

ENTHUSIASM is that fine fervour and rich glow of delight, which belong to improved taste and indulged imagination; generous, kind and warm hearted, it forms and follows the perception of the painter, the sensibility of the poet, and the soul of the philanthropist.

ENTHUSIASM lives and is perfect with the noble-minded; properly speaking, it is not of the *fanatic* nor the *bigot*, and still less is it of the merciless *unbeliever*, for the blood of these is cold even in its fury, as if rushing onward to destroy what they could not proselyte.

And yet ENTHUSIASM is but a fine feeling, and not a sacred sentiment; the only part it can legitimate-

ly hold in rational christianity, is that of calling in the aid of devotional musick, by which the thoughts and faculties seem to rise even as it were on the divine wings of melody, from earth to heaven.

ENTHUSIASM may be heated into passion, or it may be frozen into prejudice ; when no longer the same good genius which animates and inspires, it becomes an exasperated spirit that degrades ; a spirit who neither thinks nor reads nor reasons, but rather deals and desolates, whose proper name is *Violence*.

ENTHUSIASM, correct and corrected, as attached to the fine arts and devoted to the best affections, is blameless and beautiful ; for ENTHUSIASM neither defames nor debases, nor deserts ; but is in effect, good will, admiration and applause, near which the vehemence of the baser passions cannot approach, and to which the selfishness of vanity, and the sordidness of vice do not belong.

48.

The WISDOM of actions is better than the WISDOM of words, for in the moral, as in the vegetable kingdom, one may plant and another may water, but it is the light and warmth of living energy, which like the brighter ray of heaven, can alone give the increase.

LINES

TO THE MANSION OF MY ANCESTORS, (1) ON SEEING IT OCCUPIED AS
A BANKING ESTABLISHMENT.

MANSION! no more by beauty graced,
Thee have the spoiler's hands defaced.
MANSION of yore! thy stately dome,
Seem'd of a polish'd world the home.
The NOBLE (2) there were nobly led,
And at the generous banquet fed;
While the *Crusader's shield* (3) was seen,
To tell of deeds that once had been.

How art thou changed! and mammon's store
Proclaims the reign of soul is o'er!
The feast, the dance, the song of glee,
No longer of thy NAME nor thee.
APTHORP! most dear, most honoured name,
A parent's boast, his children's claim,
Thy halls to taste and talents known,
Where all the brilliant bounties shone:
Thy sons approved in arts or arms,
Thy daughters of transcendant charms
Are gone—and Plutus builds a throne,
Enriched by fortune's gifts alone.
Even where the curtaining velvet rose,
Round the calm midnight of repose;
Where my proud father's (4) infant eyes,
First saw the beauteous morning rise,
Proud, with a Cambrian's boast to claim
The warrior's and the artist's fame;
Proud, in his matchless form to trace

(1) See the end of the volume.

The impress of an honoured race,
 But prouder in his gifted mind,
 The genius of that race to find.

All, all are lost—(5) the bright, the fair
 Are gone—and wealth is worshipped there :
 The children's children live to see
 Nor memory of thy name nor thee,
 No mansion by the grandsire trod,
 Nor hill, nor vale, nor grassy sod,
 Stay with the race—their only claim
 The riches of his treasured name :
 Not one of all survives to tell
 How fond his glance of blessing fell :
 Fame only lives in cold decay ;
 For time has borne the bloom away.

49.

If individuals of sedate minds, cold hearts and cautious utterance, usually escape persecution, and are without enemies ; yet, be it asked and urged, have these either friends, adherents, or kindly influence ? Do they reach and reap the spontaneous growth of abundant affection ? Or can they touch the fine chords of awakened gratitude ? inspiring and commanding the music of voluntary applause ?

If open-hearted inadvertency have its pang and its reproof ; to calculating SUSPICION no pleasures belong : solitary security is not happiness, neither is the heat of angry reprimand like a consuming fire, whose end is mora destruction.

As in casual society it were well to be wary and distrustful, in social intercourse it is better to be sincere and unsuspecting ; remembering that though

erring man prove your accuser, God is the judge of all that breathe and bless, and sin and suffer. Man, the cause and the victim of events, whose guardian is truth, whose guide is conscience, whose reward is the sympathies of a feeling heart, and the sacredness of an unprevaricating mind.

50.

The mere words of **KINDNESS**, even admitting that such were but a voice; yet are the sweet tones of that voice more valuable and more valued by the touched heart of affliction, than thousands of fine gold displayed with arrogance, bestowed with admonition, or lavished with the complacent superiority of conscious munificence.

LINES

TO THE BREATH OF KINDNESS.

The following lines being, as their style imports, a production of early youth, are here inserted, not surely for poetic merit, but rather for the grateful sentiment at that period felt, uttered, and inscribed

TO THE KINDEST OF THE KIND.(1)

SWEET is the garden's breeze that flows,
 With health and sweetness from the rose;
 Charm'd was the strain *Cecilia* knew,
 And with enrapturing finger drew;
 So sweet the breath which kindness moves,
 So charms the voice attention loves:
 She, with the organ's lifted peal,

Could make a listening Angel feel,
 With floating wing from heaven descend,
 And o'er her fine attractions bend,*
 To thee a finer strain is given,
 A strain that wins the heart to heaven.

What time the breath of kindness steals
 O'er every pang that sorrow feels ;
 With all affection's hoarded stores,
 How rich the balmy whisper pours,
 Rich as the spring's first blossom blows,
 Warm as the lip of summer glows ;
 Sweet as the morning's clovered vale,
 And healthful as its zephyr'd gale,
 More prized than wealth ; than worlds more dear ;
 Still may *that whisper* loiter near ;
 Still to this trusting heart reveal,
 What only thou—LOVED FRIEND ! can'st feel.

51.

SUCCESS animates and invigorates the soul. Disappointment chills and depresses the heart ; and yet the overheated excitement of continual SUCCESS, like that of the grosser stimulants of food, is oftener known to enfeeble, and sometimes found to debase when it seemed to exhilarate, was expected to strengthen, and pretended to preserve ; while the frost of affliction, like that of the element, braces the mind, gives strength to the principles, and improves the moral constitution of the heart.

Do the imposing look, the deriding laugh, and

* In the legends of the saints, it is written that saint Cecilia, the inventress of the organ, drew an angel from heaven by the melody of that divine instrument.

the cold-hearted contempt of neglect, belong to the sensibilities of sorrow? Or can the blessed kindness of good-will benefit or oblige him, who holds every boon as his legitimate due, and considers every being of less pampered prosperity, as his unquestioned inferior.

High minded pride, with corrected feeling, belongs to the dignified humility of misfortune. Low thoughted vanity is an attribute of selfish un pitying SUCCESS, *thanking his God that he is not as other men, nor even like this poor publican.*

52.

SUCCESS is sometimes seemingly the gift of God, to the most benevolent of his creatures, clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, in remuneration of no earthly reward, excepting that of the prayer and the praise of those who were ready to perish.

To whom shall the wretched look for succour? and from whom and of whose bounty does that succour descend? but of him, the fortunate and the beneficent; the largess of whose charity is not confined to the gift of silver and of gold, of food and of raiment, but whose voice is the melody of kindness, whose eye is the harbinger of feeling, and whose heart is the abode of brotherly love, while the united power and will, like that of the Deity, is found in the blessing of his deeds.

“Lord of every liberal art,

“Open hand and generous heart.”

To the inspired enterprise of that individual Mind from whose true character such features have been

delineated, the genius of Success seems as closely united, as if it were not, and must not be severed.

Of the name and station of that favoured one, what harbour ! what mart ! what nation of the civilized earth, or the navigable ocean, yet remains uninformed, or unregarding !

53.

A being composed of passionate elements, and subject to paroxysms, is dangerous and must not be trusted ; yet such may be conciliated into reason, or reasoned into conciliation.

But hold no hope in the close and gloomy TEMPERAMENT of that man, whose speech is slow and mechanical, whose countenance is cold and silent, his anger pale and trembling ; while his blood never warms without boiling ; for the violence of such demands a victim ; the fearful laugh of his rage, like the insidious smile of his malice, is the triumph of hatred over innocence ; and his kindest moments, wrapped up in concealment, are without pity and without remorse ; in probing the bosom of truth, he keeps his own thoughts hidden, burying their real character under impenetrable mystery.

If such men are ! they are most perilous !

54.

There are, in whose TEMPERAMENT the violence of passion is so blended with the malignity of remembrance, that, though their fury should kill, yet, like the wilder brutes of prey, pity would not be induced, nor mercy appear, nor remorse nor reform ever come.

Yet it is said the lion may be tamed, and even the venom of the serpent averted by the mind or music of man; while the ferocious and unmerciful worldling, can neither be made docile through art, nor hurtless in nature.

Happily, of this species, like that of other cruel animals, the individuals of feeble increase do not multiply among better mortals, and as rarely seen, are usually known, marked, and avoided.

55.

Most of us would die of despair, if we knew what were occasionally uttered against us, even by our best friends, who may merely hope to palliate offences, by conceding imperfections.

Let us not then be curious to enquire, since such curious enquiry, if gratified, would but vex the heart, mislead the mind, and accumulate further injuries; for too partial to be just, when the subject involves our own vanities, and without the ability either to defend those vanities or to rescue ourselves from DETRACTION, we only invite new assaults, and give strength to that enmity, whose feeble or doubtful existence might by silent forbearance, speedily have passed away.

Hence, let those unfortunates, who fear, and feel, and think they *may* have merited obloquy, continue to pursue the real substance, *to them*, of evil report: while for the upright mind of good intention, such report is as a dark shadow, fast fading to oblivion; a discordant sound, heard, and lost forever.

56.

Nine times out of ten, SLANDER is the mere pastime of the idle, unfounded in truth, yet unaccompanied by malice ; and unless the character attacked happen to be of much personal importance, but little stress is laid, or esteem lost, nor does recollection of the specific charge remain ; and thence is it reiterated, that listening to the individual report, and attempting the refutation of what touches ourselves, were dangerous folly ; which, awakening the pride of the SLANDERER, involves the necessity of his confirming either directly or indirectly, what had been asserted, and further induces the wish of making proselytes.

Thus annexing the evils of publicity and enmity, to the inflicted wrongs of the conscious sufferer.

57.

Listen not to the DEFAMER, since, were he kind, and tender, and charitable and good, he would not appear before you, as the voluntary libeller of an erring mortal like himself, whose individuality partakes of virtues and miseries like his own ; whose secret thoughts he never read, and whose true motives he cannot learn.

Listen not—or can you believe in, or trust to one, whose heart is unsound ? his assertions confessedly founded in ignorance, or mentally built on falsehood—having lent his principles to the weakness of prejudice, or resigned his soul to the distortions of DEFAMATION.

58.

To complain of injury, and to expose with recrimination the coarse character of the injurer, is perhaps meanly pitiful and most unworthy; but it is not CALUMNY, which, founded upon envy, attacks neither the false nor the feeble; but rather the strong and the gifted.

59.

CALUMNY finds facts and distorts them, searching and probing a slight blemish, until it appear or become an incurable wound.

The CALUMNIATOR, always awake and never wearied, like the PERSONAGE described in holy writ, may be seen walking *to and fro*, selecting the fairest fruits of human excellence, with an hard hand, and voracious appetite, to pluck down and devour.

60.

The zeal of calumny, even by the inconsistency of its intemperance, is not unfrequently known to turn upon the calumniator, and rescue the victim; for malignity peeping out beneath the thick veil of affected palliation, appears in native ugliness, so repulsive, that the offended ear and eye turn in conciliation to the better features of the abused.

In effect, holding that as impossible, which was only improbable, or simply untrue.

At the same time it should be understood and remembered that the honest indignation which virtuous minds feel and utter against *detected* atrocity, is neither DETRACTION, SLANDER, DEFAMATION nor CALUMNY.

61.

Why does the promised and promising festivity of a future day, usually terminate in disappointment or end in disgust?

Because to the worldly minded anticipations approach with a fair face, warm and smiling, while retrospection, cold and wearied, returns in features of gloom or of reproach; for the words of promise are kind, and the language of performance rude in seeming deficiency, because in pride and selfishness of heart, measuring our hopes by our merits, the receipt can never equal the calculation and its demands.

The despotism of human vanity, like that of arbitrary sway, has neither equals nor friends, nor even subjects; all are held as slaves or as enemies.

Also the poorest in human happiness is not unfrequently the most gifted and graced by wordly possessions.

Let those therefore, who tread the plain and level path of perfect mediocrity in contentment of soul, be grateful for the blessing present and possessed, neither resting on the precarious hope of TOMORROW, nor repining at the positive disappointment of YESTERDAY.

62.

If, under the sparkling point of much WIT, there be sometimes discovered the hidden canker of much malice, this, usually betraying itself, would prove harmless, were it not, that dazzled by the brilliancy

of the gem, we purposely overlook or wilfully disregard the alloy of the setting and the coarseness of the workmanship.

Never reflecting that we also are vulnerable, and in what touches the egotism of self-love, so far from indifferent, that when no longer able to admire and exult, we complain and accuse. At the same time, and by the same means reclaimed from the voluntary blindness of presumption, we may look to our own imperfections, and through discipline learn mercy.

63.

YOUTH and BEAUTY are endowments usually possessed without the present consciousness either of their blessing or their brevity. And it is only in the autumn and twilight of passing existence, that we remember the blushing sweetness of YOUTH in the brilliant morning of its unavailing BEAUTY.

An awakened remembrance usually clouded by sorrow—a faded rose with thorns striking to the heart; for whose deep wounds remaining life brings and has no remedy.

64.

Is our friend or benefactor attempted to be made the base subject of censure, or the more vile object of ridicule; great were the sin of silence on our part, and greater the crime of acquiescence, whatever the pretences of PRECAUTION or the pleadings of POLICY may be, for silence is even proverbially submission to consent. while acquiescence were

treachery, confirming the aspersion, and fixing the odium, as if willing to immolate the high sentiment of FIDELITY to the mean feeling of POLICY.

65.

DEBTS of hard necessity are pitiable or deplorable ; DEBTS of vain luxury, pernicious or atrocious ; yet there are, who, with prodigal selfishness, outstepping station, and outrunning income, may be seen pushing credit to extremity, till it fall and is lost forever ; then sporting promises until these and their broken faith are given up to the meanness of falsehood, or left to the punishment of perfidy. And yet the inadvertent spendthrift will learn, and must know, that the folly of habitual DEBT may be classed among the least pardonable of human frailties ; that to retrieve former extravagance by future responsibility, is like flying to a furnace for the cure of a fever ; it is the endeavour to save a sinking ship by contriving to force new apertures, under pretence of driving out the sea-wave.

Frequently and more fatally, DEBT may be considered idleness preying upon industry ; waste and vanity counteracting good will, and defrauding generosity ; an offence which the penal law does not properly reach, and which the laws of honour and humanity do and ought to condemn ; an irregularity which pampers the worthless and starves the worthy ; which plants hope and reaps despair, leading to incalculable vice, and leaving to incurable misery, sometimes courting inebriation as a possible specific,

and often embracing suicide as a certain remedy; whose victim lives in shame and may die in sorrow, leaving no one excellence to embalm or redeem his memory.

66.

DECISION of character is essential to those who mean to be distinguished.

A man may be unblameable and of some personal merit, but if he temporise or be deficient in that energy of soul, which, founded on principle, enables him with precision and possession to determine and to dare; whatever his philosophy, or even his good sense may pretend, he will be unnoticed or despised, as equally unworthy of worshippers or calumniators.

67.

MODERATION and forbearance of temper are God-like. MODERATION and circumspection, through system, from stratagem, and by calculation, are contemptible.

The man who studiously avoids difficulties, and reasons upon consequences, when he might possibly serve or save, may be an harmless acquaintance, but is a selfish uninteresting friend, and a sordid cold hearted advocate.

68.

It has been truly said that "*hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue*;" it is equally true, that falsehood is the tribute which ENVY grants to

genius, as seemingly no one arrives at eminence, without the accompaniment of injury and misrepresentation.

An equal consolation this to the great, and to the little individuals of this poor world.

69.

ENVY is the frailty of mean minds, united with irascible tempers humiliated by conscious inferiority, without natural resources, and unable to elevate themselves; these are agonized to the desperate ambition of climbing above the depression, or brightening over the shadow of another's fall.

Is ENVY then humility?—*Look at the envious.*

70.

The good, the wise, and the gifted, are rarely among the envious; the proud, the passionate and the credulous, with animated feelings, seem less addicted to ENVY, than the cold hearted, the suspicious and the questioner; positive foibles, mingled with possible virtues, rendering an individual more tolerable, and more tolerant, than the separation or non-existence of both; since perfection cannot bear, and frailty will not forbear.

Also, the proud, the passionate and the credulous, are usually too high minded or too hot headed, to assimilate in any sort with that freezing malevolence which belongs to the narrowing selfishness of ENVY.

71.

Every malignant passion has its remedy, or at least, its melioration, excepting that of ENVY, for which every native excellence, every acquired virtue, every additional benefit, lives and shines, but to embitter the individual hatred; giving force to antipathy and strength to abhorrence even while it disarms accusation.

72.

ENVY is a Proteus, assuming many shapes, and borrowing many languages; occasionally even those of encomium, sympathy, compassion and friendship; under which disguise it surely stabs deepest; for the praises of envy have hyperbole, and produce the ludicrous, or being comparative, excite indignation—or are decidedly false, as founded on qualities not appropriate to the individual, and generate contempt, or kindle dislike, which, falling on the victim, leave impunity, possibly applause, for the violator. Hence, if ENVY seem to commend, it is with effort or in excess, in terms which chill by their coldness, or surprise by their vehemence, as less intent upon elevating the object, than by the wiles of assimilation, or by the strength of contrast, to push down or overwhelm it; for the frozen wilderness of an envious heart may be compared to that of the uppermost Alps, or rather to that of the Arctic shore and station, as having neither calm nor comfort, nor cheer, nor charities. Thence, in avoiding the treacherous *Ice-berg*, beware of the outrageous *storm-drift*.

73.

We are always prompt in remembering what various claims, and how many rights we individually hold in the great scale of society; while it is not unusual to forget, that to those claims, and to these rights, reciprocating duties of equal obligation are annexed. Since but few, if any, among the whole, the healthy and the sane, are so truly unimportant, and so really inefficient, as to be neither capable of conferring benefits, nor of inflicting grievances; and whenever or wherever the Good and the useful are rejected, expect too surely that the EVIL and the burdensome will be substituted.

To escape this EVIL, and for the attainment of that Good, it is only essential to impress upon remembrance the simple fact, that THERE ARE NO RIGHTS WITHOUT DUTIES.

74.

Individuals may sometimes be found, of temper so untameable, that upon offence taken, with or without cause, MALEDICTION follows in vain wishes of immediate death for the offender; under seeming meditation of delight at the probable or possible fulfilment of such vain wishes at the judgment seat of heaven.

Even of that merciful heaven which has not rested the life or destiny of any one of its creatures upon the cruel MALEDICTION of an enemy; but rather in severe justice, turning aside from the ferocious mind, sees the angel of compassion descend with

peace and good will to the heart of the gentle, the gracious and the forgiving.

75.

Strive not too anxiously to please by AGREEABLENESS of mind, nor of manner; since in *this*, vain were the endeavour of art without the gift of nature; useless the address of cunning, disclaiming the sanctity of principle.

76.

The really agreeable charm without effort and without consciousness; while the merely CUNNING may succeed in any attempt sooner than in that of agreeableness, since there exists a certain unconcealable *finesse* and management of caution in the dispositions of the CUNNING, which, causing distrust, forbid confidence, and prevent attraction.

Yet, to the naturally agreeable, there is usually annexed an ingenuousness of mind which treads so closely upon the heel of inadvertence, that the extremely attractive are more liable to compel affection than to command respect.

77.

There does indeed exist a sort of capacity in CUNNING; but this bears no affinity to superior intellect, as CUNNING is the certain expedient of weakness.

The strong mind, like the strong frame, in conscious power openly asserts, and generously defends; while CUNNING, veering as the wind, and undulating as the wave, may, like those stormy elements, in suc-

cessful mischief, distress, disjoint and undermine ; but the clear sun-beam of genius, in its vertical force, gives light, and life and beauty, to all the works of man, and to every gift of nature and of God.

78.

In associating with the unfortunate, it seems easy to forget their names, their features, and their sufferings, but it is really more easy to forget OURSELVES, the littleness of our consequence, the brevity of our existence.

79.

Does the finger of ACCUSATION point at the innocent ? and is he reviled ?

Let him seriously reflect, that the past word, like the past deed, may be redeemed, but can never be recalled ; and let him serenely enquire, if it were not more healing to forgive, reconcile, and where possible, to forget the injury, and the injurer ; even conscience and principle, resting exclusively on ourselves, are neither to be distorted by malice, nor depraved by unmerited and unmerciful ACCUSATION.

80.

CIVILITY is a debt due to every one, a debt willingly and punctually paid even to adversity herself, by the enlightened and the kind-hearted ; while the weak, the vain and the insolent, are seen fraudulently transferring their whole stock to the persons of the prosperous.

81.

CIVILITY in fact promises nothing, while it implies every thing : and being held as the lawful right of all, its omissions, resented by the mean, and despised by the proud, appear only worthy of pity to the seriously reflecting mind.

82.

What is more easy of performance than mere CIVILITY ? what more safe, or less encumbered ? since it may appear even under the insolence of pride ; when it assumes the name of condescension ; or is cold and forbids approach, or lightly familiar and implies superiority ; but in its perfection, CIVILITY is kind, inviting confidence, and attracting good will.

In reality, a bow, a smile, a word, cost nothing, while the total omission of these may prove the possible purchase of evils incalculable.

The contempt thus indicated, being repaid with ten-fold disdain, causes estrangement, and leads to enmity, followed by the bitter sarcasm of personal reproach. Hence, injury, with its whole host of tormentors, all of which might have been arrested by a look, or propitiated by the easy graciousness of passing CIVILITY.

Yet surely the most pointed shaft of incivility would fall hurtless, were we simply to reflect, that the rude and the neglectful have not, and are not, of the sensible, and the amiable.

LINES

INSCRIBED TO A CELEBRATED HISTORICAL PAINTER, UPON HIS RETURN
FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO THE UNITED STATES.

Not RAPHAEL—that these lowly lays,
Can reach the summit of thy praise,
That thou, the young Columbia's boast,
The pride of Britain's polished coast,
Can'st from the muses fragrant breath,
Receive a finer, fonder wreath;
Than that *two rival worlds* bestow,
To grace thy fame embellished brow.
But *holier friendship* bows the knee,
To virtue, genius, and to thee.

She, whose fair morn of life was new,
When on that voice instruction grew,
While every word a moral taught,
And kindness won the wandering thought.
She sees her early friend restored,
With every worth her youth adored,
Sees him, unlike the summer race,
Who shun affliction's altering face;
Still the benignant accent hears,
Still finds that worth her soul revere.

Ah, RAPHAEL ! not the loud acclaim,
And far extending voice of fame ;
Not all the joys THY ART can give,
Not through the lapse of time to live.

Not all thy *patriot valour** known,
 The light with which *thy Parent*† shone !
 Can to thy bosom yield a good,
 Like thine own conscious rectitude.

For me, by many a lesson taught,
 Of patient hope, the enduring thought;
 Oft have I met the insidious stare,
 The mean neglect, the enquiring air.
 Which shunning every kindlier part,
 Still probed the lacerated heart.
 While malice urged the shaft of pain,
 Have bid the smile of pity reign ;
 And *proud serenity* controul
 The anguish of the indignant soul.
 Have seen the giddy careless throng,
 Melt at the sorrows of a song ;
 While the mild stranger still supplied,
 That tear, *known arrogance* denied.

In vain the searching mind has sought,
 For worth, mid folly's rude resort,
 And still with heart-exulting pride,
 Found TRUTH with GENIUS close allied.

83.

If we do not all live to improved virtue, at least,
 we exist to acquired wisdom. EXPERIENCE teaches
 and tames the wildest, restraining the dream of im-
 agination, which rests upon the future, in disregard
 of the present; and for that we have not possess-
 ed, relinquishes what we have, and ought to cherish.

* As a distinguished officer of high rank in the American Revolution.

† The late Governor of a neighbouring state.

84.

EXPERIENCE, recalling the past, impels justice to ourselves, and forbearance to others, by instructing how much better our own personal conduct might have been, and how infinitely worse, with more of actual injury, it were possible for others to have perpetrated against us.

85.

Who is there among the children of erring humanity, of life, and temper, and station, so pure, so blest and so brilliant ; so guided, guarded and graced, that the wily serpent of MOCKERY cannot reach ? nor the deep shadow of MALICE obscure ?

What MOCKERY cannot deride, MALICE may degrade ; and where the shaft of ridicule would seem pointless and of no avail, the mischievous fiends of doubt, suspicion, hint and anecdote, are ready with the dagger and the chalice, to strike where they may not crush, and to poison what they cannot annihilate.

86.

If ADVICE come uncalled for, it usually comes in vain, but when courted and solicited, like worldly favorites, it is met with civility, and listened to with complacency ; though seldom followed, and sometimes feared, it is, nevertheless, admitted, flattered, evaded, or reconciled.

87.

We are oftener bewildered than benefited by
ADVICE.

For admitting the judgment of another to be more clearly capable than our own, yet his friendship, his heart, and his principles, may be more cold, hard and crooked, whence he willingly disappoints, or gladly misleads; to which, add the possible chance of inferior sense, superior cunning, and less of useful experience; the result is, that it were more safe to rely upon the reflecting consciousness of our own honest mind, than upon the prejudging opinion, and deceptive ADVICE of another.

And yet, as some rays of mental light may, upon collision, gleam through the dark confusion of decided dulness—and even strike out and sparkle from the flint of hard feeling—these, if properly conducted, will assist in disclosing the right path, whose intricacies we must unravel for ourselves.

88.

If ADVICE be usually solicited without sincerity, and under no reliance, not less frequently is it bestowed with feelings of derision, and with intentions of delusion.

In fact, led by the vanity of our hopes, or driven by the selfishness of our fears, we resort to the opinion of others, apportioning the worth of such opinion by the standard of our own desires or designs, while the secret intention of the consulted is

to counteract the one and to subvert the other, for when selfishness and vanity have covered the eyes with a bandage, treachery aims his shaft unperceived and unsuspected, even to the death-wound.

89.

Why should we kindle into anger, or irritate into uneasiness, uttering accusation against those by whom we discover ourselves to be **DISLIKED**?

Since liking and **DISLIKING** are not always of volition, but sometimes of necessity, born of prejudice, and nurtured by passion: if the weak or the wicked betray this passion, and disclose that prejudice, let us simply reflect what is the worth of opinion such as theirs?—something perhaps to the vain and wayward world, nothing to the honest mind and its approving conscience.

Yet should this fancied evil of **DISLIKE** arise even from the just, were it not better, silently retreating to the home of our own heart, patiently to search, and properly to enquire, if no personal error, no cause of offence, remain sheltered and lurking there.

Thus correcting our individual faults, ere we carry complaint or bring reproach to others, when if we find ourselves to be without sin, we shall be without the disposition to punish, as such, the mere mistakes of our brethren.

90.

QUARRELS of any description, and upon every account, though terminating only in rash words and reciprocated accusation, are so degrading to the par-

ties, and so hurtful to what reputation they happen to possess, that there are but few unretorted insults which could be received, nor any *voluntary* humbleness of concession, to which we can submit, that is, in effect more hurtful, or so productive of contempt, and individual avoidance, as the impetuous passions of the quarrelsome.

The quarrels of lovers are said to reproduce affection; on such we pretend not to decide, though it may surely be questioned whether intemperance of language and mutual displeasure, are remedies fitted to regenerate kindness, or to reconcile exasperated feelings.

Neither is it to be credited, even under the sorcery of young and romantic love, that by any spell of his talisman, the gall of mental bitterness will seem as sweetness to the taste; or the soured spirit of contention be known to improve the fine flavour of real tenderness of heart, and true delicacy of mind.

Whatever result the quarrels of lovers may indeed have; most fatal were such experiment upon the relative, the friend or the husband; to the heart of these, every new rupture is surely a new wound, inflicted as by a dagger, whose sharpness may finally cut assunder the tender ties of affinity, and even rend away the stronger chain of enthusiastic affection.

91.

If under the extreme exigency of misfortune, application be made to the prosperous, not for the charity of money, but for that of sympathy, or of

counsel, how surely is the word PATIENCE put by them in the imperative; as if grief and adversity were always deficient in that virtue, though the trials of every day, and every hour, impelling the necessity, also enforce its observance.

92.

As when the evils of our destiny seem desperate, PATIENCE must and will come, if not with the certainty of a cure, at least in bringing an opiate. When addressing the afflicted, were it not better, more blest and more efficacious, occasionally to offer the words of kindness, rather than always to urge the duties of PATIENCE.

PRAYER TO PATIENCE.

CALM GODDESS of the steadfast eye,
 Thy coldest apathy impart,
 Since from a world of woe I fly
 To thee—O ! take me to thy heart.

On me descend with healing power,
 Assist me to suppress the groan,
 Or give me while afflictions lower,
 To turn, like *Niobe*, to stone.

Let me to pride's exulting sneer,
 Oppose thy much enduring smile,
 Serene—when angry storms appear,
 Silent—if ruder words revile.

Subdue the tyrant of the mind,
 Oppressive enemy of thee :
 Ah ! who can hope or solace find,
 When racked by sensibility.

Release me from her wearing sway,
 And shield me with thy firmer aid,
 Secure, when I thy voice obey ;
 Gentle and peace-preserving maid.

If greater pangs this bosom rend,
 Than ever bosom felt before ;
 Still further may thy sway extend,
 And greater, deeper be thy power.

Be every wrong disarmed by thee,
 Rob poor presumption of her pride,
 Bid malice at thy presence flee,
 Turn envy's venom'd shaft aside.

Let false reproach some mercy feel,
 To mean neglect be kindness lent ;
 From passion wrest his lifted steel,
 From dark revenge, his discontent.

Power of the meek and silent eye,
 Surround me with thy placid charms ;
 To thy calm graces let me fly,
 My only refuge is thine arms.

93.

Beauty of person, gentleness of demeanour, and
 accomplishment of mind, in commanding admiration,
 may, by their united charm, inspire the warmest
 passion of devoted love.

While to good sense, great talents, and the vir-

tues, there is only awarded the seeming coldness of **ESTEEM**, and the real distance of **RESPECT**.

Yet be it recollected, that admiration, and even passionate love, by nature frail and fugitive, are lessened or lost in familiarity; while the truth of **ESTEEM**, and the homage of **RESPECT**, nurtured by intimacy, and matured in knowledge, are in effect, neither cold nor distant, nor prone to change, nor subject to dissolution.

94.

Such is the respect paid to affluence, that there is much reason to believe, even of *the best* of us, that we never truly **DISDAIN**, and cannot learn to **DETEST** any man of elevated station, and prosperous fortunes, simply and solely for bad qualities and personal vices; provided these and their possessor have in no way and by no means injured, or given offence, individually to ourselves.

Then indeed, in canvassing we have no mercy; in credulity no restraint, and in the condemnations of **DISDAIN** and **DETESTATION** seemingly no justice.

If such, the selfish frailty even of the virtuous,—what are the multitude?

95.

Cold, unparticipating and joyless, must that hermit heart indeed be, which fastidiously rejects even with **REPULSION** every boon of trivial obligation, bestowed in social intercourse by the worthy and the kind, but of less selfish **MEANNESS** than his, who deigns to solicit, to desire, or to accept services from a source

where individual regard has not been, and personal respect can never come.

96.

In the soul of that man, who disdaining to be obliged, has never felt the glow of GRATITUDE—expect not the fervour of GENEROSITY, nor even the warmth of good will.

For he is a solitary being, without affinities or affections; like the lord of a desolate island, has separated him from his kind, and in resigning or losing the social virtues, given up the whole of his poor heart to SELFISH idolatry.

97.

The gifted, the amiable and the WISE, with capacity to astonish, to instruct, and to enchant, are, in the eloquence of WORDS, sometimes known to extend that capacity to an extreme surely unanswerable, and seemingly interminable; and yet so certain is the retribution attendant on offences, that it may be presumed, this unconscious excess of mind rarely overflows without the painful after-thought of time misemployed—the self-punishment of merited disrespect.

As inferiority is no less fatigued by the necessity of listening too long, than by the compulsion of admiring too much; also as each brings to the social scene his whole stock of understanding, no one can chuse, however small that stock, to have it hidden by arrogance, as if a single talent were always destined to be BURIED IN A NAPKIN.

98.

There are persons of knowledge, and of mind, with faculties to please, to persuade, and to inform ; but, in defiance of such faculties, or as deriving pleasure from DISPLEASING, these are seen individually in society, silently detached, and seemingly scornful ; or, if deigning to converse, satirical, personal, and dogmatical, as if born to inflict and to endure ; for insolence and suffering are usually inseparable.

This sort of sapient misanthropy, which is in effect neither brilliant nor instructive, may frequently be detected in the unsuccessful fortune hunter, the disappointed statesman, the half reasoning unbeliever, and the uncharitable zealot ; as theirs, but not theirs exclusively.

CHARACTER FROM LIFE.

IN REPLY TO THE QUESTION—"WHY DOES NO ONE LIKE WHOM
EVERY ONE ADMIRES?"

VARRO.

With that commanding strength of brain,
Which right and wrong obey,
True to a voice whose forceful strain,
Impels the will away.

With beauty's blessing on his face,
Eyes that with genius shine ;
Each well proportioned limb, a grace
Which flattery calls divine.

With wealth, whose still increasing store,
 Ten thousand joys might claim,
 Station, to taste the sweets of power,
 In honours, wealth and fame.

Say, why does VARRO live unblessed,
 Why not one heart commend
 Him ? who of every gift possessed,
 But kindness and a friend.

Not one to like, whom all admire,
 All praise, but none approve ?—
 Though frost may wake the electric fire,
 It cannot kindle love.

Cold is that dark and doubtful mind,
 Gloomed by the clouds of care,
 And colder to himself confined,
 The good that labours there.

Thus winning to the dazzled sight,
 The polish'd marble shows,
 Fair as the pale moon's silver light,
 But hard as trackless snows.

With warmth, the hard cold marble prove,
 It owns the kind controul;
 But what the stony heart can move,
 Or thaw the frozen soul !

MAUDLA.

THE CARELESS SINNER TURNED PERSECUTING SAINT, PARTLY IMITATED
FROM THE FRENCH.

WHEN *Maud* was young, her deeds were bad,
Of aged *Maud* the ways are sad ;
That sin which charmed her earlier eyes,
Now from her hideous figure flies,
And since that Satan tempts no more,
She to her God unlocks the door ;
As if what tophet loathes and leaves,
Heaven and its angel host receives,
And ugliest sin were welcome there,
Where all is good, and all is fair ;
Thus to the rancorous heart is given
The hope of blessedness and heaven,
Even as the cankering reptiles come,
To where the peach unfolds its bloom :
And from the veriest trash may rise,
The bright carnation's fragrant dyes.*

49.

Persons of rank and real consequence, if they have sense, are seldom tenacious of EXTRAORDINARY ceremony, that is, in ORDINARY intercourse. Their station being understood, its legitimate rights are understood also.

Hence the truly great are of deportment more

* The character from the French prose, and that which precedes it, were a task imposed on the author at the city of Washington, inappropriate, and certainly without the least intended personality.

yielding than exacting, less distant than familiar; while the ORDINARY and the purse-proud, jealous and apprehensive, arrogate every thing, and reciprocate nothing; as if anxious to obtain that sort of lip-service, whose offering of milk and honey the presence of wealth may compel; but absence, like a sorcerer, as often changes to the bitterness of reproach, or to the acidity of sarcasm.

Thus is nature found to re-assert her rights, causing most things of this world to feel and to find their proper level, whether of ORDINARY or EXTRAORDINARY.

LINES TO

JOHN C. WARREN, M. D.

OF BOSTON, MASS.

—————“*Known,*
“Less by his father’s glories than his own.””

WARREN! thy name to every patriot dear,
 Seems an immortal charm to genius given,
 In the bold annals of an empire famed,
 In the firm records of her wisdom, prized;
 —A star, whose path is glory—while on thee
 The rays descend, reflected and reflective.
 For thou hast nature’s wealth—treasures of mind;
 Enlarged by every high and great endowment.
 Which culturing art, and lettered lore bestow,
 Even mid thy bloom of years; fruits ripe as autumn,
 And as the youthful summer’s earliest ray,

Bounteous—were seen, in life's fair morn mature
 As in the high and full meridian hour,
 Of manhood's bright and proud pre-eminence.

Envied, admired, approved, but most beloved,
 Since all the sacred charities that bless,
 With every finer elegance, that lives
 In look, or form, or accent, are thine own.

Behold the rescued victim of disease,
Him, whom thy stedfast eye and powerful hand,
 Pitying, have pained, and saved through many a suffering;
 He, mid the moan of anguish, murmurs blessings,
 While ONE of mental malady the prey,
 She whose hurt brain, and ever quivering nerve,
 Invite THE GREAT DETROYER; she has hailed
 Thee, gentlest of the gentle,—not more prized
 For science, than for virtues, heaven awarded.

Go on, and in the path where peril dwells,
 Meet happiness—that path by genius trod,
 Is strewn with honours—thy true heritage,
 But most enriched by thee—graceful and graced,
 In all the high nobility of nature.

100.

That great artist, SALVATOR ROSA, has somewhere said, "that nature seemed to have formed him solely to make an experiment how far human suffering could go."

And yet this COMPLAINING man had genius, patronage, friends and success—all insufficient to awaken gratitude, or to stifle discontent; for, morally speaking, repletion has its hunger, and its wants, equally with inanity and distress; whence we may estimate the virtues and the blessings of patience,

submission and forbearance, which, born of humility, live in the heart, subdue the passions, and regulate the utterance.

Or of what avail is COMPLAINING? Do the prosperous hearken and heed? Can the miserable rescue and assist?

If the mind suffer, bid it endure. Is the heart bruised, let it not break;—rather let both look up and search out their resources. These are, talents, fortitude, resignation, and above all, industry.

101.

JESTING is not wit, and yet a good jest, elicited of gaiety and capacity, fails not to please even what it touches.

But a JEST, poor and personal, and cankered by malice, though like a very dull dagger, without point or polish, may be enabled to strike deep, and cruelly wound the nerves of self-love and sensibility, forcing us to forget, under the many grievances of human life, that honour and victory belong to the patient wisdom of self-controul. While defeat and contempt follow and fall on the wordy violence of recrimination.

102.

Does not the word INTERESTING bring an idea in positive contrast with that of INTEREST? for the afflicted are usually more interesting than the affluent, to whose station interest seems indissolubly allied. Likewise the amiable, the sensible, and the pretty,

in obscure stations, are always interesting to the tender and the generous.

The result is, that the timid, the distressed and the beautiful, constitute the INTERESTING, however rejected by the great world of interest, offering supplication, and following with sacrifices the worship of a blind divinity, led on by the hand of chance to the proud mansion, rather than to the lowly bower.

Yet there, even in that lowly bower, may the rich gifts of kinder nature be found ; as if in requital to remunerate those on whom fortune has frowned, and prosperity had slighted.

103.

Next to the beauty of virtue, is that of HAPPINESS ; causing the eye to speak unutterable things, the complexion to bloom, and the countenance to open and brighten, and harmonize with that look of heaven which stamps the human face divine.

Goodness is often known to exist without HAPPINESS ; but never did the angel of felicity illumine the features of the wicked.

104.

HAPPINESS may be defined a tranquil sensation, not to be confounded with the impetuous tumults of PLEASURE ; while *that* is incompatible with the violence of the passions, *this* seems in its extravagance, to have no other origin. *That* is not versatile, neither is it liable to satiety ; *this* unequal and transi-

tory—*that*, social and participating; *this*, frequently selfish, may exist uncommunicated.

HAPPINESS lives in the soul, and is closely united with the moral and mental capacities. PLEASURE, principally confined to the senses, disregards sentiment, and is not always allied to the virtues.

Positively contrasted, yet possibly united, these are often mistaken for each other, and yet more often blended, appropriated and applied to the empty honours of station, and to the yet more empty minds of individuals, as incapable of understanding the best properties of PLEASURE, as they are of possessing the true principles of HAPPINESS.

105.

If on earth happiness exist, it is in the breast of the TRANQUIL. Whether from the blessing of nature, the kindness of fortune, or the virtue of subdued passions, TRANQUILLITY is goodness, and it is happiness.

Of those who seemingly have drained the chalice of affliction even to its very dregs, should it be permitted them but to taste the transient cup of prosperity; to such will usually belong the grateful affections, the tender mercies, the tranquil humility of mildness.

For TRANQUILLITY and its mental beauty is most near and best understood by him, from whose soul the shaft of severe sorrow is withdrawn; its wounds healed, and its hopes restored even in this world of pain and perturbation.

Serene and merciful, in reverting to himself, he

sympathises with those who suffer, and is, even under the very interest of self-love, social, participating, and disinterested.

106.

Truly there is *ATTRACTION* in the gay excess of animal spirits, which often appertains to early youth, but what can equal the enchantment of bashful sensibility, timidly retreating from that applause which the young blush of beauty never fails to command.

The brilliant and laughing hoyden will please, for what is there in fair and guileless youth which does not? To her belongs the homage of mortal fascination, while to the tender dignity of tranquil loveliness, a kind of devotion is offered, as to a saint or an angel.

STANZAS

TO MY LATE LOVELY AND BELOVED DAUGHTER CHARLOTTE, AT THE
AGE OF FIFTEEN.

As round that pure unruffled stream,
Which loves the lonely vale to lave,
More rich the bordering flowrets seem,
Reflected by the lucid wave:

So, in the charms which deck thy form,
The graces of thy soul we find;
That blush, from nature's pencil warm,
Is but the bounty of thy mind.

That voice, which like the western breeze,
 With balmy health and softness fraught,
 Each animated sense to please,—
 Was from thy heavenly temper caught.

And though thy bosom's sacred throne,
 The whiteness of the dove impart,
 Even that the critic stern must own,
 Is not more faultless than thine heart.

The finished form—the speaking eyes,
 To sense and diffidence are due,
 While *that* their brilliant beam supplies,
 From *this* the modest graces grew.

No longer then the lover train,
 Shall boast that blooming charms alone
 Can with despotic empire reign,
 And make the conquered soul their own:

But gazing on thy perfect face,
 To all thy beauteous self resigned,
 Shall in that faithful mirror trace
 Each finer feature of thy mind.

107.

Were WOMEN more tolerant of each other, they would inevitably obtain from the best portion of the other sex, more individual regard, and higher personal consideration; since remembering that the weak and the worthless live by expedients, that of detraction is understood by the man of sense simply as such, and of course, its heaviest weight usually recoils upon the arm by which it is wielded.

108.

LOVE, always attracted by BEAUTY, feels and follows its charm, even from the palace to the cottage ; to which last, he too often comes like the destroying angel, bringing moral deformity, personal blight, and lasting repentance ; while, for more elevated stations, the evil spirit of envy, hatred, jealousy and destruction is prepared, and reigns triumphant, until the fresh rose withers, and the poor heart is broken down to unmerited adversity.

109.

ADVERSITY thus appears the attendant on Beauty, severe, but instructive : her paths are not *paths of pleasantness*, but they lead to peace.

This should reconcile the plain featured, and humble the more perfect, since honour and happiness are the goal and the guerdon of every stage and station of human existence.

110.

There are, in our pilgrimage upon this earth, afflictions so deep, injuries so cruel, and destitutions so severe, that were it not for that religious TRUST in heaven, cherished by adversity, assisting fortitude, and rewarding its endurance, the light of every passing day would disclose individual victims, sunk in despair, driven to insanity, or lost by suicide.

A TRUST, derided by the Infidel, and neglected by the many, yet probably tending to preserve the moral, mental, and animal existence of the largest portion of the thinking world.

STANZAS TO
DISAPPOINTMENT.

OFFSPRING OF EARTH! whose sullen eye,
Glooms with the still increasing care,
Why throw thy mad glance on the sky!
Why court the curse that hovers there.

Whether of luckless love thy claim,
To chill the warm heart's passion'd glow,
Or under friendship's treacherous name,
To strike the meditated blow.

Or when ambition upward springs,
Conscious of fortune's vernal ray,
To clip the young hope's soaring wings,
And snatch the tasted joy away:

Whether on lucre's toiling train
Thou turn thy hard and heavy form,
While scorn redoubles every pain,
That breaks the wearied spirit down:

Or on retarded justice wait,
Where *slow Potomack's* waters roll,
Assume the answering nod of state,
And reach the GEORGIAN's harrowed soul:*

* THE GEORGIAN.—Intended to designate that company of unfortunate citizens, who had been induced to purchase a large tract of country in the state of *Georgia*; which purchase being disputed as illicit, or illegal, the supplicants were seen every season, returning from the GREAT CITY on the Potomack, to their desolate homes, unanswered, and unrequited—for the most part ruined, ere partial redress was awarded.

Still dreaded, and still dreadful known,
 Thine is the broad and phrenzied stare ;
 And thine the deep and deadly groan,
 Which lead thy victim to despair.

Has not thy coldly grasping fold,
 Strong as the serpent's venom'd twine,
 Known *this* quick nerve of life to hold,
 Till every stagnant pulse was thine.

Though wide as earth thy crushing sway,
 CHILD OF THE WORLD ! to that confined,
 One heavenly hope shall charm away
 Thy wrongs—and heal the suffering mind.

Hope, kind preserver ! angel power,
 Wilt thou the imprisoned spirit free !
 In disappointment's palsy'ing hour,
 Turn thy electric glance on me.

111.

To complain of and FIND FAULT with all, is to confess that we have neither friends nor comforts ; and further, it evinces that we do not deserve to have them.

112.

AVARICE sharpens the senses, and blunts the understanding ; if its wariness subdue the violence of temper, its agitations add to fretfulness, and increase the coldness of suspicion, even as frost is found to irritate ere it benumb the nerve of life ; and like that, in expanding its proper self, AVARICE breaks and ruins all by which it is surrounded.

Who would covet the golden hoard of AVARICE, that considers the cost and the sacrifice ? the passions it creates, the consolations it denies, the

blessings it annihilates ; what being is more isolated than the parsimonious, more pitiable than the miserly, or more wretched than the usurer, who preys upon human existence like the locust upon vegetable life, sparing neither the leaf, the blossom, nor the fruit ; hence the anguish of his many fears, the sordidness of his few hopes ; even the insanity which he invites and invigorates, hardening the heart, depraving the moral mind, and contracting the mental perception to a single sharp point of over-reaching sagacity ; while in his utmost rapaciousness he approaches so near to fraud, that the sword of DAMOCLES is seemingly suspended by a single hair over the atrocity of intention.

In fine, friendless and pining—amid plenty exiled by poverty ; with wealth arrested by want, and comfort crushed by care ; a life of disrepute, and a death of destitution—waited for, wished for, and at last exulted in, are the portion, and the punishment, which usually attend and terminate the miseries of individual AVARICE ; while contempt or abhorrence remains engraven on the marble of his memory.

113.

“ BENEFITS ARE NEVER LOST,” according to the Spanish proverb ; and surely there is no moral that contains more truth.

The most ungrateful cannot, even by the mightiest effort, forget the kindness bestowed, nor the benefit accepted. The very endeavour adds to the impossibility.

Hence to remind the offender by recurring to reproach, were as useless as unwise, cancelling obliga-

tion, and changing the indifference or distaste of his already humiliated mind, into resentment and personal antipathy.

If our intention were truly generous, or really compassionate, the pleasure of that intention is its own reward, and on ourselves the BENEFIT has not been lost; but were the motive ostentation with vain glory, disappointment in the object is a just and perhaps inadequate punishment, unless productive of moral amendment, when the ultimate benefit will surely remain.

Thence are the blessings of benefaction never lost, even when they chance to descend on the unworthy; for reverting back to him who has bestowed, the utility rests, and will continue there, if he bring home to the question of his own mind, the scrutiny of motive, the admonition of conscience, the lesson of self-knowledge, and above all, the moral felicity of self-approbation.

114.

How many virtues, how much talent, what beauty, grace, refinement and benefit, are united with, and linked together in one chain, by the single word, UTILITY?

Of virtue and of talent the UTILITY remains unquestioned: and yet are not those features of exterior beauty, whose divine expression is irresistible as a charm, that easy and dignified grace which seems born to command, and to delight, those refinements that embellish existence; are not these also of UTILITY? next in degree to virtue, and to talent?

Are not the moral tendencies of the lovely and

the amiable, to civilize, to conciliate and to harmonize? Is not the object of their influence, happiness? and does there not exist in happiness—moral and mental happiness—UTILITY?

In the fine and powerful touches of nature, and of art—equally perceptible, and alike forcible in the mellow glow of evening, in the last and best finish of genius, in the graceful repose of loveliness, and in the commanding eloquence of energy and of action; in these, and in all, that like these, attract, endear and instruct, there is UTILITY. Even as the beautiful RELIEVO of the Pedestal, just rising above the lowliness of earth, and giving but the miniature of events, bears and brings the history and the character of glory, no less than the lofty arch and the sublime column of victory.

In fine, all that pleases in society, all that warms in affection, all that enriches in art, invigorates in genius, and exalts in virtue, is UTILITY; enabling us to endure the cruelly oppressive burden of human suffering—even of human life; if not remedy, resource; if not happiness, recreation, consolation, serenity and comfort.

TO MR. STUART.

UPON SEEING THOSE PORTRAITS WHICH WERE PAINTED BY HIM AT PHILADELPHIA, IN THE BEGINNING OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

STUART, THY PORTRAITS SPEAK!—with skill divine
Round the light graces flows the *waving line*;
Expression in its finest utterance lives,
And a new language to creation gives.

Each varying trait the gifted artist shows,
 Wisdom majestic in his bending brows ;
 The warrior's open front, his eye of fire—
 As where the charms of bashful youth retire.
 Or patient, plodding, and with wealth content,
 The man of commerce counts his *cent per cent*.
 'Tis *character* that breathes, 'tis soul that twines
 Round the rich canvass, traced in living lines.
 Speaks in the face, as in the form display'd,
 Warms in the tint, and mellows in the shade.
 Those touching graces, and that front sublime,
 Thy hand shall rescue from the spoil of time.
 Hence the fair victim scorns the threat'ning rage,
 And stealing step, of slow advancing age.
 Still on her cheek the bright carnation blows,
 Her lip's deep blush its breathing sweetness shows.
 For like the magic wand, thy pencil gives
 Its potent charm, and every feature lives.

Even as the powerful eye's transcendant ray,
 Bends its soft glance and bids the heart obey.
 Thy fine perceptions flow, by heaven designed,
 To reach the thought, and pierce the unfolded mind.
 Through its swift course the rapid feeling trace,
 And stamp the sovereign passion on the face.

Even *one*, by no enlivening grace arrayed,
One, born to linger in affliction's shade,
 Hast thou, kind artist, with attraction dressed,
 With all that nature in her soul expressed.

Go on, and may reward thy cares attend ;
 —The friend of genius must remain thy friend.
 Though sordid minds with impious touch presume,
 To blend thy laurel with the cypress gloom.
 With tears of grief its shining leaves to fade ;
 Its fair hope withering in the cheerless shade,

The well-earned meed of liberal praise deny,
And on thy talents gaze with dubious eye.

GENIUS is sorrow's child—to want allied—
Consoled by glory, and sustained by pride,
To souls sublime her richest wreath she owes,
And loves that fame which kindred worth bestows.

INSCRIPTION,

FOR THE PORTRAIT OF FISHER AMES, PAINTED CON AMORE BY
STUART.

SUCH IS THE MAN!—inspired the artist wrought,
And reached with soaring mind his flight of thought.
Then bid the brow's reflective calm declare,
Majestic honour dwells unquestioned there.

Mild from that eye the rays of kindness flow,
Warm on those lips the words of fervour glow,
Yet with persuasion's pensive charm appear,
To win the plaudit of a nation's tear.*
SUBLIME OF SOUL! in speaking features shine,
Feeling's fine flame, and eloquence divine.

Such is the man; beheld, approached, approved!
Born to excel—yet less admired than loved.

* See his pathetic speech on the British Treaty, as published in his works.

SONG.

WRITTEN AT "THE WOODLANDS," THE SEAT OF WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.
UPON THE SCHUYLKILL.

"How sweet through the woodlands," in spring's jocund hour,
To catch the first breeze which unfolds the wild flower.
Adown the green slopes the rich landscape survey,
Where Schuylkill prolongs his meandering way.

More dear in that mansion's retreat from the plains,
While rapture in silent expression remains.
To rest where the arts and the virtues unite,
Without, all enchantment, within all delight.

Most welcome that face, so benignant in smiles,
That voice, which the care of the stranger beguiles.
Those graces, where genius combining the whole,
On the features of nature imprinted his soul.

All hail, ye fair scenes! and you, slow winding wave,
As unwilling to quit the fond banks that you lave.
Still heave your full bosom, where shining around,
The altar of taste is with tenderness crowned.

INSCRIPTIONS.

Intended for a little Island upon the Schuylkill, belonging to the proprietor of the Woodlands ; at whose request the following were hastily written.

FOR A SARCOPHAGUS, ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF SHENSTONE,
BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.

WHILE curious art and careless nature smile,
Thy memory, SHENSTONE, claims this fairy isle ;
Seen like a gem amid the claspings wave,
Where lavish'd wealth such emerald lustre gave,
Thy muse demands ! and kindred taste bestows,
Haunts where the loves in shadowy calm repose.
Or in the living blush of beauty shine,
On scenes as graced, and hearts as charmed as thine,
Each woodland warbler seems his groves among,
To chaunt thy requiem in a richer song.
While thy enamoured spirit, hovering near,
Finds of thy life THE INSPIRING GENIUS here.

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ARBOUR, OR RUSTIC SEAT ON THE ISLAND.

STRANGER, this green and graced retreat,
Spreads all its wealth for thee,
Be thine the richly pictured scene,
Hill, valley, walk, and tree.

Thine be yon smoothly winding stream,
 Whose silent waters move,
 Unruffled as a good man's breast,
 Reflecting heaven above.

Or thine the tossing tide, so fond
 Its golden curls to raise,
 When touched by day's departing flame,
 It sparkling, seems to blaze.

THINE, if by taste and nature won,
 These to thy glance appear
 In all the beauties genius gave,
 To plant attraction here.

Hast thou a soul to *feeling true*,
 Stay, WANDERER, nor depart,
 A nobler gift meets thy regard,
 Even his, the PATRON's heart.

PHILADELPHIA,

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT THE MOST DESOLATING PERIOD OF THE FATAL PESTI-
 LENCE OF THE YELLOW FEVER.

IMPERIAL DAUGHTER OF THE WEST,
 Why thus in widowed weeds recline?
 With every gift of nature blest,
 The empire of a WORLD was thine.

Late, brighter than the star that gleams,
 Ere the soft morning carol flows;
 Now, mournful as the maniac's dreams,
 When melancholy rules his woes.

What foe, with more than Gallic* ire,
 Has thinned thy city's thronging way,
 Bid the sweet breath of youth expire,
 And manhood's powerful pulse decay.

No Gallic foe's ferocious band,
 Fearful as fate, as death severe,
 But the destroying angel's hand,
 With hotter rage, with fiercer fear.

I saw thee in thy pride of days,
 In glory rich, in beauty fair,
 When MORRIS† partner of thy praise,
 Sustained thee with a patron's care :

Have hailed that hospitable dome,
 Where all the cultured virtues grew,
 Fortune, and fashion's graceful home,
 Warm hearted love, and friendship true.

Columbia's genius! veil thy brow,
 Angel of mercy! hither bend,
 The prayer of misery meets thee now,
 With healing energy descend.

Chase the hot fiend whose SALLOW tread
 Consumes the fairest flower that blows,
 Fades the sweet lilly's bashful head,
 And blights the blushes of the rose.

Even now his omen'd birds of prey,
 Through the unpeopling mansions rove,

* This Elegy was first published during the extirpating reign of the tyrant *Robespierre*.

† The Honourable R. MORRIS, who from the indiscretion of individuals, and by the disasters of commerce, was compelled to exchange the hospitality of his superb mansion for the dreariness of a prison.

Have quenched the soft eye's heavenly ray,
And closed the breezy lip of love.

Yet guard THAT FRIEND, who wandering near
Haunts, which the loitering Schuylkill laves,
Bestows the tributary tear,
Or fans with sighs the drowsy waves.

And while *his* mercy-dealing hand,
Feeds many a famished child of care,
Wave round his brow thy saving wand,
And breathe new freshness through the air.

While borne on health's elastic wing,
Afar the rapid whirlwind flies,
The bracing gale of Zembla bring,
And bleach with frost the blackening skies.

Where shelving to the heated coast,
With frowns the dusky piles* ascend,
Bid some *Alcides*, freedom's boast,
His heaven-assisted arm extend.

Beneath his firm collected blow,
Wasteful the cumbrous ruin lies,
Till Dryads bring each breathing bough,
And bid the green plantation rise.

Thence the light poplar's tapering form,
The oak his building branches rears,
The elm, that braves the cleaving storm,
The fragrant pine's prolific tears.

* *Water street*, which in the original plan of the city, by its illustrious founder, was to have been laid out in plantations of trees, with regular walks, equally conducive to health and recreation. This benevolent appropriation having been anticipated by the speculations of avarice, this spot, as if in divine vengeance, has become the most fatal location of the pestilence.

While every leaf expands a shade,
 Beneath whose breeze contagion dies,
 Full many a youth and blushing maid,
 Gaze, grateful, with enamoured eyes.

He, who the loved asylum gave,
 Even thus the PARENT-FOUNDER said,—
 Now whispered from the wakening grave,
 Ah! heed the mandate of the dead.

And bid the *Naiads* bring their urns,
 Haste!—and the marble fount unclose,
 Through streets where Syrian summer burns,—
 Till all the cool libation flows.

Cool as the brook that bathes the heath,
 When noon unfolds his silent hours,
 Refreshing as the morning's breath,
 And genial as are vernal showers.

From waves the *heavenly* Venus grew,
 Those waves to *mortal* beauty kind,
 The flush of fragrant health renew,
 And brace the nerve-enfeebled mind.

IMPERIAL DAUGHTER OF THE WEST,
 No rival wins thy wreath away,
 In all the wealth of nature drest,
 Again thy sovereign charms display.

See all thy setting glories rise,
 Again thy thronging streets appear,
 Thy mart an hundred ports supplies,
 Thy harvest feeds the circling year.

STANZAS.

TO THE HON. ROBERT LISTON, MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM GREAT
BRITAIN, UPON HEARING HIM AT HIS DEPARTURE, LAMENT THAT
“AMERICA HAD NO POETS.”

THOUGH on Columbia's bleak uncultured shore,
With languid step the ungenial muses rove,
'Tis her's, the bounds of ocean to explore,
And with the spirit of THINE ALBION move.

Though not for her the stream of science flow,
'Tis her's the nobler virtues to command,
To seek the gems of genius WHERE they glow,
And deal her tribute with unsparing hand.

LISTON, 'tis her's with truth's enamoured eye,
Like a near friend, whom fortune dooms to part,
Still at thy name to breathe affections sigh,
And wear thy graces graven on her heart.

For thou hast wisdom to attract the wise,
Temper, whose sun-shine with benignant ray
Commands the florid smile of joy to rise,
And bids the frowning storm of hate decay.

An empire's glory claims thy filial care,
While from thy dome the fiend of party flies,
For all the amities inhabit there,
And there the spirit of contention *dies*.

Still may Britannia on thy genius smile,
And still Columbia's kindred voice approve,
Rewards await thee from the GLORIOUS ISLE,
While younger nations crown them with their love.

115.

To receive and repay the pathetic appeal of sorrow, with the cold caution of SILENT RESERVE, is implied disregard, or intentional contempt; less kind, and more comfortless than admonition and reprimand; for admonition and reprimand, rooted in affection, may grow into solicitude, and bring forth the fruits of good-will; but silence, cold and RESERVED SILENCE, refusing participation, and escaping responsibility, seemingly consents to, or is not affected by the anguish of the sufferer.

BATAVIA,

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN UPON THE UNRESISTED SUBJUGATION OF THE UNITED PROVINCES TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS.

DEGENERATE RACE, ye lost Batavians, say,
 Where is the blood that warmed the patriot's veins?
 When in your great *first William's* glorious day,
 Invading armies fled the unconquered plains?

Where is that spirit of your hardy sires,
 Which turned indignant from a foreign lord,
 And where that hope, a country's cause inspires,
 The stateman's virtue, and the warrior's sword?

The swarthy Gaul now claims the willow'd meads,
 Where your famed fathers, patient, proud and poor,
 Stamp'd their bold annals with triumphant deeds,
 And learnt the trying lesson to endure.

Ye sons of traffic ! lost Batavians, say,
 Does the hard victor heed the captive's moan,
 Can the fierce wolf resign his trembling prey,
 Nor make the rich luxurious treat his own.

Who calls the shaggy monarch of the wood,
 To yield the fleecy fold his fostering care !
 No more to quench his burning lip in blood,
 But learn with tasteless apathy to spare ?

Thus shall ye thrive beneath the victor's sway,
 And thus the *fierce Exotic* guard your coast,
 Who flung with careless hand, a prize away,
 Richer than all your conquer'd country's boast.

Transcendant FREEDOM, offspring of the soil,
 Ne'er can an alien's hand that gem bestow,
 Whose brilliant rays reward the patriot's toil,
 Grace his bold front, and on his bosom glow.

ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, THE UNFORTUNATE QUEEN OF
 LOUIS THE 16TH, OF FRANCE.—WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY UPON HEAR-
 ING OF THE EVENT OF HER DEATH,

'TIS PAST—the agonizing pang is o'er,
 And THOU, fair faded shadow of a queen,
 Shalt bend that supplicating eye no more,
 While spurning insult rears his ruffian mien.

No more the sighing breeze of dawn shall bear,
 The sentenced murder to thy harrowed soul,
 No more the night, close curtained by despair,
 Bid the deep whelming flood of anguish roll

No more remembrance to thy blasted view,
 Recal the morning of thy troubled day,
 When hope around the lovely landscape threw,
 Spring's changeless robe, and summer's cloudless ray.

Set is thy star of life—the pausing storm,
 Turns its black deluge from that wearied head,
 The fiends of murder quit that bloodless form,
 And the last animating hope is fled.

Blest is the hour of peace—though curs'd the hand,
 That snaps the thread of life's disastrous loom,
 Thrice blest, the *great invincible command*,
 Which deals the solace of the slumbering tomb.

Let *those* whom long adopted sorrows own,
 On whom the cruel strokes of fate descend,
 On whom the happy race of mortals frown,
 And stern affliction strips of many a friend :

Those who at Cynthia's melancholy hour,
 While the slow night-clock knells its mournful sound—
 Have waked to weep, with unavailing power,
 The cureless pang of many a mental wound :

Let the wrapt mother, who, with phrenzied mind,
 Saw her last cherub feed the hungry tomb—
 Or her, whose heart its peerless lord resigned,
 And gave to cankering grief her vernal bloom :

Let all who fondly clasp the form of woe,
 And boast that every featured ill is theirs,
 On GALLIA'S QUEEN one patient hour bestow,
 And turn to heaven with penitence and prayers.

Did'st THOU, poor mourner, grace yon liliated throne,
 Fair as the youthful poet's pictured dream,
 While round thy days the light of fortune shone,
 And warmed a nation with its dazzling beam ?

Ah no—vain ingrate—nature's boundless page,
 On the chilled sense no *equal* horror throws—
 One dread example blots a lettered age,
 That scene abhorred, a polished realm bestows.

What though affliction's petrifying sway,
 Has bid thy heart its kindling pulse forego,
 Has torn of life the *vital hope* away—
 And left thee as a monument of woe :

Yet call the roses to thy faded cheek,
 With the mind's lustre light the languid eye,
 Cloathe the vex'd soul with resignation meek,
 And bid the labouring, lingering murmur die.

Why should the wretch, upon whose visual orb,
 The Lord of brightness never poured his ray,
 Repine, when darkness folds her nightly robe,
 At the swift transit of the changeful day ?

Can the poor worm who clasps his speck of earth,
 While on his head the crushing bolt is hurl'd,
 Like yon bright offspring of celestial birth,
 Command the plaudit of a pitying world ?

Say, wert thou sent to fill this stormy scene,
 Freed from the icy touch of withering care ?—
 Then think of loyal Gallia's worship'd Queen,
 And learn thy little drop of woe to bear.

Ah then, *thou selfish mourner*, cease to grieve,
 If to thine heart one orphan hope remain,
 With grateful lip the precious boon receive,
 As the sweet solace for a world of pain.

116.

HYPERBOLE is a language of inflated words, rooted in, and growing from the union of impetuous feeling with shallow understanding—mighty of utterance, few and feeble in ideas. A skeleton figure, tricked out in gorgeous apparel—a vapoury cloud, which the ignorant mistake, and admire, and embrace as a goddess.—A thing of passion and presumption, which usually adhering to narrowness of mind, is the true offspring of violence and vanity.

Unlike the simple eloquence of plain good sense, and inspired genius, which in the clear sun-shine of mental elevation, is seen by every eye, and comprehended by every capacity; for that simple eloquence is the language of truth, evident and pure, and powerful as the language of nature, easy of expression, and sublime in conception.

HYPERBOLE, forced and factitious, may astonish the foolish, but can never impose on the wise. It searches, and contrives and agitates, and ends in absurdity—while striving by the glitter of profusion to hide the poverty of nature, it serves like the sculptured marble of the sepulchre, but to remind us of the defects and hollowness within.

And yet it may be insisted that uncivilized nations in their earliest compositions either of prose or verse, have usually been given to Hyperbole.

Animation of feeling, rudeness of propensity, and violence of passion, leading to strength of expression and extravagance of metaphor; these, accompanied by that simple music, which is, in its origin, the

only language of universal nature, were made to give form and attach character to the untutored sentiment; at the same time transmitting not an uninteresting contrast to the very tame and exceedingly polished productions of other times; in some instances, even extending their influence to the matured improvements, or cultivated taste of the lettered world.

Thence it will be understood, that in delineating the Hyperbolical, as the grotesque, no feature has been borrowed from the wood and the wild—but the likeness is rather that of those tutored and tortured compositions of prose run mad, or of poetry which neither runs nor rises, but is seen stalking on stilts, or sinking to the very fountain, or rather the pool, not of Helicon, but of oblivion.

Should this be retorted upon the author's self, in the very words of the prophetic Nathan to the unconscious king; then, as even now, would she feel and assert, the immutability of truth, the simplicity of GENIUS.

SONG OF THE RUNIC BARD.*

THE POWER OF MUSIC IS THUS HYPERBOLICALLY COMMEMORATED BY
ONE OF THE RUNIC BARDS.

“I KNOW A SONG—by which I soften and enchant the arms of my enemies, and render their weapons of no effect.”

* See Godwin's life of Chaucer.

“I KNOW A SONG—which I need only to sing when men have loaded me with bonds; for the moment I sing it, my chains fall in pieces, and I walk forth in liberty.”

“I KNOW A SONG—useful to all mankind; for as soon as hatred inflames the sons of men, the moment I sing it, they are appeased.”

“I KNOW A SONG—of such virtue, that were I caught in a storm, I can hush the winds, and render the air perfectly calm.”

IMITATION,

IN ENGLISH VERSE, OF THE SONG OF THE RUNIC BARD.

“I KNOW A SONG”—the magic of whose power,
Can save the warrior in destruction's hour;
From the fierce foe his falling vengeance charm,
And wrest the weapon from his nervous arm.

2d.

I KNOW A SONG, which when in bonds I lay,
Broke from the grinding chain its links away,
While the sweet notes their swelling numbers roll'd,
Back fly the bolts, the trembling gates unfold,
Free as the breeze the elastic limbs advance,
Course the far field, or braid the enlivening dance.

3d.

I KNOW A SONG, to mend the heart designed,
Quenching the fiery passions of mankind;
When lurking rage, and deadly hate combine,
To charm the serpent of revenge, is mine.

4th.

I KNOW A SONG, that when the wild winds blow,
 To bend the monarchs of the forest low,
 If to the lay my warbling voice incline,
 Waking the varied tones with skill divine ;
 Hushed are the gales, the spirit of the storm
 Calms his bleak breath, and smooths his furrowed form,
 The day looks up, the moistened hills serene,
 Through the faint clouds exalt their sparkling green.

117.

ANGER, in its indulgence, may be classed among the most disgraceful and distressing of human infirmities.

Disgraceful, because it renders an individual ridiculous, causing convulsion of body, and bringing distortion of countenance, not unlike those brutes of the Ape and Monkey tribe, which are capable of imitating man but in his deformities.

Distressing, because its gratification is horrible, its mischief incalculable, and its repentance of no avail.

118.

ANGER IN ITS FURY, displays the tyger's heart without the tyger's necessities, and as even more cruel than that animal, the angry man not unfrequently turns upon his mate and her young.

The propensity to violence of every sort, may be born with a man, but, provided a sound mind, and a kind heart, or the mere power of reflection be his, this violence, like most of the diseases to which mor-

tal life is liable, may, by firmness and regularity, be rooted out of the constitution; since health of mind, a blessing more essential to human felicity than health of body, is equally acquirable by temperance, resolution, and self-controul.

The young and attractive are cautioned against the indulgence of angry feelings, as no less destructive of personal than of moral beauty, for the always lovely, are modest, gentle, tender and placable.

To give ascendancy to the furious passions, is the seeming infatuation of folly, and to be extenuated only by that deficiency;—passions, which in their ire are found to controul and contract, until they annihilate the finer capacities; for the profound thought of an enlarged understanding is incompatible with the interrupting emotions of irascibility.

The words of kindness, like the laws of kindness, are temperate, refined, sensible and true; while the hot desert of a ferocious mind, is like that of the desolate Arabia, not only the abode of brute violence, but in having neither flowers nor fruits, nor kindly gifts, nor proper possession, save the *striking fire-blast** and the sudden vehemence of terrible calamity.

Yet the constitutional infirmity of ANGER has its remedy, and that remedy its rewards: this sure remedy, and those certain rewards, if more easily acquired by the young, are not unattainable at any period of human existence.

* *Samiele*, or *Samown*, or *Ilarroun*, the *burning night wind* of the desert, dangerous to life, from its infectious odours, and fatal, in suddenly lifting the sands and burying whole caravans. Blows from June to 21st September.

Let the man of letters at the first approach of the enemy, silently recal to his secret mind, one among the many Greek and Latin sentences with which his memory is enriched; the pious, his prayer, a short one; the fanciful, his verse; the child his alphabet; and even the most illiterate may *numerically* count and recount, until the tormentor is no longer felt by him, nor perceptible to others.

ODE

FOR THE ELEMENT OF FIRE.

COMPOSED AT THE REQUEST OF THE CHARITABLE FIRE SOCIETY, AND
PERFORMED AT KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON.

KIND IS THE GIFT OF FIRE! whose power
Man, with restraining art, shall guide;
Friend of his dear domestic hour,
To all his bosom'd joys allied;
While round his heart, with sparkling ray,
It cheers the shivering stranger's dreary way.

Nor to the social scene alone,
Does the *bright element* belong,
Hence science claims her radiant throne,
And bears her world of thought along;
And hence mechanic arts arise,
Inventive, useful, beautiful, and wise.

And as to man's imperial kind
Alone the charm of speech was given,
Alone the clear, perceptive mind,
An image of reflected heaven;
He dares *with ruling hand* aspire,
To wake and win the slumbering life of FIRE.

Yet should, with wild unlicensed sway,
 The subject flame rebellious soar,
 No more that ruling hand obey—
 Friend of the social scene no more;
 Wide breaking with disastrous light,
 Portentous on the curtain'd calm of night:

Around the wealth embellished dome,
 Bloodless *the red destroyer* flies;
 Nor spares the poor man's wedded home,
 Nor heeds the phrenzied parent's cries.
 Though on her wakening senses steal,
 All that a mother's suffering heart can feel.

To soothe—to save—still hovering near,
 RICH CHARITY! thy cares extend,
 With kind, consolatory tear,
 And voice, like pitying heaven, descend
 And help the helpless—and impart
 Love that rewards—and hope that heals the heart.

119.

They who rest on EXPECTATION, may be said to build upon the quicksands, without foundation and without stability.

To indulge in EXPECTATION, is to prefer uncertainty, and invite disappointment.

The present day is ours, and its enjoyments are perhaps something, and that something our own; but the morrow is to us a *non-entity*, which exists in imagination only; a thing of promise, without purpose, of empty hope, and doubtful performance; a dream, a deception, a broken staff—on which to lean were probably to fall.

The fraudulent debtor says, "I will pay on the morrow," and *that night his soul is required of him.*

Good intention is the desire, but it is not the action, nor has it the utility of virtue, for intention is merely a perspective, without possession; virtue, a home and a heritage, where peace is, and the passions—in their violence—are not.

120.

The very foolish are sometimes seen resorting to **DUP LICITY**, in the hope to over-reach, or the desire to overthrow; but in vain, for imbecility may endeavour to try on the cloak of deception, but it will not fit, and cannot be so drawn round, as to conceal her defects; *simplicity* being the true shield of the weak, and the real armour of the wise.

121.

Whom we consent to **TRUST**, we are willing to believe true. Yet the trusted can betray; **TRUTH** may turn to falsehood, and the violation of principle be followed by the outrage of expression. Does justice, or will judgment allow the resort of **RECRIMINATION**? do these give permission to tread the crooked path, which leads to misconduct, because another, breaking down the land-mark, has trespassed on right, and entered on wrong?

If indignation be not serene, neither is it essentially severe, but often, by self-subduing quiet, converts the persecutor into the proselyte; while **RECRIMINATION**, confounding the innocent with the guilty,

frequently occasions the much *wronged* to be mistaken for the most *wrong*.

The man who professes TRUTH, and abuses TRUST, teaches a lesson, enforcing a precept, which it were better for the injured to study, and beware *how he confides*.

Finally, as it is more difficult to compromise a falsehood, than to retrieve an error, it is easier to submit than to contend; more proper to excuse, than to accuse; and better, even for our own selfish hearts, mentally to endure, than orally to assail; for conscience will speak, when detection frowns; and the swift arrows of punishment be ready, in their flight, to descend on the violation of TRUST, with the RECRIMINATION of injury.

PARADOXES.

NECESSITY.

PARADOX I.

NUMEROUS are the pretences of NECESSITY—few its legitimate claims.

Whims, fancies, and passions, all bring the plea of necessity : Not a perversity of will, not a propensity of vice, but assumes the sanction of that name, or imposes upon that its lawless apology ; while, deprecated and calumniated, real necessity exists but for virtue, and for want.

For Virtue *of* Necessity, for want *by* Necessity ;—the one divine and durable, the other, miserable and mortal ; *this* bound to earth and suffering—*that* soaring to happiness and heaven.

NECESSITY is a gift, and her visitations are benefits ; for they bring reflection, and we rest ; repentance, and we reform. Also the consolations of hope come by necessity, and we are comforted.

Even amid the grievous realities of human life, by her recollections, and through her precepts, we are peaceful, undisturbed and resigned.

The frowns of fortune, the injustice of calumny, the treason of friendship, what are they but thorns, and briars, which can vex and weary and annoy our path, but cannot arrest its course to felicity, which, provided we turn not aside, in deviation from the right and straight road, must, even of NECESSITY, be our own.

ERRING MORTALS.

PARADOX II.

I think it was DEAN SWIFT—believing himself calumniated—who observed, that the very best people he had ever known, were among the vilified.

This admitted, it is no less true, that the reviled are usually some way in the wrong; and since wrong can never be right, the solecism of this Paradox invites explanation.

If mistake and imprudence call down imputation, regret and repentance bring humility; while enmity powerful enmity, in terrifying, controlling and subduing, reforms its victim; thence the deportment, the disposition, and the heart, are softened, refined, and purified; the graces appear, the affections are attracted, and moral good is born, and it grows out of mental evil.

Thus disciplined, even the vilified may possibly be classed among the best of ERRING MORTALS.

LOVE AND GLORY.

PARADOX III.

Ardent LOVE is violent—violent LOVE, credulous—credulous LOVE, devoted—devoted LOVE, idolatry ; and idolatry, confessedly, either foolishness or insanity ; hence, as of course, it follows, that every ardent lover is a lunatic, or an idiot.

And, in what are the CONQUERORS OF REALMS better than the CONQUERORS OF HEARTS ? counting from the madman of Macedonia, to the equally mad and more foolish Swede ;* from Corsica's weak king Theodore, perishing in the Fleet prison, to the mad Corsican-born Emperor Napoleon, dying in the fortress of St. Helena.

All passion, and most propensities, indulged and identified, reach the brain, until touching the narrow brink of distraction, they are précipitated down the broad abyss of destruction.

Such is the quick step and final march of the passions, controlling and compelling LOVE AND GLORY, begun in vapour, and ending in fire ; passing from weakness to violence ; sinking from violence to vileness ; and from vileness to nothing ; where it rests and is trodden down with the other dust of the earth.

* “ *From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.* ”

ZEAL.

PARADOX IV.

ZEAL is not a vice of the soul, but like every violence of the mind, an error in judgment, an indecorum of conduct, an endeavour after much admiration and more influence, by which the zealot endangers the entire loss of those, and of himself also.

The extravagance of ZEAL tends to prostrate the calm dignity of principle. In devotion, it assumes the wild features of pagan idolatry ; derogating from the tranquil benevolence of christian precept. In every way, and at best, zeal is but a superfluity of feeling, if not an excess of passion ; and, where it actually does not harm, will be found to improve neither the manners nor the morals.

The virtues of faith, charity, and even hope itself, will shine brighter, and appear more graceful, under that kind serenity of temper, and that wise moderation of mind which the domination of ZEAL refuses ; but which the meek and modest sensibilities observe and which fail not to render their possessor lovely or beloved.

QUIET.

PARADOX V.

MAN calls for QUIET, and is *clamorous* for its comforts; when he simply desires rest and invites recovery; even as he invokes solitude, when his only wish is release and relief, since all agree that *it is not good to live alone!*

If by QUIET, we mean stillness and silence, these are what no wakeful man could endure, even for a few short days, unless he were deprived of two of his senses, and all his energies.

In the deepest recesses of uncultivated nature, we have the motion of the leaves and the waves, and the notes of the wild bird: man must himself be in motion, and emotion also, or he dwells with misery; he must speak, and he must listen; for he lives and loves and enjoys, only when he ceases to rest, and is no longer QUIET.

Unbroken QUIET is the signal of death; and the constitutionally silent and still have apparently less of life, either in its pains or its pleasures, than the remainder of their species.

If happiness flee from cities, she is equally averse to caves—happiness, which belongs to no extreme, and endures no excess. If her dwelling be upon earth, it is with the active, the useful, the beneficent and the tranquil; who neither rust in the quiet of unbroken seclusion, nor irritate under the noise and tumult of worldly dissipation.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

PARADOX VI.

LOVE OF COUNTRY, is, in the abstract, usually classed among the first duties and the highest principles; but rather does it seem a moral necessity, reversing the order of nature, since this love does not positively result from the associations of beauty, of cultivations, of comforts, or of protection; for the more perilous or bleak, or sterile, or severe, are the climate, the soil and the government, the more irresistible is often the enthusiastic attachment of the individual to his birth place.

Do the fatal eruptions, and the burning lava of Etna, or Vesuvius, keep the son of the soil from believing that he inhabits the paradise of earth?

Do the rude and stormy mountains of *Switzerland*, with the privations they impose, render the brown and sterile steeps less dear to the hardy land or *rock-holder*, who, if starved into exile, sickens and dies, in recurring and recalling to his soul the simple melody of his beloved and prohibited "*Ranz Des Vaches*." The Hollander, arresting the soil from the Ocean, and himself growing amid fens, and breathing the contagion of canals, imitates and carries his native scene to whatever spot he inhabits, as if in love with dampness and stagnation.

Even the poor slave of Africa, although not less a slave beneath his own burning sun, is seen to repine and perish by the hand of suicide, in the thought,

and under the hope, of once more visiting the desert sands, and again encountering the perils of his long lost home.

The result is, that man is not merely a social animal, but also an affectionate being, deriving his best happiness from his first remembrances; from the innocent pleasures of infancy, and the caresses of maternal love; and it is living affinities, not proper location; the blessed hilarities of childhood, not the strength of maturity, that, in effect, constitute LOVE OF COUNTRY, and which in leaving, the wanderer mourns and dies to regain; even those affinities and affections, which, born with the breath of existence, concentrate under hardship and in adversity, and are neither selfish nor solitary; for ere civilized or savage man be capable of alienating these from his heart, that heart must chill, and harden and petrify, rendering him no less the unnatural tormentor of himself, than the unfeeling enemy of his kind.

ODES TO TIME.*

ODE I.

POWER OF THE SWEEPING WING!

And wasting sand!

Lord of the healing breath!

And spoiling hand!

Whose lengthened fingers fling

The viewless shafts of death!

Beneath whose tread the crumbling marble lies,

From whose vast hoard unbounded empires rise:

Yet rise to fall!

While to thy sway and thee

The *sometime victor* bends his conquered knee,

And feels his palsied heart obey thy call;

Whose grasp can shake the tyrant from his throne,

And from his withering temples snatch the tarnished crown.

MAGICIAN! whom all arts obey,

Now from thy wand is ruin hurled,

Now a rude outlaw gains imperial sway,

And a *walled acre* (1) awes the subject world.

Thy talisman could Egypt's pillars bow,

From their broad base her pyramids shall throw,

While all her faded laurels shade thy brow.

* These Odes, with trifling alterations, are reprinted from a former publication: being first written during the presidency of the now retired patriot, John Adams.

EGYPT! from whom *immortal hope* (2) arose,
 Beneath whose orient ray,
 Celestial science met the eye of day—
 Where bursting wisdom dawned its earliest beam,
 Ere on the margin of her *worshipped stream*
 Like a new God the young PAPHOS grew,
 And taught instructed realms to lift the adoring view,
 While all the arts on his smooth breast repose!
 Egypt, where *Alexander* sleeps in dust,
 Where great *Sesotris* (3) rears his trophied bust.
 A mouldering pageant and an empty name;
 While the *barbarian Turk* her meads deflowers,
 And the wild *Arab* mocks her murdered powers;
 Assisting thee to blast her fading fame:
 No more *Osiris* (4) guards those wasted plains,
 No *pean'd Isis* (5) strews the golden grains!

 Proud *Xerxes* wept to find
 That, ere one fleeting century sunned mankind,
 His million heroes to thy power must bow:
 Vain man! with all thy treasured radiance shine,
 Nerved with majestic strength—and graced with charms
 divine.

 For the rough sea thy bonds prepare—
 Bid thy frail vassals lash the angry air—
 While thy delusive moments flow—
 And the great conqueror arrests thy care,
 Nor will his lifted scythe those vaunted honors spare!
 Where is *Palmyra's* boast!
 Where tower'd *Zenobia's* dome!
 Where the *Chaldean, Syrian, Grecian* host!
 Or where thy glorious freedom, LAURELLED ROME?
 Ask their great founder, Time—
 Whose plastic hand,
 Where ignorance led his vagrant band,
 In some unlettered clime,

Now bids the marble of the palace rise,
 With glittering turrets to the bending skies,
 Adorned with infant arts aspiring to their prime.
 Even thus *Columbia*, o'er whose growing plains,
 Chief of her choice, her GREAT CIVILIAN (6) reigns;
 Of guiding genius, and controlling hand,
 Firm to resolve, and gentle to command:
 DECIDED PATRIOT! Time for thee prepares
 A crown, uncantered by the rust of years;
 Haloed by stars, whose varying rays entwine:
 The gift is glory, but the grace is thine.
 While withering millions on far Europe's shore
 Gaze on thy rights, and all their wrongs deplore;
 From thee shall time the lettered precept give,
 Instruction flow—*they* drink the stream and live.

O VIRTUE! sovereign of the gifted mind,
 Though erring mortals may reject thy sway,
 Those loved of heaven, the noblest of their kind,
 Are thine, and thine the light that leads their way,
 Opening on life's drear shades a MORNING RAY,—
 Thee shall all ruling TIME himself obey!

SECOND ODE TO TIME.

SIRE OF THE SILVER LOCKS! to whom
 Creation's crowding myriads come!
 With pleading eye, and pouring tear,
 Besieging oft thy heedless ear;
 With adulation bending low,
 And smoothing o'er thy furrowed brow;
 While *senseless* age, with bleached hairs,
 Demands a lengthened lease of years,
 From thee, flushed hectic looks for health,
 From thee, pale avarice grasps at wealth,
 From thee ambition dreams of boundless power;

The prisoner waits thy aid to set him free,
 The Chymist yields his crucible to thee ;
 And on thy wings the Poet hopes to soar,
 Even I, my vain petition raise,
 In all the melody of praise—
 But not for wealth, nor power, nor fame,
 Would invoke thy fearful name :
 Let wealth his joyless nothings keep—
 Ambition gain his world—and *weep*.—
 And on the chymist may'st thou pour
 Like fabled Jove, a golden shower :
 Still may the pining prisoner find,
 A *Howard's* cares have made thee kind.

Nor would the lowly muse implore,
 Thy latest, best regard,
 Since from her grief-consoling power,
 Ascends each wished reward ;
 But ah ! thy sharpest scythe display,
 To sweep this shadowy form away,
 Ere cold the narrowing mind appear,
 And closed the portals of the ear :
 Ere age shall every glance controul,
 That speaks the language of the soul ;
 Or even one anguish'd sense depart,
 Which rends the concave of the heart.
 Which bids each suffering fibre glow,
 To agony's excess,
 Or gives this raptured breast to know
 Reflected happiness.
 Ah ! yet the sweeping scythe display,
 Ere these full locks have turned to grey ;
 Ere this slight form to thee shall bend,
O let me to the tomb descend !
 Then memory shall delight to trace,
 Some cherished worth, some fancied grace,

While bending o'er the slumbering clay,
Each conscious foible fades away.

There oft shall friendship's gentle form be found,
Heaving from breast of down the sacred sigh,
And fondly spelling out the piteous tale,
There shall chaste love his earliest woes bewail,
To the cold marble cling with burning eye,

Or wear with pilgrim-knee the insensate ground.
So may fresh laurels deck thy faded brow,
So may new realms thy ravaged fields adorn:
O'er the dead desert living streamlets flow,
And hope with carol'd hymn invite the morn:

So may thine age regain its *golden prime*,
When the charmed minstrel graced the monarch's board,
And with the lamb reclined the forest's lord,*
While war's red triumphs from creation hurled,
Peace leans enamoured o'er the awakened world,
And not a tear-drop shames the eye of TIME.

* "The Lion shall lie down with the Lamb."

PART II.

THE

World and its Ways.

“ All that the Mind can suffer,—

“ The Mind properly armed, can repel.”

THE

World and its Ways.

BY THE WORLD, is usually understood that contracted circle of human beings, whose identity we recollect and are willing to admit; to which add, the possibly enlarged circle of those, to whom by person, or from reputation, we happen to be known, and in some sort estimated or by some means assimilated.

Within the limits of these circles, individuals may be found, varying and various, in shade and in colouring, as are the cloud and the rainbow; from the fixed gloom of sullen melancholy, to the evanescent light of vanity and its many weaknesses; conspicuous among whom, are the *deeply disappointed*, who growl at the world, as if themselves were faultless, or possessed exemption of some kind, attaching blame to, and parrying with astonishment, any stricture which seems to question such infallibility.

Yet, in fact, the WORLD is sufficiently considerate of those who deserve well of the world; taken in the aggregate, it is neither hard nor unjust nor cruel; and if liable to mistake, is usually no less

willing to retrace and retract, upon any positive or presumptive evidence : sometimes with elastic reaction, flying off to the opposite extreme, it is seen to overrate those whom it had undervalued.

The WORLD is usually commiserating to affliction, provided it has not arisen from the loss of property, to which loss it always affixes opprobrium ; in full conviction, that waste, indiscretion, or rash adventure, were the unpitied source of every pecuniary misfortune ; additional to which, the reduced have no longer the power of contributing to profit or pleasure.

And yet the WORLD is tolerant of many other errors, which seem not positively growing out of moral depravity ; for although the solitary possession of riches brings neither love nor respect, yet the plenary loss of these is often found to generate the contempt of sarcasm, and even a sort of apprehensive antipathy.

In fine, the WORLD hears and sees, and sometimes feels, but never reasons ; it is suspicious, inquisitive and talkative, with a craving appetite for the ridiculous of every description—but most gladly feeding on that which appertains to the conceited, the ostentatious, and the ignorant, whose pretension is beyond their possession, whose waste is without wealth, and whose vanity is without foundation.

In effect, the voice of the WORLD is most loud and lasting in derision, and aversion of pretence of every kind, be it in nature, or out of nature ; and is even less merciful to the accidentally rich, who misuse their ill-gotten abundance, than to the

inadvertently destitute, and the really desolate, if become such through bad luck, credulous trust, or heedless profusion—these, at first, accused, condemned, and discarded, can be commiserated or endured; and when fallen down to the low abyss of unmitigated misery, provided one adventitious ray of merit is seen to shine through the darkness of their destiny, may also be in some sort neutralized, if not willingly restored, and entirely forgiven.

By the beings of either circle, **THOUGHTS** were planted—have grown, and are gathered together in

**THE SOCIAL WORLD,
THE SELFISH WORLD,
THE TRIFLING WORLD,
THE VAIN WORLD, AND
THE WORLD AT LARGE.**

THE SOCIAL WORLD.

If an elevated character, in adversity, happen to have personal foes of base motives, but of successful fortunes, it is curious to observe the minions of **THE SOCIAL WORLD**, following the footsteps

of prosperity, even as the shadow follows the substance, only in the sunshine ; these likewise disappearing whenever the dark cloud of adversity seems to surround the moral being, are found to assist the oppressor in vilifying the afflicted, thus adding to the sensibilities of positive misfortune, the indignant sensation of imputed misconduct ; and yet less from malice and mischief, than from fashion and selfishness. For such worldlings are equally ready, upon change of circumstances, to turn the shaft of their ridicule against the oppressor, and become the champions of those whom they had delighted to persecute.

This has the denomination of curious, rather than noxious, since its origin is the weakness not the wickedness of individual character ; essentially mean, not intentionally atrocious ; and usually terminating with as little of personal influence as of permanent injury.

THE SELFISH WORLD.

The value which mere MEN OF THE WORLD place upon each other, is neither founded on just esteem, nor built in kind affections ; but rather grounded upon the cold calculations of selfish advantage, in mercenary gains, or in frivolous pleasures.

Thence their individual opinions, fluctuating as the weather guage, may be said to form a true

thermometer, which is seen rising and falling with the price of stocks, the rents of estate, and the trade winds of the Indian Ocean.

DISINTERESTEDNESS,

A FABLE.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH PROSE.

AVARO to the Rector flies ;
 Why sleeps thy zeal, the usurer cries,
 Extortions stalk around ;
 Their gripe the heir expectant drains,
 Their's are the venturous merchant's gains,
 By which the poor are ground !
 It is thy trade, *returned the priest* ;
 The sharpest of thy kind:
 Thou should'st be merciful—at least,
 As thou would'st mercy find.

Ah pray ! sir priest, thy task attend,
 Nor let the growing tribe extend ;
 No more my coffer feels its hoards,
 The exhausted field no grain affords,
 The springs of wealth are dry—
 Then with denouncing voice restrain,
 The NUMBERS of extortion's train,
 Numbers more rich than I.
 Let hapless me those curses bear,
 Which now an hundred usurers share,
 With hearts more hard than stone !
 We read, *one sentenced he goat lost,*
Redeemed the sin sequestered host ;—
 Thus heap the offender's crimes on me.
 I would the SINGLE victim be—
 Guilt, shame, and grasping profit—all my own !

THE TRIFLING WORLD.

Every society of the trifling world verifies the assertion, that there are men, whose sole distinction being consummate vanity, eccentric opinion, and profligate propensity, are never the less welcomed and caressed, even by the wise and the good ; inducing a belief in the mere charm of irregularity, by a presumption that those triflers owe their reception to the sole qualities of weakness and vice ; while in fact, the admission or toleration of such is surely due to the good humour, easiness of address, and freedom of communication which happen to be attached to their foibles.

For it may be accepted as a moral certainty, that no bad principle was ever, in its solitary self, productive of a really good result ; but when any one human being commands the affections of another, it is from something unequivocally estimable, or positively desirable in person, disposition, or understanding ; a something, which, perhaps we cannot specifically comprehend, and may from the manner in which it is associated, find it difficult to define ; but, even as no one does evil for the mere sake of the abstract sin, neither was any one ever beloved *solely* for the possession of faults, the commission of vice, or the perpetration of crimes.

Even those offences, which, in effect, prove profitable to ourselves, do not inspire personal regard, and in loving the treason, we of necessity abhor the traitor.

The following may possibly amuse those who condescend to be amused by the veriest trifles. At least their absurdity may occasion a smile to brighten the solemn cloud which has generally overcast the preceding pages. The frequent appearance of the first of these inducing the present republication with the Reply annexed.

LINES,

FOUND AT THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, IN A LADY'S GLOVE.

THE AUTHOR NOT AVOWED.

SWEET GLOVE ! when snugly packed you lay
 In dealers shop, and slept all day
 Close to your partner's bosom prest ;
 —What new emotions fired your breast,
 When leading on the laughing loves,
Philenia stopped, and asked for *Gloves*.
 When the reluctant glove she drew
 From off her hand, and tried on *you*.
 What transport through your system thrilled,
 When your distended form was filled,
 With beauty never, known before ;—
 And touched with more than magic power ;
 And ah ! what rapture through you flew,
 When she replied—" *Sir, these will do.*"

Since daily you her hand have prest,
 And nightly near her gone to rest—

But soon alas ! your joys are past—
 Extatic bliss can never last !
 For quickly you are doomed to know,
 That when you torn and worn shall grow,
 You—hapless elf, will be thrown by
 Neglected—in some corner lie,
 And see some glove all white and new,
 Obtain that hand so prized by you.

To meet neglect for all your love,
 Is grief enough for hapless glove—
 But when stern fate shall add to this,
 That you must know your rival's bliss,
 And hopeless meet his haughty scorn ;
 —What glove was ever so forlorn !—

At last, in plaister, or in string,
 Or cleaning plate, your days may end ;
 Who then will think that such a thing,
 POOR GLOVE ! was e'er *Philenia's* friend !

SECOND ADDRESS

TO THE SAME GLOVE ; INTENDED AS A RESPONSE TO THE UN-
 VOWED AUTHOR OF THE ABOVE.

No—not in string, nor plaister base,
 But round some tall *preserving jar*,
 This glove, the luckiest of his race,
 Shall catch the *Gourmand's* glance afar !
 And all his envious passions move,
 The raspberry's luscious jam to greet,
 The ruby of the peach to prove,
 Or crab, as peach, or raspberry sweet.
 Or gooseberry—with its blending tart,—
 Or the plump cherry's scarlet heart,
 Which more than maiden blushes move
 The *science* of his taste to love.

The sugared fruit within thy care,
 May more his tempted thought beguile,
 Than bashful beauty's timid air,
 Or balmy infant's gladdening smile ;
 If lovely bride, or babe of glee,
 Were his, who wastes his verse on thee.

Then, lucky glove, exulting go,
 And as in "*sweets*" thy day arose,
 In sweets its latest hour shall close,
 Sweets, that in kind succession flow.
 Young beauty shall exulting see,
 And bend her graceful neck to thee ;
 While her excelling fingers twine,
 Around each *parted arm* of thine ;
 Unconscious of its fairer days,
 Will boast the worth that AGE* displays,
 And give thy hoarded sweets her praise.

TO

LEWIS HERVEY, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF THE PRESIDENCY, WASHINGTON CITY.

WHO IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER, HAD, FROM DISAPPOINTMENT,
 THREATENED TO EMBARK FOR FRANCE.

WOULDS'T THOU, desponding lover, fly
 From the charm'd arrow of that eye,
 Whose bow of opening heaven could dart
 Electric madness to thine heart ;
 Or in its wizard circle bind
 The passions of thy struggling mind ?
Know, mid the ocean's ruffian roar,

* *Namely*.—"An old glove is good for something."

While cold, and dark the tempests pour ;
 Still shall that look of bashful charm,
 Thy young untravelled soul alarm ;
 And still that dimpling smile appear,
 To show the prosperous rival near.
 Even while some bright Parisian dame
 Surrounds thee with a transient flame,
 The steadier fire of truth will burn,
 And with the kindling thought return.

Why then, ah hapless ! would'st thou roam ?
 Why quit thy dear engaging home ?
 Even *now* when winter's surly frown,
 Bears the white hovering tempest down ;
 And full his flaky pinions lower,
 To scatter wide the flinty shower.

Ere thy first fluttering hope has flown,
 While sense and virtue are thy own ;
 In thy warm youth's enamoured day,
 Why tear thee from thy wish away ?—
 What miser quits his cherished store,
 To trust the faithless seas for more !
 Who would a peerless gem resign,
 And tempt the dark and doubtful mine ?
 Seduced by dreams—with toil and care,
 To find a lovelier treasure there ?

If now the meek and timid maid,
 Of thy too ardent prayer afraid,
 With red averted cheek, decline
 To meet one passion'd vow of thine ;
 Wilt thou, to fears and doubts resigned,
 Fly from her half reluctant mind ?
 And from her wavering fancy free,
 The captive thought, which pleads for *thee*.

INJUNCTION TO D. W. L.

WHEN SEPARATED FROM THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTION BY THE
ERRORS OF HIS OWN CONDUCT.

INGRATE ! to whom, at nature's happiest hour,
Was given of heart the prize, of mind the power :
Wit to delight, and virtue to improve,
Much to command, and more to sanction love !
Hence those dove eyes, which charmed thy soul away,
Glance through the transient tear their trembling ray,
Pensive, and sweet, the speaking wanderer's own,
How cold the hope that lives when love is gone.
HEAR THEN THAT HEART—its noblest precept hear—
With lip of fondness dry the impatient tear ;
Let whispered passion every wrong remove,
And wake to honour ! tenderness and love !

THE VAIN WORLD.

Every day's experience may, and does, disclose,
among the females of the VAIN WORLD, individuals,
upon whose persons beautiful nature has bestowed nothing : with manners unpolished, and with
minds unformed : the very defect or deficiency leading
to a sort of popular applause, which occasions
their offences and them to be excused, and in some
sort valued, particularly by the graceful, and the

gifted : not always from the purest motives of benevolence, but as often through personal pride, and in vain glory. Since the ordinary, by contrasting, may serve as foils for the more advantageous display of the pleasing and the pretty ; and being without influence, they are presumed to be harmless or well intentioned.

Even men of professed gallantry, in conscious safety, possibly from compassion, probably from mere bravado, are occasionally seen flattering these *elegantes* with attentions, which are known to excite neither jealousy in the one sex, nor envy in the other.

Yet this very ordinary sort of personage is sometimes the vainest of the vain, with more presumption of mind, and with greater insolence of deportment,—where not too dangerous to themselves ; than is either seen in or attributed to the most accomplished beauty, and the highest fashion of the VAIN WORLD.

In analyzing such causes and effects, the serious *thought* is nearly forced to adopt the romantic theory of *Lavater*, as to the inevitable result of a fine mind in a fine body.

And yet, as every general description of character, like that of every given rule of life, must be understood with admitted exceptions ; the above does not reach, and cannot touch the cultivated of mind, nor the amiable of manner, however deficient in feature or in fashion.

CHARACTERISTIC SONGS.

SUCCESSFUL LOVER.

To these joyful eyes restoring
 All thy person's countless charms,
 Say, shall fancy, still deploring,
 Vex thee with her vain alarms.

Wayward fancy, ever dreaming,
 Saw that heaven which circles thee,
 For a sordid rival beaming,
 With delight's insanity.

Now beheld thee coldly wandering,
 Ever changing—still the same—
 On some dangerous passion pondering,
 Kindled by its transient flame.

Vain the fear, and weak the grieving,
 Since those softened eyes declare,
 All, in truth that's worth believing,
 Lives and speaks devotion there.

Never more that truth suspecting,
 All my passion'd soul is thine.
 And the wondering world neglecting,
 Thou, in beauty's blush, art mine.

SONG.

DEJECTED WIFE!

Is it for this unwandering mind,
This heart, which only glows for thee,
To mark that cold averted eye,
Where not one blessing beams for me!

Is it for this adoring thought,
Which on thy plighted honour lives,
To wonder at a causeless change,
Yet want the pitying hope it gives?

Is it for me, who many a day,
Have, in that passioned glance of thine,
Read words of truth and lasting love,
To doubt its character divine?

Rather, since all the gods have shed
Their glories round each mental grace,
To bid inferior mortals find
A heaven on that reflecting face;

Submissive as the martyr's zeal,
With suffering heart and patient eye,
When hope's deceptive dream has fled,
Be mine to worship, and to die.

TO

A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

BLEST INFANT! in whose rosy smiles we trace,
 The sire's creative thought, the lovely mother's grace,
 O'er thee that sire's resplendent mind shall shine,
 And all that mother's power to charm be thine;
 While thou, reflecting back, to both shalt bring
 Youth's fragrant bloom, in life's delicious spring:
 Brilliant! and blest! may no dark cloud appear,
 To veil the sunshine of the future year.
 Kind as thy birth, may partial fortune be;
 For all the life of genius breathes in thee. (1)

LINES

TO A LADY, DANCING.

ETHEREAL BEAUTY! fairy! say,
 Who taught thy tiny feet to play?
 Was it, mid moonlight's cheerly glance,
 That OBERON, mingling in the dance,
 Gave thee his art, and bade thee go,
 And charm the gazing world below?
 Like his thine elfin footsteps shine,
 And all his buoyant grace is thine:
 Like his thy strains of music flow,
 When falls the cadence warbled low.

No—not the monarch chanced to see,
 Nor gave his carols sweet to thee.
 But favouring nature did her part,
 And graceful made thee as thou art.

IMPROMPTU,

FOR A LADY SINGING TO A RIOTOUS AND INSENSIBLE COMPANY.

ENCHANTRESS, cease ! what though *Amphion's* song
 Could draw the herds and softening wilds along,
 No equal power thy carol'd words impart,
 To move and melt the vegetating heart ;
 Though sweet their breathings as his gifted lyre,
 They wake no wonder, and no praise inspire !
 He, blest musician, poured his soul, and *then*
 Rocks seemed to feel, and brutes appeared as men—
Reversed—the magic of thy charmed strain,
Now falls on men turned rocks or brutes again !

LINES IMPROMPTU,*

UPON HEARING AN ELEVATED INDIVIDUAL ACCUSED OF PRIDE, &c. &c.

I LOVE to hear the grovelling mind,
 Thy proud unyielding spirit blame,
 Where genius, to itself confined,
 Disdains the vulgar walks of fame :

But more I love the social scene,
 Where as thy haughty virtues bend,
 In silent eloquence serene,
 The powers of gentleness descend.

* These were particularly induced to divert the attention of a very young person, who, having first been terrified into tears, was afterwards soothed into smiles by a severe but kind manner.

Most loved, when from thy mental height,
 Thou deign'st with lowly voice to cheer
 The heart that trembles at thy sight,
 And timid, greets thee with a tear !

Even thus the picturing artist throws
 O'er the strong lines which nature gives,
 That softening shade, whose touch bestows,
 The grace that speaks, the charm that lives.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

IN an intimate or a transient intercourse with the **WORLD AT LARGE**, it were best neither to distrust nor deceive, nor accuse others, but rather to doubt and suspect, and watch over ourselves ; putting a guard upon the portal of our lips, conversing, *not of persons*, but of events, of talents, of taste, or of improvements, where these are appropriate, and where not, of the useful and the pleasing, as suited to every capacity.

Not of books, unless all present are readers ; since the most unlettered of the circle, may, in possibility, be the most amiable, or most meritorious ; whose consciousness we should not alarm, and upon whose endowments we have no right to enforce silence.

Not of party politics, unless the company be of one sentiment, for the exasperated partizan is oft-times a persecuting bigot, carrying death to his unbelieving opponent, not indeed by the fagot and its flame, but by the equally fatal sword or pistol.

Not of individual conduct, since our vanities, our prejudices, our passions, and sometimes our very virtues mislead us, when we speak of the absent; who are as often injured by misapplied praise, as by unmerited censure.

In society, lavish not direct applause on those who are present. It is meanness, or it is presumption, drawing down contempt, or assuming superiority; and yet as out of the abundance of a very kind and grateful heart, words of delight, and expressions of praise, will spontaneously overflow, such abundance is neither to be censured as adulation, nor rejected as falsehood. The honest character may be mistaken for its counterfeit, but courteousness is not naturally, nor necessarily, faithfulness.

Equally with the baseness of positive flattery, avoid the rudeness of absolute reprimand.

Accuse individuals in no way, and criticise them not at all, for such freedoms, usually received as insults, are seldom forgotten, and yet more seldom recalled to remembrance without enmity.

Neither is it quite safe to expatiate on our own particular persons, our failings, our merits, or our fortunes; in avowing and disclaiming, we seem insincere, and become intrusive or impertinent; in comparing and commending, bold, boastful and disgusting.

The good and the evil of our destiny, is equally noxious in recital; as the advantages and prosperities are invidious; and but few are pleased in finding the plentiful gifts of fortune showered upon others, while they thirst and are hungry in the

desert ! Also our ill luck and peculiar misfortunes, bearing relation but to our very selves, are often held as a species of personal degradation, and thence awaken no sympathy in the multitude.

In our attentions, be it our aim to discriminate, not to assume, nor ever appear dealing out notice, as if it were condescension.

Likewise, it were best to receive that respect which is legitimately our due, with modesty, and rather as a favour confessed ; being equally careful not to offend by rudeness of expression, nor by liberties nor assumptions of any kind, for disdain and contempt itself are born of such familiarity.

Never oppose the hard negative of peremptory denial to any assertion, that does not touch the sanctity of honour, nor strike at the fidelity of friendship ; and should direct contradiction become an imperious duty to principle, let it not wear the rough features of violence, nor assume the rude accent of reproach : since to convert, we must convince, and in convincing, persuade, ever resting on inviolable truth of mind, and polite amenity of manner.

To accuse the **WORLD AT LARGE**, and to condemn its successful votaries, are the usual consolations of the weak, and the wearied ; yet it were better to reform than to reproach ; and one lesson directed to ourselves, and well understood, is of more certain efficacy than ten thousand **THOUGHTS** lavished upon another.

Yet every society of polished life, affords a chosen few, to whom has been given the capacity of performing with ease, what others, equally well

disposed, wish, pursue, and labour in vain to effect. Of which last is the writer's self, searching and striving for the path that leads to peace and perfection; but of mind, and by nature, incautious and unconcealing. Inadvertencies of utterance in the opinions of that mind, have been many, and marked; bringing misapprehension, meeting offences, followed by regrets as inevitable as unlimited.

But as the rescued mariner, feelingly alive to dangers past, and miseries no longer encountered, *may* prove the most powerful in pointing out, and guiding through that perilous ocean, in which the low treachery of quicksands with the more evident attacks of furious elements had crossed his path and arrested its course—interrupted, overwhelmed, and cruelly distressed, without destroying every hope of his yet resting on the desired shore of an undisturbed haven: thus forewarned and forewarning, there remain for all the patient and pure of heart, a present blessing and a tranquil future, to which the passions and their world do not belong: for every passion may be said to display an inhabited *WORLD* in its violence and its ways, painful to follow, easy to define; a *WORLD* desired and pursued by the foolish, pitied or derided by the wise, disdained and forsaken by the virtuous.

LINES,

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE TREMENDOUS GALE AND STORM
WHICH PROVED SO GENERALLY DISASTROUS TO LIFE AND ITS POS-
SESSIONS, ON SEPTEMBER 23, 1815.

SIMPLE ADDRESS TO MY HOME.

SAFE on the vale's protected breast,
The portals of my mansion rest.
In trembling tenderness of form,
Outlive the hard and hurrying storm—
While on the firm hill's cultured side,
Is crushed the seat of taste and pride.

To God the powerless poor belong,
He shields the weak, and smites the strong.
Without his will no sparrow falls,
Whose shelter was thy friendly walls.
MY HOME—if quiet dwell with thee—
What are the storms of life to me !
So in the frail ark's tranquil view,
The whirlwinds of the deluge blew ;
Hurtless they blew—of heaven the care,
The dove of peace still rested there—
Rested—while ruin's darts were hurled,
To strike the chosen of the world.

As yet from earth no joy shall rise,
Without the atoning sacrifice—
No more thy bordering elms are seen
To fling their arch of darkening green—
And the ripe fruit tree's nectared store,
Shall wave its blooming gold no more.

Though not a charm with polish'd grace
 Smile on thy changed and cheerless face,
 I love thee—that no passion rude,
 Profanes thy sacred solitude :—
 I love thee, that no envious eye,
 Regards thee with a passing sigh !—
 I love thee, for the friend sincere
 Whose voice of blessing greets me *here*,
 But most—that to thy haunts are given,
 That calm, which looks from earth to heaven.

Not for the fair, the firm, the high,
 Does pity come with pleading eye ;
 Thence are thy faded features dear
 To me, as nature's vernal year—
 And dear thy wasted form to me—
 For all I love must change like thee.

LINES,

TO THE SCION OF THE TULIP TREE, SHADING THE RURAL HOME
 OF MY ANCESTORS.

THE TREE which my forefathers planted and reared,
 To me, by THE FAME of their virtue's endeared ;
 Has flourished with them—like them, in their prime,
 Exotic—yet genial, in nature and clime :
 That tree waves its branches of verdure and bloom,
 They, fading, are lost in the deep of the tomb,
 Yet dear is the hill, and the grove, and the plain,
 Which no more to the PLANTS OF THE MANSION remain,
 Plants nursed in thy shadow, all sportive and free,
 Or, stretched at thy foot, seemed as blooming as thee.
 Those plants all have perished, and strangers are known,
 To reap the rich field, which affection had sown.
 And yet the young scion, transferred to *my* care,
 As if the quick sense of my fathers were there,

Is tender, yet brilliant, in stem and in leaf,
 And cheers me in sadness, and soothes me in grief.
 For can I forget, as I gaze upon thee,
 How many the branches, how mighty the tree. (1)
 Whence grew the weak form, and the features so pale,
 Of BOTH—as WE bend to the merciless gale
 Of seasons—by hardness, or elements blown,
 To kill the firm hope, but in solitude known.
 Of calm to the scene, and of grace to the mind,
 If lonely, yet social—if injured, yet kind.

EPISTLE,

TO THEOPHILUS PARSONS, (2) UPON HIS ACCEPTING THE APPOINTMENT
 OF CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

AND does that mind, which every mind excels,
 Quit the proud path where fame triumphant dwells ?
 While at her side prolific fortune stands,
 And showers her bounty with unsparing hands—
 Bids but thy genius ask, and all obey—
 Why fling the doubly proffered boon away ?
 For the dull *bench*, the inspiring *robe* disclaim,
 False to thyself, to fortune, and to fame !

Thou like an eastern monarch, reign'st alone,
 Nor could the *aspiring brother* reach thy throne,
 Or like a giant towering o'er thy kind,
 In all the wondrous majesty of mind ;
 More strong than monarchs—thine the nobler sway
 And yielded claim, which kindred souls obey.

But now uncheered by glory's vertic rays,
 Tedious and tame will lour thy shadowy days.
 Condemned to heed the ever-during plea—
 Which endless folly blundering pours on thee.

Or stifling all thy gentle heart's desire,
 With warning accents, bid the wretch expire !
 Even him, whose wrongs awake the generous sigh,
 Him, may *unseeing* justice doom to die !

Lo, then thy fate ! with pained and patient ear,
 The hard monotony of words to bear,
 Misguided error, wandering far from sense,
 Pride's pompous boast, and passion's bold pretence
 Await thee now—from morn's unwelcome ray,
 To the slow shadows of retreating day ;—

What though some soaring genius, true to thine,
 In mental radiance bid the forum shine,
 Deep—fervid, full ; with sacred science fraught,
 And all the graced pre-eminence of thought,
 Forceful as reason in her high career—
 Yet falls like music on the astonished ear.
 When, as a charm, the fluent strain is found,
 To bid enamoured silence hover round,
 Calling from thee that smile which seems to speak,
 Gives the delighted flush to pass thy cheek.—
 More dark will seem the void, his pause supplies,
 More bleak the wild that mocks thy searching eyes.

Poor is the mead the uncherished muse can give,
 'Tis thine to honour, and thy praise will live.
 Still must thou shine, and with unequalled rays
 The undying MANSFIELD of departed days !
 Guide of the laws, (3) an empire's boon and boast,
 Though fortune and her dangerous dream were lost.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE WASHINGTON, UPON HIS PUBLIC ENTRANCE
IN THE TOWN OF BOSTON, DURING HIS PRESIDENCY.

THE SEASON sheds its mildest ray,
O'er the blue waves the sunbeams play ;
The bending harvest clothes the plain,
The bannered vessels cheer the main ;
The ruddy ploughboy quits his toil,
The pallid miser leaves his spoil.
And grateful peans hail the festive year,
Which bids Columbia's guiding chief appear.
Hence disappointment's anxious eye,
And pining envy's lingering sigh,
Let sorrow from the brow be borne,
And every heart forget to mourn,
While smiles of peace their charms display,
To grace this joy-devoted day ;
For the GREAT WASHINGTON each lyre be strung,
Thy matchless deeds by every bard be sung.

When FREEDOM raised her drooping head,
And many a suffering hero led ;
When every hope to thee resigned,
Were resting on thy glorious mind ;
How did that breast, to fear unknown,
And feeling for HER fate alone—
O'er peril's threatening form the falchion wield,
And tread with dauntless step the endangered field.

Not *Decius*—patriot dear to fame,
Not *Cincinnatus*' deathless name,—
Not HE, who led the Spartan band,
The saviour of a bleeding land—

Could more triumphant worth display,
 Nor shine with such unclouded ray,
 Of age the hope—of youth the leading star—
 The eye of peace—the conquering arm of war.

TRIBUTARY LINES

TO GEN. HENRY LEE.

HERO AND ORATOR, IN THE ANNALS OF HIS COUNTRY; VICTIM OF
 PERSECUTION THROUGH THE VIOLENCE OF HER PARTY POLITICKS.

YES! thou wert born beneath the hero's star,
 Triumphant leader in a patriot war;
 Like *Ammon's* son, ere manhood's riper grace,
 Had nerved the limbs, and stamp'd the blooming face,
 Supreme in arms, a veteran foe thy claim,
 Thy daring valour won the prize of fame.

Or at thy country's call, her powers to join;
 Where listening senates felt thy voice divine,
 As round her GREAT DELIVERER's trophied bier,
 Awakened memory gave the hallowed tear—
 Warm from the heart, and glistening with its flame,
 Endeared by thee, its best libation came.

Brave was that arm which taught a Briton fear,
 And sweet the voice that charmed a nation's ear.
 But not the forum, nor the battle, claim
 Alone thy homage, and divide thy fame,
 For all the graceful charities which blend,
 Round social life;—the husband, father, friend—
 ARE THINE—and thine a generous breast that glows
 With every worth, the noblest nature knows.

In council honoured, as in arms renown'd,
 By fortune followed, and by victory crown'd;

Fame is thy own—nor can a muse like mine,
 One flower of fragrance with thy chaplet twine.
 Blooming and bright, the eternal green shall cheer
 The closing winter of each future year,
 With thriftiest germ shall blossom unsubdued
 By faction's blight, or chill ingratitude !
 Mid the full wreath, no bosom'd worm shall feed—
 Nor envy shame it with one mingling weed,
 This to thy deeds doth PUBLIC VIRTUE give,
That with thy country shall thy glory live !
 Bright as her rivers, as her hills sublime,
 Shall pierce her clouds, and glitter through her clime ;
 Like a rich gem adorn the historic page,
 Wear through all time, and shine on every age.

TO THE
 HON. JOHN JAY.

FORMED, through the paths of fame to move,
 Graced by a grateful people's love—
 Whether the helm of state (1) to guide,
 Or bid the storm of war subside, (2)
 Or to the clement virtues dear,
 From *Afric* catch the falling tear, (3)
 Or with a voice whose dulcet strain,
 Might charm to peace the phrenzied brain—
 O'er the stern courts of law preside, (4)
 Nor *seem* to lean on mercy's side ;
 Or in thy soft retirement blest,
 Feel all the father warm thy breast—
 Thine is high honour's noblest cause,
 And thine the summit of applause.

What though a party's fraudulent sway
 Would rend thy civic crown away,
 To thee a nobler hope extends,
 For thee, the patriot prayer ascends,

On thee, the honoured suffrage falls,
 For thee, *the sacred people* calls ;
 Yet blushing science quits her strain,
Silenced, and seeking thee, in vain.
 So when the midnight's vapoury breath,
 In clouds obscures the sylvan heath,
 No peals of music cheer the vale,
 No floweret scents the freshening gale,
 Till the bright sun, with sovereign sway,
 Strikes through the gloom, and leads the day.

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN JAY,

GOVERNOR, AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF, OF THE STATE OF
 NEW-YORK.

WHILE those by falsehood led, with passion blind,
 Fall to decay, nor *leave a wreck behind*,
 Thy fame, ILLUSTRIOUS PATRIOT, will endure,
 Firm as thy mind, and as thy motive pure ;
 A grateful country shall thy triumph see,
 And all her muses lift their harps to thee.
 Loved, praised, and honoured, by no ill subdued,
 Thine is the suffrage of the great and good.
 Friends of thy life, by kindred perils tried,
 In whom the millions of THE WEST confide.

Though with rude blast the breath of envy blow,
 Still lives the laurel on thy tranquil brow,
 Still with thy genius shall thy virtues shine,
 And the best plaudit of A WORLD be thine.

SONNET, TO

MAJOR GENERAL LINCOLN.

THINK not, brave LINCOLN, that the rage of time,
 Can from thy warrior brow the laurel rend;
 Though midst its green the living snows descend,
 It still shall flourish with unfading prime.

See the wrapt student at his midnight oil,
 Recount thy deeds and lead thee down to fame,
 While the young hero kindles at thy name,
 Dwells on thy glorious wounds, and boasts thy toil.

How o'er red Carolina's arid plain,
 Thine was to brave the dog-star's striking glow,
 And thine to lead bleak winters hardy train,
 O'er Pelham's stormy heights—through *Athol's* vales of
 snow;
 THERE, first in danger, forced thy fearless way,
 HERE, at thy feet, subdued rebellion lay.

SONNET

TO THE FULL SUMMER MOON.

THOU SILENT TRAVELLER, of the glance benign,
 Who from yon crystal car on high,
 Shedd'st the full lustre of thy moving eye,
 While the touched hills and vales, reflective shine.

I love the wanderings of thy varied beam,
What time the pale west bends thy silver wire—
Till in the gorgeous east, thou bidst the sun retire,
Mingling warm blushes with his parting gleam.

He draws his crimsoned curtain round the main,
And, from the warm earth drinks refreshing dew
Thou gently bending o'er the child of pain,
Canst charm the sadness of the mourning muse.

HE, the proud emblem of oppressive power;
THOU, the mild sovereign of the pitying hour!

ESSAYS.

ADVERSITY.

ESSAY I.

WHEN habituated to affluence, how is the annihilation of its many privileges to be borne?

If the loss of riches merely involved the relinquishment of fine clothes, gay equipage, sumptuous tables, and fond flatterers—great were the gain of such loss, making the head wiser, and the heart holier.

But when precipitated from our *cast*, robbed of our associates, and beheld by our dearest friends with the commiseration which belongs to inferiority—

When the proud meet us with assumed condescension, and the mean pass us with affected forgetfulness ;

When the malicious carelessly recur to the splendour of the past, and the envious carefully disclose the hopelessness of the future—

When praise, changing its features, is no longer combined with deference ; and when even the assurances of sincere friendship are to be accepted as an obligation—

When no longer able to bestow, and too high-minded to receive—to our own sufferings are added the superior wants of the yet more miserable—

When our virtues claim no homage, and our sorrows inspire no sympathy; when in our society, even the good seem wearied, and appear apprehensive, as if misfortune were a pestilence, of which they dreaded the near contagion—

Then only, have we reason and right in exclaiming, hard is the pressure of adversity; no longer a ministering angel, to restrain and to instruct, but rather a power, mighty and malignant; which bends the spirit even to breaking; teaching the proud heart to find or to feel, that the dross it never deigned to estimate, is more valued by this world, than all the virtues.

SONNET TO ADVERSITY.

“For all I thank thee,—most for the severe.”—

NEGLECTED NYMPH, that with unheeded sigh,
 Turn'st thy white cheek to every striking gale—
 While the base crew with wounding taunts assail
 And frowning wealth averts his wintry eye :
 Yet the rich virtues follow in thy train,
 Thine is compassion's tear, submission's calm ;
 Consoling Hope, Religion's heavenly balm,
 And mild philosophy's instructive strain :
 And thine the plaintive poet's touching song,
 That moves to melody the chords of care,

Pouring forgiveness o'er the cureless wrong,
To heal the wounded spirit of despair.

Ah! may I ne'er forget thy voice divine,
But bless the hour that made its precepts mine.

PROSPERITY.

ESSAY II.

IF the affluent are followed, flattered, and crowned with glory, why condemn their votaries as the false worshippers of a true idol?

When the heart is happy, it is kind; pleasures are blessings, which, inspiring hope, may produce affection.

In the house of rejoicing, the charm of cordiality, and friendship and benevolence seems to reign, and may in reality be found; wisdom does not fly averse from the tables of luxury; but even there, the voice of genius adds interest to the festivity of profusion, while elegance presides; that elegance, which, in its delicacy, appears the guardian of morals, throwing shame on the presumption of vice, and giving a fine polish to the hardest asperity of virtue; teaching that to wound is not to mend, and that it is not through the crooked path of deviation that we arrive at happiness.

Elegance, the legitimate child of prosperity, may exist, be nurtured and even improved, when its parent is no more seen; becoming a sentiment, an

impulse, a principle, which, in honouring another, forgets not to respect itself.

While this elegance remains, misfortune cannot know disgrace, nor will it derive its consolation from the raving of disappointment, as if that affluence it had loved and lost, were an enemy to virtue.

If the hard and bitter heart is neither to be softened nor amended by prosperity, it is equally sure that kind feelings, and honourable principles are unspoiled by her blandishments, for the true possessor of such principles estimates riches but as a trust, confided, not for the exclusive good of his individual person, but for more generous participation, to bestow, and to relieve, to protect and to delight, in causing the rays of blessing to descend, like the light of heaven, with equal munificence upon the fortunate and the unfortunate, in amenities and consolations—in kindness, and affection.

Are then the attributes of prosperity of no avail? is the source, which holds the fountain of our joys, comforts, and preservation, to be considered a mere obstruction to virtue? growing like a sickly excrescence, over the healthful forms of nature; but to exhaust and to corrupt? or is it envy, which, following close upon excellence, seeks to blemish the fair and the flourishing—active and dangerous as the serpent in the sun-beam, in pouring out her venom against prosperity, strikes at the prosperous.

THE PASSIONS.

ESSAY III.

OUR virtues may sometimes cause us to suffer, even greatly ; as forbearance and fortitude and resignation imply the endurance of insult, of injury or of trials. But the sufferings of virtue are so sublime, so rich in precept, and so crowned with rewards, that the reflecting mind must learn, and the sensible heart will feel, that to triumph over the PASSIONS, is to triumph over the malignity of fortune ; and in subduing ourselves, we virtually subdue the many evils of our destiny.

As no tyranny equals that of the PASSIONS ; neither is there any misery so sure as that of submitting to their unlimited controul ; the greatest peril, the lowest obloquy, the most sarcastic contempt, are found to follow and fall upon the unrestrained career of those powerful mental, moral, and personal enemies of virtue, and of happiness.

The PASSIONS, in their excess, are seen to distort, and for the time being, to destroy, the human countenance—changing the serene energy of dignified command, which speaks in the fine features of civilized man, to the vulgar violence of savage brutality—altering the angel sweetness of beautiful woman, to the character and *contour* of a merciless Demon ; for what is so fearful as the madness of the irascible ? what so dreadful as the purpose of the revengeful ? what so vile as the insinuation of the envious ? so abject as the selfish

ness of the sordid? or so ridiculous as the excesses of the vain and the sensual? Nor is it irrelative to confirm this by a fact, adduced on the authority of Madame de Stael, that all the jacobins, actively concerned in the horrors of the reign of murder, were individually distinguished by the same sort of countenance—pale, nervous, and agitated, moving from side to side, like a wild beast in his cage. And when seated, poising themselves, without rising, in a sort of stationary restlessness, indicating the impossibility of repose.

Thus powerful is the sway of the evil passions. So comfortless and so frightful the distortion of their fury.

Even ambition, in whose sublime features and high feelings, there is the fascination of glory, and the charm of intrepidity; in striving to push others aside, who are, with the same efforts, struggling to climb the same steep ascent, and to reach the same dangerous apex of power; how often is it seen losing its hold, and falling, with a velocity which strikes, crushes, and disables the victim from again rising in triumph, or succeeding in future honors to authority.

If distress or discomfiture be thus the possible portion of the most seductive, and the least malevolent of human passions, of what avail, and to what effect is the nurture or the indulgence of the more mean and less morally attractive?

Nor let it be urged, that these unsubdued foes of feature, of manners and of mind, owe their despotic empire to the fervour of youth; that time, chilling the circulations into sluggishness, will, with

the same hard grasp, cool, calm, and quiet the hot spirit of turbulent inclination. Believe it not. To the moral, as to the physical habits of man, age brings no remedy for the neglectful. At that period, the objects of sense may change, but not the violence of sensation: the fretful and the furious will not, through the medium of disgust, be rendered amiable and conciliatory. The extravagant love of pleasure will change but to the intemperate desire of gold, or the more excessive avarice of power.

As certainly, ere the autumn of human existence has passed away, will the strong passions yield to the stronger understanding, or be restrained by the better principle: thence delay were fatal. Age may never come, or were it sure as is the moment of dissolution, does the mind bloom and brighten as the body bends and breaks? Will the heart expand and grow kind, amid the solitude of outlived and buried affections, or under the wrongs and estrangements of painful humanity?

There is of lengthened existence, a probable period, to which improvement does not belong: when to vegetate and to suffer, are all that remain of the beautiful and the glorious.

Thrice happy they, who prepared for the possible result of long protracted years, have said to the whole host of lawless passions, "*PEACE! and sin no more!*"

STANZAS

TO AARON BURR.

LATE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. NOW UNDER IMPRISONMENT, AND TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON. WRITTEN WHILE THE TRIAL WAS PENDING, BUT NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

THOU *wonder* of the *Atlantic* shore,
 Whose deeds a million hearts appal;
 Thy fate shall pity's eye deplore,
 Or vengeance for thy ruin call.

THOU MAN OF SOUL! whose feeble form
 Seems as a leaf the gales defy,
 Though scattered in sedition's storm,
 Yet borne by glorious hope on high.

Such did the youthful *Ammon* seem,
 And such does *Europe's scourge* (1) appear,
 As, of the sun, a vertic beam,
 The brightest in the golden year.

Nature, who many a gift bestowed,
 The strong herculean limbs denied,
 But gave, a mind, where genius glowed,
 A soul, to valour's self allied.

Ambition, as her curse was seen,
 Thy every blessing to annoy;
 To blight thy laurels tender green;
 The banner of thy fame destroy.

Ambition by the bard defined (2)
 The fault of god-like hearts alone.
 Like fortune in her frenzy, blind,
Here gives a prison, *there* a throne.

CHILDREN.

ESSAY IV.

Does happiness properly belong to earth?

In possibility it may ; but as a rare and radiant gem, not to be purchased with gold, like a slave ; nor won by beautiful forms, like the vain and the luxurious ; nor conferred like court favour and military glory, on the daring and the ambitious.

That wealth and power, which as happiness, this poor world envies and covets, are—when realized, —not happiness ; *that* is a seldom visitor, and like the appearance of angels, may be said to come at intervals, and long between.

The present writer has sometimes thought that happiness might be found, even upon earth, but only in the hearts of CHILDREN, over whose existence not more than five or six years of the light of life has yet shone ; CHILDREN who have neither been pampered into perversity, nor disciplined into formality. CHILDREN, in whose soft and divine features, there is all that we know and can believe of Cherubim and Seraphim ; whose lightly curling locks and native graces, whose sweet voices, buoyancy of spirit, hilarity of mind, and tranquillity of repose ; whose grateful hearts and cares-

sing tones, so respond to every gentle emotion, that it is difficult for the afflicted to gaze upon those pure and chosen of God, without tears of tender and devoted admiration, as such were of the kingdom of heaven.

If wickedness sometimes seem to be born in the heart of a child, it should be considered a *Lusus Naturæ*, a deplorable exception, a moral distortion; which, like physical deformity, appertains to the individual and not to the species. Usually, the cares and treacheries of life, not the cruelty of nature, have hardened the soft, and changed the sweet, and roughened the kind and estranged the courteous.

Truly, that heart which remains detached and unmoved by the graceful charm of sportive childhood, and the unbought affections of smiling infancy, must be of harder materials, and more surely fitted for the *treasons, stratagems and spoils** of the poet, than the man at whose birth, one source of enjoyment was dried up; one gift denied to his senses, and one consolation refused to his heart, even by the creator of all things.

* "The man that has not music in his soul," &c. &c..

PLEASING AND PLEASED.

ESSAY V.

THE simple wish of pleasing, is perhaps laudable, and within certain limits, usually successful, while beyond the point of moderation and its proprieties, like every excess and all other extremes, it countervails itself, becoming even more repulsive than that total negligence which borders on contempt.

As in a free and faithful intercourse of mind, any species of compulsion and every class of deception is offensive, in the extraordinary effort to be agreeable, there appears a kind of sorcery, whose false charm is meant to impel the affections, or to impose on the understanding; this, begun in distrust, not unfrequently terminates in dislike.

A lady of distinction, having personal motives for conciliating a certain great artist, was heard to exclaim, "No my dear Mr. S—— not a step further; it would injure your health, which for worlds I would not were upon my account exposed to the cold blowing of this comfortless east-wind."

The man of genius bowed in pleased sensibility; for solicitude thus gratuitously obtruded by a lady elevated in rank, loveliness and accomplishment, until her carriage drawing up, in turning to the coachman's seat, she ejaculated, even in the same caressing tones, "my dear Cæsar—remember the

roads—be attentive to your horses, and beyond all, take the most particular care of yourself.”

The complexion of the great artist altered to a greenish hue, for “my dear Mr. S——” could in no way, and by no means be associated with the qualities of the African charioteer.

The pleasure of pleasing had given to this lady a certain cadence in expressions of regard, for which, like pearls thrown at random to the multitude, as every one partook, no one was grateful.

The countenance, the manner, the disposition, and above all, the capacity of discriminating may be said to form a true criterion, by which we at once experience and communicate the pleasure of that truly pleasing kindness, which like the benevolence of mercy, is twice blessed ; enjoying and engaging, rewarding and obtaining, a kindness neither heated into adulation, nor cooled into ceremony; the expression of whose real praise, though seldom uttered, is seen, felt and understood: for by what nation or people, or individual, is the language of the heart unread and unknown? A language, the possession and the privilege of all and every one, be they of riches or of poverty, alike reading, and alike liable to mistake or to misinterpret, the true meaning of its mysteries !

Though it sometimes seems as if prosperity, in searing the inmost mind, had contracted the external senses, obscuring knowledge and blotting out recollection; even throwing a sort of oblivion over personal identity; while the trials of necessity appear in the moral, as in the mechanic world, by blows and bruises, to brighten and enlarge the

capacities, giving activity to the senses, and improvement to individual character.

And yet truly, the pleasure of pleasing is seldom awarded to adversity, every effort made by her to such effect, in creating suspicion, occasions blame, causes misconstruction, and brings reproach, from which the conscious being shrinks abashed—or with fired indignation, and prouder pity, retires to the silent calm of solitary reflection.

To the moral observer, who, seeking instruction, labours at improvement, *There is good in every thing—most in the severe.* If to the votaries of fashion belong the HOPE and the pleasure of pleasing, and to the Anchorite, the extacies of enthusiastic FAITH, there remain for the merciful heart of benevolence, as the most pure and perfect of all, the rewards of that CHARITY, which we are taught to believe, *more eloquent than the tongues of angels, kinder than Hope, greater than Faith, and more gifted than the understanding of all earthly knowledge!*

RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

ESSAY VI.

How prone is the daring mind to assert its individual rights, how seldom does it recur to its personal duties. As if the mere abstract power implied the necessity, admitted the fitness, gave permission, or, in fact, brought apology for deviation of any kind.

Since to every individual right, there is morally annexed a relative duty ; if the wife or daughter of a prosperous or industrious man have the right of subsistence from his income, or through his exertions, there is equally due the returns of attention, assistance and obedience. Even as political protection claims allegiance, support implies dependence, and benefits call for every possible remuneration.

Mary Wolstoncroft, by her pernicious precepts, and still more pernicious practice, has, in proclaiming "*the rights of woman*," involved the sex in more real wrongs, and been the occasion of greater restraints upon their intellectual character, than the whole host of masculine revilers ; since, if those who are most capable of comprehending the perfection of moral beauty, turn aside, in preference, to the deformity of vice, if the clear light of knowledge prove to the female vision, a mere *ignis fatuus*, leading on and plunging down to deep depravity and hopeless perdition ; it were better, *infinitely* better, to remain amid the darkness of folly, or in the vacuity of ignorance.

Yet if one presumptuous woman, possessed of mind, and cultivating its attainments, has vainly rejected the good, in weak preference of evil, not only by personal error, but by profligate opinion, wandering from the straight path, with endeavours to seduce the innocent, and mislead the unwary ; let her remain the *land-mark* and not the *model* of her kind ; while the correct and capable translator

of *Epictetus*,* the pious and enlightened *Barbauld*, the instructing and delighting *Edgeworth*, the profound, the eloquent, the admired *Lucy Aikin*, with the many, and nearly innumerable female writers, whose genius, virtues, and feminine graces, having improved and embellished the sex, and the species, still remain *exemplars* worthy of applause, and meriting imitation.

Let these, and such as these, be seen effectually convincing, and eventually converting, the disclaimer and the skeptic; by their own incontrovertible evidence, be it admitted, that cultivated talents, and literary endowment, may, in meliorating the condition of the individual, instruct the mind, improve the heart and protect the morals, even of the least powerful portion of the human family.

Mary Wolstoncroft, affecting to appear a hot-headed Republican, resorted to revolutionary France, and in the levity of her restless and unsubdued spirit, among jacobin compatriots, learned to distort and to distract; like those *Architects of ruin*, was ambitious to overthrow, and destroy; but how did the daring experiment end? Even by a life of mental extravagance, and counteracted passions, an attempted suicide, and a disastrous fate. In fine, misery, ignominy and destitution.

In throwing aside the regulations, and disdaining the consolations of christianity, the morals and the destiny of this woman would have dishonored the principles, and disgraced the profession of a pagan.

* Elizabeth Carter.

Most surely, neither the physical, the mental, nor the moral constitution of woman, admit of her leading armies, or directing navies. To hold the helm of command either upon the ocean or the soil; she cannot acquire the hardy nerve of the surgeon, nor the bold voice of the public orator; debate does not become her, and her authority is never to be maintained by coercion. Yet her station is high and important; her influence and her duties, lasting and mighty; the enchantment of beauty, the delight of kind and healing conciliations, the world of literature, the fine arts, the eloquent superiority of conversation, with the homage of admiration, respect and attachment, are supremely her own. Also the first ideas of filial infancy, the early impressions of maturing youth, and the late consolations of departing age, are her peculiar attributes.

What is man, deprived of honourable affectionate woman? A brutal sensualist, or a gloomy misanthrope, whom individuals do not respect, and the best portion of society derides and deserts.

Neither has it been thought that political opinion, the sciences, nor any of those themes, which interest the feelings, and occupy the understanding of *her companion* man, are so far out of her department as to be regarded by woman with indifference, provided violence and supercilious demeanour be not permitted to carry their disgrace to her person.

When high endowments and decided talents are united with mild manners and modesty of deportment, they will please in either sex; and for wo-

man, when the despotic reign of beauty has faded away, the influence of such talents, and such manners, will remain powerful and attractive, ever honoured, and always admired.

If the coarse conduct, plain persons, and neglectful habits of some literary women, are decidedly repulsive, those defects, and not the additional accomplishment of understanding, are the cause of that repulsion; for the mind of woman is degraded only, when, forfeiting her real rank and forgetting its influence, she endeavours or affects to steal upon the bold occupations, the active professions, the exclusive *dictatorship of man*.

To conclude; the high station which woman sustains in the Christian world, is surely due to the benign influence of the Christian religion. What is woman in Barbarian, Pagan and Mahomedan countries? What was she in the polished region of enchanting Greece, or in the glorious empire of triumphant Rome? With the exception of ten or twelve solitary instances, a slave or a victim.

Amid the civilized blessings of Christianity, she is the companion, the confidant, the adviser and the consoler of man—the guide and guardian of his happiness, the comforter of his afflictions, upon whose attractions his eye dwells, and his hope rests, from the first dawn of awakened reason, to the last shade of declining memory: and from that ever sacred source we are taught that the true rights and the real happiness of woman, are only to be protected and enlarged, by her conforming to its divine precepts of forbearance and reliance, re-

membering and regarding the reasonable limitation of her power, as the honourable extent of her duties.

WHAT IS TRUE PRINCIPLE?

ESSAY VII.

It has been questioned whether truly correct principle be the result of precept co-operating with example; or a nobler sentiment emanating from the soul?

With *Helvetius*, I have believed that culture can do much, provided the mind be happily organized; but I have not believed with *Helvetius*, that education is omnipotent in power and in glory: to effect every thing for the heart, and for the understanding.

Since the innate disposition for right, and the actual propensity to wrong, are so individually marked, by nature herself, as to seem almost invincible; the materialist may attribute this propensity, and that disposition, to the nerves, to the blood, or to the muscles. If as a parent anxious for his offspring, he has traced the fact, he will not deny its existence.

Under the same irresistible belief, I have defined true principle, to be a *sense* of duty, an *impulse* of virtue, a *perception* of right, which, with capacity to discern and to discriminate, feels before it reasons, and acting from the rectitude of its own original nature, resists evil, and does good.

without the hope of reward, the calculation of profit, or the doubt of timidity: it is forbearing, and conciliates; placable, and pardons; tender, and consoles; active, and assists: it is both grateful and beneficent—faithful to acknowledge, and prompt to bestow; for when was the heart of ingratitude allied to the feelings of generosity?

True principle is sincere, and knows not to deceive—firm, and will not be tempted—pure, and repels corruption. It is unchanging because unerring. It is disinterested, and travels by no crooked path to fortune. In the proud dignity of self respect it is elevated above the egotism of vanity; and in perfect humility, always known to sacrifice the selfish to the social affections.

Severe in character, but cordial in kindness—studious of improvement, and living to utility, it neither lends the hours to idleness, nor gives the heart to presumption.

Such are the properties which the present writer has believed to contain the elements of *true principle*, even that true principle which must feel honestly, in order to act worthily: and is this, like a mechanic art, to be studied and learned, and practiced by that merely reasoning perseverance which coldly reflects, deliberates and resolves? Counting the cost and receipting the advantage of every virtue: a plausible substitute, specious and pretending, but born of the brain, and never approaching the heart? as devoted to self interest and existing for the world; the one is its true standard, the other its chosen reward.

Yet most readily be it conceded, that great and grateful and efficient is the influence of just precept united to right example, powerful to confirm improve and enlighten the capacities of a well organized mind, and frequently and forcibly is it found to counteract the perverse temper of hearts, which, bad by nature, might become atrocious through neglect.

To corrupt the principles of the originally virtuous were probably more arduous than to correct the propensities of the evil disposed; for the moral feeling shrinks from contamination, and the pure and peaceful heart, clothed in humility, dares not trust its own strength, but fears and shuns the possible contagion of evil.

Not thus the offender. As the hardihood of his character, rising to defiance, fears nothing and braves every thing, he may, in the bold presumption of his passions, draw near, and in listening to the eloquence of truth, be unexpectedly won by the charm of its accent to abandon the misery of offence, and to seek the happiness of well-doing.

In opposition to this, see the mechanically virtuous, who has not the image of God's goodness stamp'd upon his soul; if seduced by perverted reason, or misled by unbridled passion, the mental obduracy of his nature will neither yield nor retract; consequently cannot be softened into reform, nor soothed into reflection.

Yet this should not discourage the doubtful, nor intimidate the repentant. Let these rather derive instruction by adverting to the history of the divine Socrates, in whose character nature had

blended bad propensities with good dispositions; sublime genius with destructive passions. The moral and the wise, even in early youth, proving sufficiently powerful to overcome the evil and the foolish, not through^d the omnipotence of education, but by the determined energy of his own corrected will, and the active integrity of an originally superior soul; for the inclinations of his well organized mind were virtuous, those of his unruly passions vicious—wisdom improving the one, and subverting the other, constituted what may be termed correct principle; elucidated by the moral genius and mental graces of his life, the mild philosophy and faithful precept of his death.

The conclusions to be deduced are, that those to whom nature has given the best temperament, material and intellectual, are most capable of approaching the height of human perfection; yet the more deficient have strength and means to resolve themselves into improvement, physical, intellectual and moral; while all who feel and think and reason, may become good, and kind, and virtuous; provided they do not stifle the small, but sure voice of conscience, which God has given them.

Neither does it demand the sublime wisdom of Socrates to extirpate the bad, and to cultivate the good, that is born and lives within us: it is a plain and simple lesson, in which we must be our own immediate instructors; and for which, the most moderate abilities are competent. At the same time it is a lesson sufficiently profound to occupy and to interest the most reflective mind, the most feeling

heart, and the most comprehensive genius. A lesson rich in profit, high in honour, and profuse of the best rewards on earth and in heaven.

MUTABILITY.

ESSAY VIII.

Is it a melancholy or a consolatory reflection, that the moral faculties, like the physical and mental attributes, exist but in continued MUTABILITY to dissolution ?

If the kindest affections of the human heart wear out, so do its animosities ; as the friend, who was beloved and approved yesterday, can, without sensible cause, be distrusted, and even detested to-morrow.

And the man who held his enemy in reprobation during the year that has passed away, in meeting him with softened asperity, or with tolerating indifference, can on the present season, or at some more distantly auspicious period, be soothed into commendation, or warmed into regard.

That reputed moralist, *Samuel Johnson*, has asserted, that he *loved a good hater*, which assertion does, in my unassuming opinion, appear to indicate an inconsiderate brain, and an irritated heart ; for what is a *good hater* ? Is it one who cannot relent, and will not forgive ? or rather is it not one whose enmity leads on to violence, cruelty, and if possible, to extermination ?

Is the man who hates, happy? Does he not rather endure greater anguish than his victim? Can we bid a fellow mortal suffer, and be calm? The angry man, HE who inflicts and injures, is the true self tormentor; his hurried step—his raving voice—his restless eye, and his pale and quivering lip, all proclaim distress and discomfiture; a worm that never dies, and a fire that cannot be quenched, while the fury exists and remains unconquered.

The Almighty has thus permitted the retribution of punishment to live in the heart of the irascible, teaching how much better it were in obedience to the divine injunction, to love, cherish, and bear with each other—that is, to love where possible—to cherish when useful—to bear, and forbear always; since however transient the despotic reign of passion may prove, the suffering and the shame it occasions, will, in effect, be too permanent.

What is more afflictive, or more offensive, than to find the passions quicken as the senses decline? when alterations of person, of opinions, and of feelings, daily and hourly arrive, and when the effort should be to take heed to our ways, that we yield not to vexation or violence of any kind.

As the human animal was not constituted to endure the irritability of perpetually wasting excess, neither was the intellectual being so organized; and there is a period of sublunary existence, ere the incapacities of age have come, in which the constitution of body and of mind must resort to the rest and the remedy of mildness and moderation:—that is, provided the mental light of moral principle be not wholly extinguished.

The wisest man has said, that *all below is vanity and vexation* : the most foolish may learn, that even these are uncertain and mutable, as are the clouds and the sun-beams, which alternately frown and smile upon all around us.

Still, it is to be feared, that the irascible feelings have greater longevity than the kind dispositions ; and poor human nature is more usually given up to the evil demon of envy, hatred and malice, than to the good angel of mercy, justice, forbearance, and commendation : this admitted, in what catholic purgatory can we be so purified as to become subjects worthy of the kingdom of heaven ?

PIETY, FILIAL AND FAITHFUL.

ESSAY IX.

How many persons escape from the performance of their highest duties, by affecting to hold these like mere pecuniary contracts, dependant on the conduct of others : yet the injunctions of religion and morality are positive, not conditional ; for we are told to *love God, and to honour our parents*, though our afflictions may be such, that *heaven* seems to have bestowed nothing of good ; while some parents appear mentally and morally, not very worthy to be honoured.

But as there is a divine mystery around the omnipotent name of the Creator, there is likewise

a kind of *holiness*, as the very word indicates, attached to filial PIETY, which the more virtuous must feel, and which the most wicked may fear, even as the ancient heathens have asserted, and the holy scriptures confirmed, that the denunciations of an injured and afflicted parent will usually prove fatal.

What, in human atrocity, appears more dreadful, than a child, taunting, reproaching, abusing, and even intimidating a parent ? or what more lovely, than supporting, sustaining, and consoling the weakness, the wants, and the sufferings of distress and decrepitude ? Even the young and beautiful *Antigone*, by the side of the blind and despairing *Œdipus* !

Yet surely this obedience of children does not enjoin the sacrifice of themselves, in any way ; and still less does it imply or permit the relinquishment of any one moral obligation ; as heaven is above earth, so is our duty to that *Father who is in heaven*, beyond any observance which can be due to a mere mortal.

Modern Philosophy, as inculcated by revolutionary France, intending to destroy by depraving, began at the foundation in an endeavour to weaken the force of co-relative duty. But the accurate observer will find the deportment of the child, to be the test of truth in character ; and where that is exemplary, doubt not of finding the qualities of an *Angel*.

YOUTHFUL INGENUOUSNESS AND OBDURACY.

ESSAY X.

As but few things in earthly existence appear so attractively charming as the simple ingenuousness of vernal youth;—not knowing, and thence not distrusting those wiles and that wickedness which afflict the heart of experience, so to the dispositions of young persons, always, or often, canvassing motives, investigating actions, and suspicious of principles, there seems to belong a hardness of nerve, and an insidiousness of intention, which age will probably resolve into cunning, strengthen into obduracy, or contract into misanthropy.

Like certain fruits, forced in a hot-house, those young stoics may be said to disclose bloom without sweetness; a premature ripeness, dry, sour and solid, which, never permitted to feel the genial glow of nature, cannot be expected by the mere movement of time, to melt into tenderness, or be enriched by the fine taste and mellow excellence of perfection. Although cultivated by art, and laboured with care, these are less kindly grateful than the wild produce of the field and the wood.

POLITENESS.

ESSAY XI.

To the word *polite*, as if derived from *polished*, we have usually annexed the ideas of cultivation, refinement, dignity, and propriety, even these, as not exclusively belonging to exterior accomplishment, but resulting from, and united with the nobler virtues of heart, and the finer faculties of mind. Hence the polite is known by a demeanour of person, easy and graceful, combined with good sense, discriminating and forbearing—kind temper, accepting and bestowing—mild benevolence, relinquishing its individual gratifications, and in all honour, *preferring* those of another.

The result is, that politeness, including and uniting manner and mind, does not consist in mere external address, its deportment of body, nor its adulation of language: for the lavish *excess* of verbal flattery, is so far from being the criterion of politeness, that it may be observed of uneducated persons, when suddenly elevated from want to wealth, if not grossly rough, arrogating, and ostentatious, they are for the most part frivolous, and finical, familiarly and indiscriminately extolling; seeming to hold such efforts as the perfection of politeness.

But for the perfection of politeness, the individual should inherit an evident expansion of heart, and an adequate proportion of brain, quick perception, nice discernment, even a sort of intuitive

glance of mind, with the graces of forbearance, patience, and dignified compliance, when in yielding the preference of his taste, and the inclination of his fancy, to the comfort, the pleasure, or the caprice of another, he appears to act in unison with his own wishes ; as an apparent dissatisfaction would seem to imply direct reproof, or indirect reproach, even of those at whose instance, or upon whose account, the sacrifice had been made ; thus foolishly cancelling obligation, when all hope and every chance of redress has passed away.

Active, or formal officiousness, causing trouble, or bringing constraint, is so repugnant to politeness, that it is only more tolerable than the chilling apathy of determined neglect.

If in politeness, we may not express truths uncourteous and unpleasant, neither can we, consistently with its best principles, utter false sentiments, or prefer opinions destitute of integrity.

Even contradiction may possibly be so modified, as that offending no proper principle of politeness, it would bring no vexation to the mind, nor leave any resentment upon the memory.

As the proper principles of politeness are closely allied to the high moral endowments, the truly polite is courteous, not faithless—yielding, not abject—patient and attentive, but neither insensible nor cringing—rather mentally sympathising than orally professing, and in full self-possession, neither light nor loud—nor a boaster, nor a scorner ; but, in sparing the absent character, seemingly to respect the kind and honest feelings of the society present. As in submitting his taste, his fancies, and

his better accommodation, to the invalid, the wearied, the humble, and the bashful; he neither assumes merit, nor flies from acknowledgement.

In fine, true politeness is a sentiment of the soul, a fair feature of the mind, which no individual of a furious or crafty disposition can invariably display; since, in the habit of giving indulgence to the atrocious feelings, and anxious only for their own persons—these have found but a single object in the centre of creation, that single object being SELF—making exactions, but offering no sacrifices; while true politeness, like real charity, even in *suffering wrong*, is kind, vaunteth not itself, does not BEHAVE unseemly, seeketh not its own, and is not easily provoked: obeying the apostolic injunction, “*Be pitiful, be courteous!*”

LINES TO

MRS. MONTGOMERY.

WIDOW OF THE HERO WHO FELL BEFORE THE WALLS OF
QUEBEC.

WIDOW OF HIM, a nation's boast,
In life's meridian summer lost;
BELOVED OF HIM, an empire's pride,
With whom an hero's genius died.
MONTGOMERY, o'er whose tranquil brow,
Collected honours seem to flow.

Yet not to thy illustrious name,
Thy lineal, thy connubial fame,

Do the instructed muses raise,
 Their tribute of *unflattering* praise.

To thee, the great Creator gave,
 Each boon that fortune's children crave—
 Gave taste, and talent, formed to charm,
 The judgment clear, the temper calm,
 The soul sublime, the generous breast,
 Where all the kindred mercies rest ;
 That when with soft and timid eye,
 The child of grief and penury—
 From the bold front of insult turns,
 And life's appalling lesson learns.
 Thy tender accent, nature taught,
 Steals from her sense the torturing thought,
 How once her youth attractive shone,
 And friends, and fortune were her own.
 These *all are thine*—and rank and name,
 But more than these thy virtues claim,
 Those winning virtues which impart,
 The cultured mind, the feeling heart.

While yet a nation's vows proclaim,
 How dear her lost MONTGOMERY's fame :
 Yet to that fame, *new honours* (1) give,
 And bid them with her freedom live ;
 Nor till that freedom feels decay,
 Shall their least lustre fade away.
 Still the ne'er parted pang will turn,
 To HIM who fills yon gifted urn ;
 As if but yester's mournful eve,
 Had taught the severed heart to grieve.

While yet thy country's pitying praise,
 Would the remembering marble raise,
 While yet her people's graceful tear,
 Is sparkling on the glorious bier,
 Shall not thy griefs some solace find,
 In DEEDS that move a nation's mind ?
 DEEDS, through the earth's bright orbit known,
 Making that nation's BOAST thy own !

TIME AND TRUTH.

ESSAY XII.

THE progress of Time on the features of human beauty, so often imperceptible to the individual, is usually as much exaggerated by the prejudices of the world, as the charms of vernal youth are overrated by the passion of the lover. The one, elevating to the immortal loveliness of angels, the other, depreciating to the deformity of death, and the disgust of its total extinction.

Yet the one opinion is not more worthy of being literally accepted, than is the other; as in this world, the mortal may not put on immortality: neither are the traces of original beauty to be wholly obliterated from the "*face divine*," merely and solely, through the long succession of years, unaided by sorrow sickness or sin.

But rather in the fine features of living beauty, as in those of architectural perfection, will the sublime and even the beautiful be found, and exist and attract, amid that desolation which leaves them exposed as Ruins.

WISDOM AND WICKEDNESS.

ESSAY XIII.

IF WISDOM appear to have its individual absurdities, genius its personal aberrations, and science its human fallibility, while to folly belongs the sometime seeming of good humour, to vice the apology of eccentricity, and to atrocious WICKEDNESS a few lucid intervals; let not the base and the brutal exult, since it is nevertheless true, with admitted exceptions comparatively few and fatal, that WISDOM, and genius, and goodness, are virtually combined, and form a moral and mental union, which, like the supreme law of God, seems inseparable and immutable.

The feeling heart, and profound mind, as most sensible, and best instructed, will usually be most perfect in the performance of every moral obligation; and the deep thought of sublime intellect, in correcting the temper, and improving the principles, must amend the heart.

As converse to these, the plans and practices of evil propensities, vile morals, and wicked habits, may and do in their tendency, confound the *weaker* understanding, confuse the memory, and contract the imagination; blunting all that is acute in such a mind, except cunning—prostrating all that is elevated in its character, except arrogance.

As the best cultivated soil of a fine climate, will disclose the brightest flowers, the richest foliage, and the most generous fruit;—as the neglected

weed has no hurtful power over the tall and luxuriant shrub—as the serpent with the venom of his envy, can but strike the surface, without reaching the heart, or injuring the root of the mighty oak which he encircles; even thus, the vanities and passions and vices of life are seldom found to deteriorate, and never known to annihilate the morals of a lofty mind.

Many characters might be adduced from oral as from written history, confirming the simple *truism*, that genius, with all his nervous sensibility, is morally happier, and practically better, than the foolish and the vile.

Newton, of intellect the most exalted, and the most studious, was gentle, patient, and the most morally good of mortals. *Locke*, pre-eminent in wisdom, virtuous and kind hearted. Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, the great artist and fine writer, was from his habitual mildness, assimilated to a lamb. *Spencer*, *Hume*, *Robertson*, *Gibbon*, *Burke*, and *Herschel*, beloved, approved, and admired. Even amongst the fiery French, we read of the saintly *Fenelon*, the mild *Helvetius*, the virtuous *Buffon*, the moral *Montesquieu*, and the tender *Marmontel*.

All who read history have the power to select thousands, the above being simply preferred as names best known, and most familiar.

How amiably good, and sublimely eloquent, the female mind may become, under the influence of indulged genius and accurate instruction, was illustrated in a former Essay, and it only remains for the reader and the writer to *go, and do likewise*.

STANZAS,

INSCRIBED TO THE ORATOR OF THE CENTURY. (1)

TULLIUS, when on thy serious ear,
 Descends, of praise the untutored strain,
 When, at thy word, the admiring tear
 Pours homage, seldom pour'd in vain;

Canst thou, in modest wisdom, calm
 Mindless of what the million say,
 Turn from its gaze the speaking charm
 Of eyes, that meet no kindred ray.

Hast thou, when PLENTY's crowded shell
 Was pour'd for thee, and sought thy care,
 Disdain'd within HER courts to dwell
 If bounty were not inmate there?

Let others on the brow confer
 Wreaths to immortal genius due,
 Thee—would the simplest muse prefer
 In feelings—more than genius—true.

For thou, with pity's holy flame,
 Hast warmed the charities benign,
 Scorning of sordid care the claim,
 Hast made the richest virtues thine.

To thee the gem of fame is given,
 Thine is the grateful heart's regard,
 The blessing—and the prayer to heaven
 For thee—are more than earth's reward.

WOMAN.

ESSAY XIV.

THE influence of Woman in society, is most generally apportioned to her personal charms, and if accomplishments of mind, and elegance of manner be united to these, the fair mortal, exalted to a divinity, receives worship and adoration, in praises, and prayers, and sacrifices.

Yet so fallacious are the very best promises of life, that this brightness of beauty seems, in shining, but to expose, or mislead; hence the most lovely are, even when unerring, usually among the most unfortunate of women; either as the victims of married, or of solitary existence.

Where beauty is, and love is not, envy comes, and fastidious criticism follows. Talents are termed pretence, or accused of ostentation. If modestly conversable, she is deemed conceited. If timidly silent—stupid. The graciousness of true delicacy is held as affectation; reserve imputed to pride, and the heavenly smile of native attraction, given to coquetry: while the langour of disgust and distress, resulting from baffled hopes, and counteracted affections, is considered a false display of interest, and assuming refinement.

Such are the evil passions of the great world, *there*, Beauty finds but few friends, and accomplishment many foes; and yet, contradictory as it may seem, the attraction of young and innocent loveliness cannot ultimately be resisted. The mag-

net of her influence not only impels the strong and polished steel of masculine mind, but like the pure and precious composition of amber, attracts and collects the more worthless and volatile substances of the earth.

At the same time, and under every circumstance, for her, envy always lives, and never disappears; the enchantment of her influence can neither disarm the fury, nor avert its detractions, nor command her own destiny to rise beyond the reach of any earthly misfortune.

If of youthful and accomplished Beauty, such are the fortunes and the fate; neither is it thought that happiness will come with faded bloom, and bringing the oblivion of wrongs; since, when no longer young, like dethroned monarchs, born to arbitrary power, it is as difficult for the abdicated beauty to forego authority, and to feel submission, as it is for the loyal and obedient lover, living on retrospection, to bestow the homage of his passionate regard on the mere dream of long extinguished glory.

But safety, and serenity, may, at this period be her own, if not rejected for the vain hope of yet reaping the exhausted field of conquest; where wounds, defeat, and consequently disgrace, are the only remaining harvest.

In fine, let the sensible amiable woman, who pleases without the sorcery of personal charms, and who can interest by manners, mind and morals, reflect, that if her empire be less supreme than that of unfortunate beauty, it has more of peace, and is of greater duration, less of bitterness and in-

evitable disaster. Since to her, the world is kind; it grants to her affections the reward of fidelity—it allows to her misfortunes the loyalty of respect—it concedes to her virtues the tribute of approbation.

MARRIAGE.

ESSAY XV.

MAN looks for honour and for happiness, and with these in view, he marries. That disappointment may not cross his path, let him reason on effects, and in his wanderings and through his *seekings*, be not unmindful of consistency and coincidence.

She who has proved an observant daughter, and been an obliging sister, cannot fail of becoming a true and amiable wife; as, having held sacred the native charities, she will not slight those which society has instituted.

Having studied and learned, to confer with willingness, and to comply with readiness, she will equally understand where to command with instruction, and how to preside with decorum; and in respecting the mild duties of domestic subordination, display the dignified gentleness of real authority.

Has she practiced and preferred the simplicity of elegant neatness, as beyond the lustre of costly decoration? she will, in her household, prove more regardful of economical propriety, than of ostentatious display.

While in her heart religion is a sentiment, affianced to the sanctity of morals, she will give meekness and moderation to mark its course, and to prescribe its limits: while that attentive usefulness, which in all things regards the relative and the social, remains the best hand-maid of rectitude and propriety.

Has she honoured her first home, in feeling that her kindest duty and her first good principles originated there? surely she will never permit that duty and those principles to wander from her better and more permanent establishment.

The woman who has known, and does in all truth, follow the precept of such opinions, and is happily selected by the husband of her love, and obtains in that husband, a guardian, and guide, of kind and capable superiority; a friend, trusting and assiduous, an affection, undeviating and unsuspecting; let him not doubt that his will be the home of HONOUR, and of HAPPINESS: since among the events of human life, nothing is more unusual than the dereliction of a strictly educated woman, who has realized in the object of her preference, goodness, confidence, fidelity and protection.

For a woman thus taught, and thus habituated, is tender and grateful; she feels, and she sympathizes; she reflects and she benefits—her desire to merit estimation, and her hope to obtain respect; for she well knows that in the moral observances there is worth and reputation; but her heart also aspires to the blessings of *honour* and of *happiness*; from the possession of which, if she have delicacy, she dare not, and if she have understanding, she does not wander.

Yet should the donation of that honour which regards, and the possession of that happiness which rewards, be denied to her virtues, when her pure and sensible heart awakens to hope, and animates to reciprocation; is it harrowed by disappointment, and distressed by dissimilarity? is it defrauded of that protection, and refused that fidelity, which she sought, in which she trusted, and would gratefully and eternally have cherished; does she find herself pitied by the affectionate, and possibly admired by the presumptuous; at once pursued and repulsed—pure in conduct, perhaps beautiful in person—yet left to coldness, neglect and desertion—what remedy remains?

Even that of her own approving conscience! with the high estimation of the good, who can understand her feelings and her fate; and the tender and applauding sentiment of the benevolent, who are willing to sympathize with every sufferer.

THE MILLION—blending the penalties of misfortune with those of misconduct, may, in their ignorance, mistake the true meaning of such a mind, and seeing her surrounded by attractions and followed by injuries, even think it possible that the sacredness of principle would not rise above the united influence of both; as if the Almighty had not endowed the guileless with strength apportioned to their trials.

Yet these—even the million—will learn to know, and in knowing, to venerate, where veneration is legitimately due.

STANZAS,

TO A RECENTLY UNITED HUSBAND.

IN VAIN, upon that hand reclined,
 I call each plighted worth my own,
 Or rising to thy sovereign mind,
 Say that *it reigns for me alone.*

Since, subject to its ardent sway,
 How many hearts were left to weep,
 To find the granted wish decay,
 And the triumphant passion sleep?

Such were, of love the transient flame,
 Which by the kindling senses led,
 To every new attraction came,
 And from the known endearment fled.

Unlike the gentle care that flows,
 With all the blest affections give,
 Unlike the generous hope that knows
 But for a kinder self to live.

Was theirs the tender glance to speak
 Timid, through many a sparkling tear,
 The ever changing hue of cheek,
 Its flush of joy—its chill of fear?

Or theirs the full expanded thought,
 By taste and moral sense refined—
 Each moment with instruction fraught,
 The tutored elegance of mind?

Be mine the sacred truth that dwells
 On ONE, by kindred virtues known,

And mine, the chastened glance, which tells
That sacred truth to HIM alone.

No sordid hope's insidious guise,
No venal pleasure's serpent twine,
Invite those soul-illumined eyes,
And blend this feeling heart with thine.

CONCILIATION.

GRACED be the hour when severed friends unite,
And loved the voice, whose softened tones endear,
Where the eye melting in its morning light,
Dispels the cloud, and glistens through a tear.

When the heart freed from doubt's entangling wile,
Nor joys, nor sorrows, but with pensive care,
Speaks to the wedded heart, in sigh, or smile,
And feels its questioned kindness answer there.

While the regretful silence seems to plead,
No more the timid hand its pledge denies ;
No more shall hurried steps, in scorn proceed,
Nor anger flash from quick averted eyes.

Steeled was the breast, that with a felon's heart,
Could, of confiding truth, its hope bereave ;
Bid those whom heaven had joined, in madness part,
Grieving to live—and living but to grieve.

Reproach, with flushing cheek, and phrenzied brow,
Sullen suspicion's cold regardless stare,
Whence is thy sway—and where that midnight now,
Which search'd the soul, and struck its horrors there.

TRUTH came—and as the Saviour's glance adored,
Fell on the sealed eye, with opening ray ;

Her guiding light on darkest error poured,
 Gives mind to man, and clears its gloom away.

Gives him to know, in blessing, to be blest,
 ONE friend, his joys—his portioned griefs to share,
 To find his refuge, in ONE sheltering breast,
 Source of his hope—and partner of his care.

LOVE AND LIKENESS.

ESSAY XVI.

WE naturally and necessarily love our own likeness, when perceptible in another, provided that likeness be not too uniform; but occasionally diversified by qualities of *positive contrast*.

If a complete opposition be repulsive, a perfect resemblance is insipid, or more probably offensive: the woman, timid and irresolute, looks for courage and fortitude in her lover; while the man, obstinate and peremptory, desires softness and forbearance in the object of his honourable choice.

Be his temper gloomy and misanthropic, courteousness and *Gaiëté de cœur* are the qualities to console and reconcile him.

Is he serious, sedate, and sedentary? Cheerfulness, activity and assiduity, are essential. Bold, proud, and irascible? gentleness, tenderness, and silent observance, will controul, or at least, disarm the evil spirit; while in taste, talents, and virtues, the closer the resemblance, the more certain the sympa-

thy, and the more permanent the union of *love, friendship, honour and respect.*

Wisdom, integrity, delicacy, and talent, cannot continue happy, in alliance with ignorance, folly, rudeness and deviation, though the mere external senses may, for a season, find delight in that beauty, by which these are possibly decorated. Much less can goodness and gentleness bear or brook the association of positive vice, and presuming brutality.

In fine, to love truly and constantly, the parties should resemble, but not *reflect* each other. Opposing discords may sometimes have effect in music, but it is only by concords of sweet and blended variety, that the strains of human affections are made to harmonize.

INSCRIPTION.

FOUND AT CHANTILLY, ON AN ALTAR OF WHITE MARBLE, IN THE ISLAND OF LOVE, A BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN THE GARDENS SURROUNDING THE CHATEAU, BELONGING TO THE PRINCE OF CONDE.

N'offront qu'on cœur a la beauté,
 Aussi nud que LA VERITE ;
 Sans ailes comme LA CONSTANCE—
 Sans armes comme L'INNOCENCE !
 Tel fut L'AMOUR dans le siecle d'or,
 On ne le trouve plus, mais on le chercher encore.

THUS PARAPHRASED, AT THE REQUEST OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

HERE at *Beauty's* graceful shrine,
 Thy devoted heart resign,

Let the willing offering be
Unwinged as changeless *CONSTANCY*.
 Like *TRUTH unrobed* to every sense,
 —Unarmed as infant *INNOCENCE*.
 Such by fabling bards wer'e told,
Love appeared in age of gold,
 Such no more—the God, we find,
 Always courted—never kind.
For now the wanton child is seen,
With veiling vesture, fraudulent mien,
Around his philtered arrow flings,
And cleaves the air with truant wings.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

ESSAY XVII.

IT has been objected, M. LAVATER wants system. To me his work has seemed altogether systematic and artificial.

Although each particular principle appear to originate in the mere dream of imagination, yet with that dream, he theorizes, until every fragment seemingly has its aim and its end, while his details are minute and spun out so fine, that through mere feebleness in finishing, the thread of the argument, is seldom entire, but rather, through its various twistings, liable to be broken.

If the detached features of forehead, eyes, nose and mouth, are pleasingly correct, yet when he unites these in order to form a perfect whole, seldom, perhaps never does such union produce either the beautiful or the interesting.

And yet his theory is specious, though in its elements ideal, and certainly not verified by actual every day's observation; since that theory is found to *particularize*, when it ought to *generalize*, connecting genius or virtue, or temper, with a precise form of individual feature, when experience shows that those *may* exist under every construction, colour and stature, that are human.

To the simple judgment of the present writer it has seemed, that the moral habits, the disposition, the understanding, and the passions, give *expression*, and in effect, stamp *character* on the features, without changing the tints, or altering the strong lineaments of original nature. Hence under the personal deformities of *Gibbon*, *Johnson*, *Pope*, *Esop*, and the divine *Socrates* himself, men of inspired understanding, and of sublime moral attainments were found; neither does it appear that the indulgence, the dissipation, the passions, or the genius of *Alcibiades*, *Edward the fourth* of England, *Spencer*, *Milton*, and *Bolingbroke*, could disturb or distort the surpassing, but dissimilar beauty of their divinely intelligent faces.

But M. Lavater is still found iterating and reiterating, that to such, and such specific form of feature, displayed in his sketch, we may *always* look for the alliance of goodness or talent, or refinement; as on the reverse, for stupidity, or baseness, or vulgarity.

And yet, if at the first attentive observation of an individual, hitherto unknown, we receive sensible impressions, or form actual opinions, it is without mental reference, or critical regard to the complex laws of *Lavater*.

As Physiognomy is a sentiment, even in nature, of which the infant who cannot reason, and the brute animal who only *fawns* and *fears*, are susceptible, we are gratefully attracted by certain characteristic features, and painfully repelled by others; but does this impulsion, or that repulsion, *surely* indicate either virtue, or vice, in the subject of our attention? Is it not rather the result of something that assimilates with our aversions, or sympathizes with our propensities? for sure, though perhaps secret, is the prepossession we feel for what bears our likeness, provided that likeness be not in effect, a *fac-simile*; and the resemblings, somewhat diversified, are the result of simple nature, without design or affectation.

Does not the most irresistible likeness exist in sketches of *Caricatura*? yet who would choose to be delineated after that fashion? And what is more offending than the mimicry of our manner and attitude, unless, indeed, it be the constant echo of our uttered sentiments, when another, adopting what we have spoken, and possibly spoken well, is guilty of the verbal plagiarism of making this their own, at the next chance conversation; by which *fraudulent conveyance*, we are liable to hear our original ideas quoted under the sanction of another's name; and in addition to the alarm thus given to our pride, is that of the more selfish affections, as if we were cheated not only of what might be denominated personal property, but having surreptitiously snatched from us our very legitimate offspring.

In fine—to recapitulate—it appears that certain

individuals of the human race are so *instinctively*, that is, irresistibly attracted, and attached, at sight of each other, that like the bloom, and perfume of flowers, or particular notes in music, they seem intended by nature to assimilate, and as of necessity to accord together.

Indisputably, the virtuous will love virtue, and admire its influence, under every form and feature ; while the vicious, in fearing, would rather abhor its delineations.

That the passions do surely impress, and for a time distort, is readily conceded ; but that these can displace, or irrevocably destroy the original colour, or construction of forehead, eyes, nose, and mouth ; giving to Grecian symmetry of feature, and delicacy of contour, the broad irregularity of African deformity, is as surely denied ; it being equally true that wickedness may be born, and continue to exist beneath a beautiful exterior ; nor can any power or possession of human genius, or habitual goodness render the originally squalid and distorted countenance, lovely and attractive.

Truth cannot be founded on deception, neither in striving to improve the understanding, and to amend the principles, should we expect miracles for ourselves, or predict prodigies for others.

We are, individually, as God in his infinite wisdom has created us ; and such shall we remain, with the sole exception of being instructed and improved, or depraved and degraded by time, effort, or accident ; the physiognomy at *a certain age* usually expressing the sentiment, or betraying the passion.

Yet, since nothing in our material or mental existence, remains stationary ; the characters which were written, and read, on the features yesterday, may be blotted out to-morrow, or bring new ideas in another language to the coming observer, as indefinite to mature judgment, as unjust to correct principle.

ON THE UNION OF OPPOSING PROPENSITIES.

ESSAY XVIII.

IF in minds of violent, or perverse feeling, there usually exists some “*master passion which swallows up the rest,*” not unfrequently does it occur that two discordant propensities, meeting, in the same temperament, maintain an alternate vibration, without either of them becoming absolutely ascendant.

Such are vanity and avarice ; if both happen to exist with extreme violence, the demands of the one being positively hostile to the cravings of the other—yet in dwelling together—these will finally constitute the less averse sensations of rapaciousness, and prodigality ; which last are so often united, as to seem incapable of total and long continued separation.

And this may be accounted for, by considering both as secondary, rather than as primary passions, their foundation being laid in the excess of individual selfishness ; which, accumulating but to

display or to dissipate, in the present rapine sees and enjoys the future wasting.

Economy being the true parent of liberality, to reserve is to bestow; and the luxuries, which we refuse to ourselves, in pleasures and in superfluities, may be converted into comforts for the more worthy, or, at least, for the more miserable.

Neither are extravagance and sordid meanness of very distant relationship: In regularity consists order; in order, neatness; in neatness, purity and proprieties. But dissipating extravagance has no leisure for these, and hence, do we frequently see a vain action sanctioned or retrieved by a vile subterfuge.

And yet more extraordinary is the positive union of the cunning with the irascible, since the intemperance of a passion usually betrays itself, not only by the countenance, and the tones of the voice, but in the attitudes of the body, in its gestures and in its rest; hence the irascible is bold, eager and fiery; while the dissembler appears soft, pliant, slow, and observing—the irascible *strikes* without deigning to *hear*—the cunning is more anxious to counteract than to control, and less assiduous to break down, than to undermine.

Yet there are, in whose treacherous wrath may be found a consuming fire, armed with two-fold destruction, and in whose wrathful treachery reigns a self controul, which can *smile and smile* when most intent on ruin.

There are, who regardless of integrity, and making falsehood the instrument of vengeance, are so implacable as never to pardon even an imaginary

injury—one whose voice, under fearless irritation, is louder than the whirlwind; while at other moments, softened to a feigned tone, it never risks the accent of original nature—as if to disclose a feeling, were to betray a failing.

Take heed of those, who modulate in order to conceal—and look well to that countenance whose superior attributes of eyes, and forehead, are marked by violence, while the lower visage always smiles. Observe the constant movement of the lip, particularly if it be thin and retreating; for features such as these, even in silence, speak the vindictive or the treacherous, formed or fixed by the ruling passion of the mind.

Yet surely, whenever the opposing propensities of cunning and irascibility happen to meet, the former may be expected to obtain and preserve the superiority, covering itself and its associate from superficial observers; however, when brought to the test, the latter may seem in violence triumphant.

Happily such union is of rare occurrence, and of no less easy detection, when placed beneath the penetrating eye of true honour and real capacity.

BEAUTY AND ELOQUENCE.

ESSAY XIX.

CALL not that thought absurd, which repeats the assertion, that Beauty, interesting and sublime, is not confined exclusively to the fair morning of

life, no more than the divine gift of eloquence is limited to the mere verbal utterance of noble ideas.

In the compositions of superiour mind, in the melting eye of sorrow, in the brilliant smile of happiness, and above all, in the great works of God, there is eloquence touching to the heart, and speaking to the soul.

Also in declining age, on whose broad and expansive forehead, wisdom is seen mingling with benevolence, whose softened and reflective eye speaks passion subdued, and virtue preferred, there is transcendant beauty.

And not less in the mild dignity, the repose, and the persuasive sympathy, which, even at a late period of female existence, is sometimes seen united with an expression of goodness so tender, and of intellectual intelligence so true, and so instructive, at once attractive and commanding, as to excite emotions of delight not altogether dissimilar to the sentiment inspired at the first glance of young and ingenuous loveliness. For these, by the admiration, respect, affection and voluntary submission which they inspire come to the external senses, as beings particularly loved, and lent by God, to whose perfection they seem allied, and to whose heaven they are approaching.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON A SOCIAL VISIT TO THE RETIRED PATRIOT, JOHN ADAMS,
LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BLEST PATRIOT! in life's evening hour,
Seen like the sacred sun's decline,
Sublime, as when with sovereign power,
The noon of glorious deeds was thine.

Still bless'd amid thy graced retreat,
To win the speaking glance of praise,
To feel that love with homage sweet,
The tribute of thy virtue pays.

Bless'd, that to wound thy wearied ear,
No flatterer comes, with traitor mind,
But honour, as thy soul sincere,
And friendship, like thine accent kind.

How bless'd o'er ocean's yielding tides,
Thy nation's victor-flag to see,
Exulting—as her navy rides,
To claim the glorious birth from *thee*.

And blest that truths unerring page,
Shall ALL thy great achievements give,
Memorials of a nobler age,
In IMMORTALITY to live.

AGE.

ESSAY XX.

THERE are, who, as they advance onward through the crowded path of life, appear wearied, gloomy, and unkindly ; while in others, the passionate desire of social intercourse, is seen to increase and expand, under the heavy burden of additional years.

These contrasting extremes are surely born of the same fatal certainty, which brings resources lessened, and hopes obscured, or impoverished—if not entirely dissolved.

There yet remains a third class, on whom life advances, crowned with wisdom, and graced by amenity ; to whom the world and its fortunes have neither seemed too sweet nor too bitter : for these, nature having been kind, and destiny not cruel, while life continues, it will not be lamented, nor lost—neither for themselves, nor to others.

Cheerful, charitable, social, and sedate, these have known and loved the true pleasures of life, without worshipping its vanities ; and in cherishing the real virtues of the world, have neither tolerated its vices, rested on its delusions, nor sacrificed to its votaries.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

ESSAY XXI.

THE *Country* originates from God, but the *City* was constructed by man, is an old adage; hence *Vice*, and its inevitable companion misery, are seen springing up, like poisonous plants, amid pestilence and population.

The splendid mansion is lighted, and the banquet prepared; every cover of which, buries deep in its bosom the seeds of infirmity, or the venom of disease.

Luxury having invited excess, wit, and taste, and talent, and genius itself, may be seen to bow beneath their united influence; an influence mighty—perhaps irresistible, but not of necessity irretrievable; since for the enlightened and the honourable, repentance may arrive, and reform must follow. Not thus the poor menial, amid the revels of his midnight cellar, at whose orgies, profaneness never tires, and peace never comes—but to the oblivion of ebriety.

Has the rich man found that precept could counteract example, or fair words silence the remorse of dark deeds?

The wise and the virtuous, may possibly say to his conscience, “*thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;*” but what shall restrain the ignorant, the abject, and the unreflecting?

If the peril of cities thus encircle and degrade the moral being, is the mere animal existence of

man more safe where the atmosphere, moistened by mephitic vapours, or parching under particles of black dust, and without elasticity, occasions the fevered heart to sigh for the soft green of repose, with the freshness, and bloom, and beauty, of nature's sole residence?

Does not the hope and thought of every man's life, terminate the relief of retirement?

Does not his eye languish for verdure, and his heart gladden, and glow, and expand, as he moves among fields, and groves, and gardens?

What is more sweet than the warble of the early bird—what so kind, so honest, so welcome, as the greetings of the rustic upon the return of Spring?

Are not the very dreams of sleep interesting in proportion to their power of giving the imagination to scenes of rural felicity?—trees, fruits, and flowers?

What idea do we annex to the word *Paradise*? Dinners elegant and splendid, crowded halls, and midnight conviviality, where the soul sickens, and the senses are sated to dissolution? or verdure, bloom and extent, where the gifts of nature never fade, and those of time never weary?

If the moral and religious character of man be most pure where the temptations of vice are few, and the attractions of virtue with the associations of utility, many and marked—these preeminently exist, where every flower that breathes, every tree that bears, and every grain of corn that ripens, bows down the obedient heart with gratitude and

love to the great first cause of all good and of every benefit—while with health of body, and yet more precious health of mind, anticipating longevity, the individual lives to contentment—declines amid comforts—and dies into happiness.

Even the essential inequalities of condition, are less invidious, because less perceptible, where the proprietor accompanies the labourer to his field, and assists, and consults, and sometimes even submits his theory to the simple wisdom of experience.

Neither does it seem possible for the faithful mind and feeling heart, to live amid the kindness, the comfort, and the occupation, which belong to rural scenery, without conciliated sentiments of philanthropy, and forgiveness to man—piety, submission, and devoted love to God.

STANZAS.

I LIKE—it is my choice to live unseen—
 Unsought—by all whom busy eyes admire,
 To watch the brightening germ, the deepening green,
 And from the glare of vertic wealth retire.

I like the gracious spring—the summer gay—
 The autumn, in his every bounty kind,
 The social winter's unpretending day,
 The kindly converse, and the modest mind.

What is to me the city's revel throng,
 I love the sighing of the solemn grove,
 The soft half warble of the twilight song,
 The fragrant eve's reflective calm, I love.

If friends have passed, and sorrows found their place,
 And the hurt mind laments its lone career,
 If lost of life the sunshine and the grace,
 Yet may one tender gleam of hope appear.

Where the crushed thought can find a voice, and where
 Some healthful pleasure on the sick heart rise
 Some living loveliness—some buried care,
 Warm the cold cheek, and light the languid eyes !

SERVANTS.

ESSAY XXII.

IF our servants depend upon us, no less do we rely upon them ; indeed they could generally live without our patronage, better than we without their services, since they can exist without luxuries, and without the attendant aid of others.

Let the arrogant be reminded, that accident, not merit, has formed the difference in birth, in station, and in fortune ; that the menial may *possibly* have feelings of body, and sensations of mind, similar to those of his superiour ; be as conscious of kindness, as afflicted by injury, as indignant at insult, and as exasperated by outrage, even as the most prosperous.

We may depress those who serve, but not with impunity, for in some way they will certainly re-criminate.

Yet, in meriting their good will, by merciful justice in their labours, and compassionate attention

to their sickness and their sorrows, the rewards of observance, fidelity, and affection, will seldom be withheld.

Partially responsible, in our own persons, for the comfort, the conduct, the manners, and the morals of our household ; instruction, which comes graced both by precept, and by example, will not always be lost, and under any event to ourselves must bring the happy consciousness of well doing, should that of grateful affection be refused.

Upon the pressure of services, explanation, reason, and even apology, would usually bring willingness, alacrity, and prompt obedience.

In this, no allusion can be had to the very depraved, but rather to those domesticks whose individual merits, and personal mistakes, approach and assimilate to our own.

If, under the mental tuition which may have been lavished on our educated lives, we have failed in the attainment of perfection—have we a right, or is it reasonable to exact, or to expect that perfection from a being, upon whose darkened intellect the light of moral beauty was never permitted to descend !

Amid the murders of St. Domingo, the only merciful were those slaves, upon whose bondage mercy had been bestowed.

If thus, the most degraded of God's creatures seem alive to kindness, and are susceptible of gratitude, surely the more civilized, and better instructed, will not when weighed in the balance of moral feeling, always be found wanting.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF. (1)

See how the black ship cleaves the main,
 High bounding o'er the dark blue wave,
 Remurmuring with the groans of pain,
 Deep freighted with the princely slave!

Did all the Gods of Afric sleep,
 Forgetful of their guardian love,
 When the white tyrants of the deep,
 Betrayed him in the palmy grove.

A Chief of *Gambia's* golden shore,
 Whose arm the band of warriors led,
 Or more—the lord of generous power,
 By whom the foodless poor were fed.

Does not the voice of reason cry,
Claim the first right that nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
Nor deign to live a burdened slave.

Has not his suffering offspring clung,
 Desponding round his fettered knee;
 On his worn shoulder, weeping hung,
 And urged one effort to be free!

His wife by nameless wrongs subdued,
 His bosom's friend to death resigned;
 The flinty path-way drenched in blood;
 He saw with cold and phrenzied mind.

Strong in despair, then sought the plain,
 To heaven was raised his stedfast eye,
 Resolved to burst the crushing chain,
 Or mid the battle's blast to die.

First of his race, he led the band,
 Guardless of danger, hurling round,
 Till by his red avenging hand,
 Full many a despot stained the ground.

When erst *Messenia's* (2) sons oppressed,
 Flew desperate to the sanguine field,
 With iron cloathed each injured breast,
 And saw the cruel Spartan yield.

Did not the soul to heaven allied,
 With the proud heart as greatly swell,
 As when the *Roman Decius* died,
 Or when the *Grecian victim* fell.*

Do later deeds quick rapture raise,
 The boon *Batavia's William* won,
Paoli's time-enduring praise,
 Or the yet greater *Washington* !

If these exalt thy sacred zeal,
 To hate oppression's mad controul,
 For bleeding *Afric* learn to feel,
 Whose Chieftain claimed a kindred soul.

Ah, mourn the last disastrous hour,
 Lift the full eye of bootless grief,
 While victory treads the sultry shore,
 And tears from hope the captive Chief.

While the hard race of *pallid hue*,
 Unpracticed in the power to feel,
 Resign him to the murderous crew,
 The horrors of the quivering wheel.

* Leonidas.

Let sorrow bathe each blushing cheek,
 Bend piteous o'er the tortured slave,
 Whose wrongs compassion cannot speak,
 Whose only refuge was the grave.

IN WHAT DOES COLLOQUIAL ELO- QUENCE CONSIST ?

ESSAY XXIII.

THE charm of excelling in conversation is indeed a magic charm—a seeming talisman, whose spell brings forgetfulness of every power except its own; a capacity, which appearing a distinct talent, is, in its elements, as much the exclusive gift of nature, as any endowment of the body or the mind; since there are of the great world, individuals eloquent, enlightened, and instructive while conversing; but if brought to the test, incapable of composing and combining a single page with perspicuity and elegance.

It is equally true of *some* among the profound in science, and the powerful in poetry; that these are seen and estimated in society, as the least animated, the least communicative, and when deigning to converse, *apparently* the least amiably interesting of the company. The great and glorious *Marlborough* must be classed among the first—the philosophic *Hume*, the classic *Addison*, the poetic *Goldsmith*, and the dramatic *Cumberland*, were decidedly of the latter.

It has thence become a question, What is Colloquial Eloquence? Is it really the adventitious boon of nature? or truly the assiduous acquirement of art? Are its essential attributes, a fine eye, a fine voice, and a fine person; since of these, Eloquence is surely born, or does it principally emanate from the philanthropy of soul, which bestowed on a favoured few, in society opens the countenance, expands the heart, and calls forth ideas which, like the electric sparks, without the collision or attraction of personal intercourse, would remain dormant, as if incapable of disclosing their brilliant qualities.

These admitted, it follows, that a pleasing exterior, with a limited degree of genius, and an enlarged portion of benevolence, are the only requisites in forming an instructive, an amiable, and a delightful companion. Such might be conceded, were superiority of mind naturally or necessarily opposed to beauty of feature, or to benignity of heart; for the pride, the honour, and the blessing of humanity, the usual result is decidedly averse to such theories: exceptions surely exist; those confirming the rule, since exceptions are but deviations.

Consequently, and most frequently, the wise, the good, and the agreeable, have a natural affinity, by which it may be said, they are seemingly, if not inevitably associated:—such, if we may trust the biographer was *Edmund Burke*, and nearly such his friend and pupil *Charles Fox*.

Among the many of our own nation, were the

pathetic *Ames*, the excelling *Bayard*, and the profound *Parsons* ; and were he not yet shedding an influence over that earth which he continues to enlighten, might be added the *name of one*, the ornament of both hemispheres, by the elder, as by the younger Albion, listened to and beloved.

In the character of these, and such as these, in accomplishment of mind and felicity of manner, there might individually be traced, the dignified ability of a legislator, the abounding imagination of a poet, and the inspired genius of an orator. In perfect unison with a heart, ennobled by every virtue ; and a capacity of voice, and expression of countenance, whose accent and look, shed a continually irresistible charm.

In conversing with either of those illustrious men, how much more instruction, and pleasure were to be derived, than from the best written book ? since an original, a witty, or a profound sentence, graced by eloquence, and uttered with amenity, leaves an impression as lasting as it is forcible, as an immediate appeal at the same happy moment, to the external senses, and to the understanding, waking attention, and reaching the energy of thought, through the fine and faithful medium of eye, of ear, and of intellectual feeling.

As far as the voice, the features, and the form, are implied in the charm of *attractive expression*, in their perfection, as the original boon of nature, these, may be out of our volition : and yet, as there are but few in every way destitute of at-

traction and expression, it follows that by mere self-discipline, any, and every one, may, in some manner, or by some means, appear, or really become worthy, and engaging.

In direct confirmation, we have, probably each of us seen individuals, who, while unknown, or abstracted in a corner or recess, were seemingly possessed of no *expression* of feature, nor any *attraction* of mind; but when brought forth in conversation, with the power of eye, of smile, and of accent, touched and animated by the intercourse of soul, these became interesting in all the loveliness of intelligent beauty.

Indeed, every one who sees, and feels, and thinks, must have been made sensible to the mysterious influence of mind over person; and the magic of its effect upon the features and deportment.

Even sculpture and painting, symmetry, and colour, however excelling as such, are inadequate to the perfection of finished beauty, unless the soul appear, and speak in language of strength, delicacy, virtue or sorrow.

Thus, in conversation, are the finest talents unequal or incompetent, without the additional worth of a sensible heart, alive, and prompt in conciliating the feelings of inferiority, in softening the asperities of misfortune, and even in alleviating the miseries of misconduct.

As in repressing the impulse of those passions which offend others, we are comparatively happy

in ourselves, so in really sympathizing with the afflicted, holding every being, however situated, as worthy of some consideration, we are respected, and may be beloved, as by a mild and modest willingness to accept instruction, we, in our proper turn, command attention. It may in mere allusion to the selfish calculations be observed, that it were *most truly selfish* to be kindly regardful, *in all honour preferring one another.*

It is also believed that *any* individual, uniting in himself the excellence of fine sense, with the blessed charm of kind temper, would, in delightful conversation, appear to the listener and beholder, beautiful of person, although previously seen with indifference, and in some sort, with disgust.

This enchantment of mind, if united with fascination of manner, being sufficient to transform the plain to the pretty, and the polished ; the hard featured, to the handsome and the engaging.

In fine, as solitude, or more properly seclusion from our equals, must be considered an evil, inferior only to that of unrestrained dissipation, this evil may occasion the studious to be classed among the repulsive, though not less agreeably gifted by nature than those whom we designate men of the world, even as coarse features, and heedless habits are said to be characteristic of literary ladies ; but with permission, it is again urged, that such make not the rule, but the exception, that is, the deviation.

Generally speaking, retirement and cultivation have a very opposite result, and when the man of mind is ungraceful, and seems unamiable, let such seemings be attributed—not to the high perfection of his nature—but rather to the necessity of his situation, or to the accident of his habits; unbroken solitude having possibly shut up the avenues of his heart, the kindly consolations of social life could find no entrance there. And possessed of resources within himself, the man of letters, in resorting to those, feels less dependent, and consequently is less interested in pleasing.

Yet when such men, polishing the pure gold of superior understanding, and giving all its lustre to the rare gem of genius, are seen, amid the elegant refinement of society, willing to arise, and desiring to unbend from the deep and severe research of theoretic and practical literature; when the high elevation of mind, is united with the graceful, and the kind-hearted, then the most interesting, the most mighty, and *apparently* the most inspired, is the man of letters; even the nearest resemblance of HIM, in whose image he was created, and by whose power he lives, and moves, and holds his intellectual existence.

These, and such as these, in our own native Massachusetts, there surely have been—there are—and there must continue to be; the rare and single perfection of their individuality, adding to its value, and enhancing its homage.

And yet it may remain a question, whether some portion of suffering, by the scourge of severe adversity, were not best calculated to mend the disposition, and to regulate the deportment; for seldom does the heart learn to sympathise with the afflictions of another, until it has been forced to bleed for its own.

Yet misfortune must not carry its complaining to the social scene, for discontent is not productive of kind sentiments; as discontent is vexation, which is reproach, commiserated by none, because insulting to all; but the plaintive tenderness of uncommunicating sorrow, as it makes the individual humble, and in one sense dependent, fails not to render him more willing to hearken, than to obtrude. With a painful consciousness, or a fearful apprehension of neglect, he is alive to every attention, and disposed rather to submit than to encroach; for gratitude, diffidence, kindness and forbearance, are the legitimate offspring of dignified adversity.

While to unaltered prosperity, sometimes, perhaps too often, there belongs that hilarity of mind, whose assuming pride, supercilious indifference, and indefinite boasting, are calculated to throw a deep shade over society, as injurious to the brilliancy of thought, as destructive to the tenderness of feeling; by which the free rights of conversation are subverted, and discourse becomes intolerable to all, with the single exception of him, the subject and the object of his own elocution; of him, who al-

ways speaking, neither sees, nor hears, nor resists, nor regards.

This violence of animal spirits, being usually as degrading to the possessor, as offending to the associate, provided the individual has positively passed the simple attractions of childhood; for such violence in maturity, is seemingly the usual indication of personal vanity, its egotism, and its inconsiderate rudeness; which, with pride and pleasure in its own person, is often found to have apathy, or total disregard of the less fortunate, or less favoured companion.

CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT.

DELINEATED FROM THE LIFE BY AN INVISIBLE SPIRIT, FOR A MAN
OF WORTH AND GENIUS, INSCRIBED TO THE SAME. (1)

IN VAIN thy worth would every praise disclaim,
And live unhallowed by the voice of fame,
With graces that might folly's self disarm,
With sense to give deformity a charm,
With science, in such simple garb arrayed,
It seems of reason but the softening shade.

Of noble nature, generous, just and bold,
Unbribed by pleasure, unallured by gold.
Firm—but yet feeling. With a voice whose strain
Flows as it falls, and cannot flow in vain;
Since the fine cadence of expression seems,
Warmed by the speaking eye's electric beams,

That eye, whose varying powers such truth convey,
 So dark, yet brilliant, so serene, yet gay.
 Its glance so gentle, with such strength combined,
 It seems the moving index of the mind,
 Where all the meeting rays of genius shine,
 And touch the lips to eloquence divine.

With every grace and every worth thy own,
 To thee—unconscious of those gifts—alone,
 The tribute of this humble lay will seem,
 As the charm'd fiction of a poet's dream.
 Or careless read, and thrown with ease aside,
 Ne'er to thy generous self in thought applied.

Nor would the artist, rising round thy name,
 Snatch the vain homage of a transient fame.
 Ne'er wilt thou know what timid hand essays,
 To sketch thy features, and reflect their praise.
 ENOUGH FOR ME, that every glowing line,
 Trace the bright semblance of a form like *thine*!
 True to the life thy modest merit give,
 Then rest unhonoured, and unnoticed live.

Thee, fame will follow, nor with scorn repay,
 The growing honours of thy future day.
 Nor yet to shades with stealing step retire,
 To veil those powers which bid A WORLD admire.

BEAUTY AND BRAVERY.

ESSAY XXIV.

ALL, even the most brutal, seem to acquire sentiment, as if yielding themselves up to a sort of refined delicacy, taste, and veneration of heart, beneath the enchantment of perfect female beauty—innocent and modest; while to the genius of a youthful hero, at the moment of successful exploit, gentle, affable, and unassuming, exultation of mind, expansion of ideas, and sublimity of imagination, are given as by inspiration.

This two-fold homage is felt, and bestowed, as if to beings of a nobler planet, whom the Almighty had selected, and on whom He has particularly impressed his celestial image, with the qualities of his own perfection. A preference, and preeminence which seems, even of necessity, to imply duration; for beauty, intelligence, and goodness, are to our belief, the attributes, and the evidence of immortality. And in gazing on loveliness and glory, we fondly forget that these must fade and perish.

Thus, to our erring judgment, the changeful and the transient, become the immutable and the enduring; that erring judgment elevating the mere mortal to the present paradise of earthly immortality.

Yet in this seeming presumption there is utility; since from the most perfect works of creation, our

thoughts may reascend to the yet more perfect Creator, until human homage is purified to celestial adoration, and worldly awe exchanged for the consecrated feelings of a devotional heart.

Indeed it seems morally impossible to love or to admire any valuable superiority of this earth, without congenial sentiments of piety ; hence, the most amiable and affectionate are, in their meekness, usually the most devout ; the word *goodness* bearing an equal affinity to moral and religious excellence, to disposition, and to principle, to expression, and to manner.

STANZAS

TO GILBERT STUART,

ON HIS INTENDED PORTRAIT OF MRS. H. THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF
ONE OF THE NAVAL HEROES OF THE U. S.

STUART ! I charge thy genius, try
To catch the enchantment of that eye.
Let HER, the fairest of the fair,
The myrtle wreath of beauty wear,
While round HER HAPPY HERO's brow,
The laurels of a nation flow.

Be thy creative thought obey'd,
And call to life the featured shade.
Scarce touch the cheek with dawning red,
Soft as the leaf from roses shed ;

But for the deeper lip prepare,
The rubied bud which ripens there.

That neck with clustering curls entwine,
Make all its pearly treasures thine.
Since never to thy *critic eyes*,
May there an *earthly equal* rise.
I charge thy genius, let it be,
Reflecting HER, and speaking THEE.

PROPHECY,

INSCRIBED TO COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS, OF THE AMERICAN
NAVY. (1)

INTREPID VETERAN of the wave,
RODGERS! whose fame could terror bring
To them, the boldest of the brave,
The chosen of their PATRIARCH king.

Veteran! ere time's imperious sway,
Has brought the high meridian hour,
Or changed one jetty lock to grey,
Or touched thee with his withering power.

Attend, for thou art glory's son,
Born mid the battle's blaze to shine,
And known, when danger's deed is done,
To make the mildest mercies thine.

Hear what the poet-prophet knows,
Triumph is thine, and added fame,
Even ere the annual summer glows,
The deadly contest meets thy claim.

The green Atlantic felt thy sway,
 As erst from dawn to fading light,
 Thy hero helm's impetuous way,
 Pursued the foe's elusive flight.

That green Atlantic is thy field,
There, though redoubling hosts assail ;
 The OCEAN'S LORD to thee shall yield,
 And *thee* humane in victory, hail.

NAVAL SONG,

FOR THE PUBLIC DINNER, GIVEN IN HONOUR OF THE VICTORY OF
 COMMODORE PERRY, ON LAKE ERIE

HAIL TO THE YOUTH ! whose arm achieved,
 All that the patriot muse believed ;
 When led by valour's noblest aim
 To reap the harvest field of fame.
 Or like the nation's eaglet rise,
 To suns that gleam in arctic skies.
 Powerful of pinion, soaring wide,
 Beyond the broad Atlantic tide,
 To where bleak *Erie's* winter star,
 Brings tempest to the front of war.
 There glory met thee—victory there
 Entwined the wreath thy temples wear,
 And there the Briton, nobly brave,
 His tributary honours gave.
 Honours, of worth the gift and claim,
 Great as the GRACEFUL CONQUEROR'S NAME,
 Bless'd as his mild preserving power,
 And generous as his GLORY'S HOUR.

DIRGE.

FOR THE PUBLIC FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

VICTIM of a *Nation's wrong* !
 Gallant sailor !—sufferer dear !
 To thy pallid brow belong
 Wreaths, impearled by victory's tear.

When the battle's blast begun,
 Were thy living features seen,
 Glorious as the risen sun,
 As his parting ray serene.

All of heart and temper kind ;
 All of soul that seems divine,
 Worthy of a *hero's* mind,
 In a *hero's* form were thine.

Must we on thy hearse bestow,
 Tears that speak a nation's grief,
 While that nation's peans flow,
 Grateful to her VICTOR CHIEF.

As in Freedom's cause to die,
 Was thy life's adoring prayer,
 In her trophied earth to lie,
 By the slain who slumber there.

Never o'er her warrior's grave,
 May a nation's memory sleep,
 Glory that outlives the brave,
 Tears of angels there shall weep.

ODE,

INSCRIBED TO MAJOR GENERAL BROWN, CONQUEROR OF THE
NORTH.

GRACED by that brow's transcendant height,
Will the full wreath of glory flow ;
Like Erie's vernal waters bright,
And stainless as his winter's snow.
Glory, that with triumphant tread,
Thee, and thy youthful warriors led.

What to a nation's heart so dear,
As *he*, who for her fame would die,
What calls a nation's generous tear,
Like *HIM*, who bleeds in victory ! (1)
Each sacred wound, to her a gem,
More prized than England's diadem.

Nor ever, on that brow sublime,
Can the fine wreath, or fall, or fade ;
But brightening with the breath of time,
Be green as *Erie's* fragrant shade,
When, breaking on the BORDER WAR,
Was seen to soar thy leading star.

Thine was to prove the Briton brave,
As the fell Indian's might to try,
NIAGARA's giant dome to save,
Or mid his thunder's dirge to die :
And where the *Minstrel-Harp* is known,
THEE shall the muses make their own.

SONG,

FOR THE PUBLIC CELEBRATION OF THE NATIONAL PEACE.

Tune—*Rule Britannia*.

Not for the blood-polluted car
 Wake the triumphant song of fame,
 But for the CHIEF who spares the war,
 Touched by a suffering people's claim.
 HAIL COLUMBIA ! Columbia blest and free,
 The STAR OF EMPIRE *leads* to thee.

Let the rich laurel's baneful green
 Bright on the warrior's front appear,
 But olive in his path be seen,
 Whose genius gives the prosperous year.
 HAIL COLUMBIA ! Columbia blest and free,
 The STAR OF EMPIRE *breaks* on thee.

Diffused around the sacred skies,
 The electric ray of hope extends,
 On every wing of commerce flies,
 And to the earth's green lap descends.
 HAIL COLUMBIA ! Columbia blest and free,
 The STAR OF EMPIRE *beams* on thee.

Empire, that travels wide and far,
 Sheds her last glories on THE WEST—
 Born mid the morning realms of war,
 She loves the peaceful evening best.
 HAIL COLUMBIA ! Columbia blest and free,
 The STAR OF EMPIRE *rests* on thee !

Then let the pledge of Freedom pass,
 While every Patriot bosom glows,

And o'er the elevated glass
 The amber of the vintage flows.
 HAIL COLUMBIA ! Columbia blest and free,
 The STAR OF EMPIRE *falls* with thee ! (1)

THE STAR GAZER.

AH ! say ye bright inhabitants on high !
 Ye planetary travellers of the sky !
 When the world-wearied sufferers sink to rest,
 Is their's the mansion of your sparkling breast ?
 Will there the voice of pity pour its balm,
 And her kind eye illumine its heavenly charm ?
 Will soul meet soul, though forced on earth to part,
 And wake with whispered wish the dreaming heart ?
 Shall life's poor pilgrim doom'd with grief to roam,
 Find in your trembling rays a tranquil home,
 Till the last trump vibrates its kindling call,
 And the IMMORTAL MIND encircles all ?

THE SEXES.

ESSAY XXV.

To the mere superficial observer, it would seem that man was sent into this *breathing world* for the purpose of enjoyment—woman for that of trial and of suffering. In how many instances are the best years of her existence marked but by sorrows, and by sacrifices, of which the young and

lost affections are probably the least appreciated by others, the most cruel to herself.

To man belong professions, dignities, authorities, and pleasures ; for woman, there remain only duties, domestic virtues, and perhaps, as the result of these, the happiness of tranquil submission.

How then is it possible for her to dispense with the promises, the prospects, the consolations of christianity ? From what other source can she derive fortitude—in what other trust find remuneration—by what other hope obtain the reward of well-doing ?

Even the sanctity of morals does not form a perfect shield of defence against the wrongs and afflictions to which woman is liable, neither does it bring an adequate consolation, unless founded on, and directed by that sentiment of the soul, which *rejoicing in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, and hopeth all things.*

To one thus instructed, and thus disposed, the injuries and accidents of suffering humanity seem the dispensations of an all-wise and an all-merciful Providence, to which she bows in submission, conscious that those dispensations, however severe, may be productive of good—lifting her subdued spirit beyond the faithless, the fleeting, the vexatious attractions of mere mortal life, to that whose eternity of bloom and of blessing shall neither fade nor falter.

Thence is her's the mighty effort of moral improvement, the patient meekness of a quiet tem-

per, the mental energy of a sublimed hope, the active benevolence of a satisfied heart: and these will remain until the moment of perfection shall arrive to realize that felicity, which, as human life has not given, neither will its last mortal agony interrupt or take away.

PRINCE EUGENE, OF SAVOY.

ESSAY XXVI.

“For we are devout, when we are happy.”

SUCH, amid his wars and his victories, was the sentiment of the great and glorious Prince Eugene—nor can it be questioned, that the sincere heart of rational piety becomes and grows more ardent in praise than in prayer—even more devotedly devout from ejaculation than by supplication. All men of genius, it is observed by a great physician, have the temperament of devotion.

And who is there among believers, that upon the unexpected possession of any blessing, does not breathe out his whole soul in the unpremeditated transport of grateful delight to the giver of every good and perfect gift? if but by exclaiming “thanks to God!”

As beneath the despondency of disappointment, and amid the destitution of distress, we bend like criminals under the inflictions of an offended judge,

so in the benefactions of life, we are children sheltered and cheered, upon whose destiny the rays of prosperity seem to descend without a visible cloud; heirs, whose inheritance is made sure and unquestioned, as if the heaven of their hope were permitted to commence even in this sublunary world.

CHRISTIANITY.

ESSAY XXVII.

THE sublime simplicity of the Christian Religion is so touching to the heart, and comes with such powerful appeal to the imagination, bringing internal and external evidence of the truth of its moral precept, with the inestimable benefit of its promised immortality, that to the enquiring and believing christian, it seems to demand far greater effort of human understanding to resist and repel the belief of its divine origin—more credulity, even under incredulity, to resist and reject its mission and its mercies, than to accept, and feel, and believe, all the mysteries and miracles of Divine Revelation.

Let us, in a temporal view, also remember that the sacred sentiment of Christianity comes rich in consolations, and without a single restriction beyond that which the moral and civil law of the enlightened world has, even of necessity, enjoined upon the observance of every responsible being.

POLEMICK CONTROVERSY.

ESSAY XXVIII.

SUBMIT not the sacred sentiment of Christianity to the level, and the levity of transient and trifling discourse, to the apathy of the luke-warm, and the taunts of the unbeliever.

To proselyte such cannot surely move expectation, but the attempt may, in fatal possibility, give a different bias to the sanctity of your own principles.

Since it appears self-evident that, ere the mind of man can descend from the enlightning hopes of revealed Religion and immortal life, to the dark despair of infidelity and annihilation, it must resort to such perversion of will, and exert so many laborious endeavours of sophistry, that this becomes no less tenacious of error from indolence than from pride—to which too often may be added the bent of its moral appetites.

As it is surely possible, it were indeed most happy, for the sincere Christian to accept and feel and *know* the blessing of revealed Religion, its moral precept, its supporting hope, and its immortal life, as *incontrovertable truths*; like those of the succession of seasons, the light of the sun, or our own mortal existence. FACTS felt and understood, above every earthly appeal, and beyond the approach of every human argument.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

ESSAY XXIX.

How many human beings look back upon the whole disastrous journey of their past lives, as they would upon the incubus of a troubled dream, of which self-love says they were individually the victim, and in no way the agent; these seldom reflecting, that the unguarded steps of their own erring fancies along the crooked and thorny path which had inadvertently been selected, probably led onward to the fatal abyss of their destiny.

For if not unwary in our trust, could we complain of treachery?

If not falsely and vainly, and with prouder presumption confiding in ourselves, should we so often be misled or mistaken?

With more reserve in the occasional communications of civil society, translation of meaning, misinterpretation of language, and review of actions, given up to false report, would not rush forward against us, causing the memory to ache, and the honest mind to tremble under the weight of its own indignation.

Beneath the heavy pressure of trying adversity, are we blindly brought forth to the more trying ordeal of passing opinion, and its rash judgment. Yet in suffering wrong, and feeling anguish, though *the iron enter our soul*, it were better, and far more heal-

ing not to complain, and never to recriminate ; but as we must endure, let it be with the submission of patience, the silence of fortitude, the dignity of seclusion, and the virtue of forgiveness ; as yielding the only true Panacea of a hurt mind, the sole remedy for an aching heart.

Such are the Lessons of Life, and being once learned, are never to be lost nor laid aside, as of no utility ; since the present, and the future, while time yet remains, are our own, and when aided by the effort of inclination, may have strength, and capacity, and power to retrieve the merely mental mistakes of passing existence.

Recollection of ourselves will induce compassion for others, and compassion for others impel censure of ourselves ; and the more severe its denunciation, the more certain the rewards of *peace and good will upon earth.*

“ THIS MORTAL SHALL PUT ON IMMORTALITY.”

ST. PAUL’S EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

ESSAY XXX.

The following Essay, which, in some sort assumes the garb of a *Sermon*, was composed on a stormy Sunday, which detained the author from church.

THAT the great truth of the soul’s immortality, is not deducible, as a mathematical question, nor

like any other problem to be searched, and solved by the erring faculties of man, appears most consistent with divine wisdom, commanding the mortal to have *faith in things unseen*, while in the evidences of Christianity, it sublimates that hope, which lives in his soul, and is with so much difficulty eradicated thence; even the hope of eternal life, shrinking aghast from the tenfold despair of future annihilation.

Annihilation, which comes to the sensible heart, and its moral faculties, in a shape so cruelly questionable, so replete with added horrors to all whom affliction claims, and prosperity has discarded, is as repulsive to the pride of nature, as offensive to virtue, and contradictory to reason—even that reason, whose intellectual light was given to direct our steps along the dark and intricate passage of this world, not to dazzle and confound the moral and mental vision, leading on and bewildering to desolation.

Annihilation! a word, a sentence, an idea, more discouraging and appalling—more heartless and hopeless, than all the pains, and penalties, and conflicting miseries of this mortal life, and only more tolerable to the pure heart of humanity, than that everlasting punishment by some supposed to have been intimated and combined with the promise of life eternal.

The heart always feels, and the brain always thinks. In slumber, as in wakefulness, they are still alive to vibration and sensation: the subtlety of

whose animating and informing principle it is not given to the gross and material senses of man to perceive or to analyze, any more than it is to define and determine the causes and effects of every other mystery of the visible or invisible world. Still animating and informing, however concealed amid the wants of unfolding infancy—however obscured beneath the closely covering veil of exhausted age—under all the penalties of passion, of pain, and of pleasure, existing and invigorating, but made most evident by that ardent longing after *immortality*! A longing and a sentiment of blessing, born with all who breathe the breath of man, and which perverted imagination can alone extirpate from the nerves of his brain, and the pulses of his heart: to which may be adduced that capacity which we feel within us for the enjoyment of perfect happiness never to be realized upon earth.

Enquire of the sceptick, if it be not arraigning the benevolence, and the wisdom of the creating God, in having thus cast out the sufferer man, naked and obnoxious to the fierce and cruel elements of this hard earth, accessible to every sin, and surrounded by every misery, until he perish, like the brute, without hope, and bereaved of consolation.

What upon these terms were the object and purpose of human existence?

Were it not surely better for the faithful and the feeling, that they had never been born? since the destiny of the wisest and the best, were less tolerable, than that of the weak bird of the air,

the mute fish of the ocean, or the wild beast of the desert; for man, in the infirmities of his earthly nature, approximates in helplessness to those, with the additional miseries of retrospection and anticipation, to render his condition even more deplorable than that of the brute animal.

That mere transient temporal being, deprived of prospective happiness, is neither a boon nor a blessing, may be exemplified by the simple fact, that there has seldom existed a human being who would covet, or desire, or consent to retread every step in his past life, from the first efforts of unconscious infancy to the last endeavour of sinning and suffering maturity, subjected to the exigencies, and plunged in the vortex of that distress, and those dangers, which having outlived, he cannot recall to his sensitive mind without shuddering.

Take from earth its vital trust in the soul's immortality, and say, what shall restrain the crafty, or turn aside the hard-hearted? The civil law cannot, and the laws of honour and of humanity do not. What shall alleviate the bitter pang of the dying? or protect and preserve the wandering intellect of the desolate and the desperate? Not worldly friends, they have long since departed. Not riches—these have wasted away, or are unavailable. Not perfection of body and of mind—those are in decay, and hastening to corruption.

Look back upon history, and bring thence the death bed of the believing *Addison*, to the side of

that which contains the half converted apostate *Rochester*, (1) or to that of the more incorrigible Littleton. Compare the characteristic feelings of the departing christian, with those of the atrocious sinner and the perishing infidel. To the believer belong serenity, certainty and triumph; in the faithless are seen doubt, despondency and anguish. Each had possessed, and did enjoy the prosperity which is of this world—genius, rank and riches. But as unlike in the course and the conduct of those adventitious gifts, as was their living hope, and its dying termination.

Of whom, and from what, are the usual declaimers against Christianity? Look on the morals, and at the minds of these, and say, are they mild, enlightened, kindly, and correct? or vulgar, or ignorant, vile, or passionate? Do they reason, or do they rail? Is their argument convincing or confounding—encouraging, or appalling? Are their precepts, or is their example such as you would select or prefer to direct your heart, to model your manners, to influence your principles? No—rather by their visible works have you known them. The bad tree has not brought forth good fruit, neither can the dull and deaf adder be touched and turned by the words of the charmer, *charm he never so wisely.*

The infidel, whose material mind comprehends neither part, nor feature of creation; whose boasted reason is incapable of foreseeing, averting, or even explaining the course, the action, the pro-

cess, or the period of a single secret of nature—has he discovered, and will he disclose what gives equilibrium to the earth, or determines the ebbing and flowing of the tides, or the course and current of the winds? What has combined attraction and compelled repulsion? why, and how does gravitation exist and resist; in what manner influence the heavenly bodies? Whence the separation and the union of a part, the harmony and perfection of the whole?

Of all that surrounds him, however inferior, and however minute, he is essentially ignorant, and yet he presumes that by *searching he can find out God*; in the delusion of a disordered imagination, not only consents to lose his own soul, but is at the same time under the perversion of bad precept—willing to deprive those who have no portion in this world, of their salvation, and the hope of that which is to come.

How infinitely unlike him, *the heir of everlasting life*; whom the OMNIPOTENT has made but a little lower than the angels in power, and in glory; whose feet rest on earth, while his eye, and his heart rise to the heaven of heavens.

In conclusion, call not these simply uttered thoughts, the wild sentiments of zeal, for they possess the calmness of moderation; neither accuse the author of prejudice and presumption—as they plead the incapacity of ignorance seeking to enlighten its own darkness, beneath that lowly and implicit ray of faith, whose power is beyond this world.

Should the scorner affect to expose such sentiments as merely declamatory, and as containing little of reason, and less of evident certainty ; this is indeed, and without dispute, conceded ; at the same time he will admit that such also is human life, whose consciousness we feel, and morally know to exist, while profound ignorance envelopes every clue, which might unravel the intricacies of present, or future destiny.

But as the man of regularity does not, while in health, neglect to prepare for the morrow, since most probably the morrow will come ; and woe unto him, whose whole substance, and last hope are exhausted on the hour which is even now passing away ; so while assuredly we may, and ought to make the utmost and the best of the present day of this world, its benevolent pleasures, its innocent delights, and its grateful affections, it should be without discarding the prospect and the promise of that morrow, which may come like the bridegroom in holy writ, when least expected ; preparing ourselves, not by personal penance, by voluntary pain, and by weak apprehension, but rather with the truth and trust of an obedient but enlightened spirit ; waiting for the moment of emancipation as the beginning and completion of perfect happiness.

MORTAL AND IMMORTAL.

ADDRESSED TO ONE UNDER THE SOLICITUDE OF DOUBT.

YES ! MAN IS MORTAL ! round that open brow,
Which, like the arch of promise, heaven reflected,
Speaks THE ETERNAL MIND ; even there, the dull
Cold dews of death will hover, and those eyes,
Whose lustre seems an ever living ray
Of loveliness, and glory, soft pleading
With look of eloquence, they too must fade
And falter, languid in extinguished beauty.
That voice, which like the harp of angels, thrills
With no earthly strain, shall cease to vibrate,
Or age—oblivious age—more hard than death,
Shedding its late destruction, will chill
The heart's fine fervour, even round the rare
And radiant gem of genius, droop
With an uncheerly shade, mouldering to dust
And dark annihilation—age, in whose hour
Man, the blest image of benignant heaven,
He, whose majestic front and powerful form,
Looked a descended God, the good, the wise,
Shall rest unhallowed ; with every featured charm
That waked the gaze, or warmed the pulse of passion,
Lost, and delightless—save, where unquiet,
Still the phantom memory comes musing,
Or hovering as a dream o'er past existence.

Thus speaks
The fading world—not thus the plighted friend,
Who, won and valued at life's blushing dawn,
Still while its setting sun, through many a cloud,
Gleams o'er the furrowed path, will love its slow
And mild declining, and still gaze enamoured

On the parting lustre, ere calm it sink
Beneath time's boundless ocean.

Shall ye

Not rest together? and together rise
On other worlds with renovated beams,
Unsevered, undiminished?

Grows the heart sad in cold doubt pondering
O'er life's vain promise—death's dread mystery?
Yet say! THOU SON OF IMMORTALITY!
Lives there not ONE, whom thy charmed thought can
claim,
One ever faithful friend? whom the hard earth,
With poor adversity's unpitied wrongs,
And envy's blighting breath, and falsehood's wile,
And flattery's vain allurements, ne'er knew
To change, nor triumphed to divide—neither
Shall death disjoin—but rather to some star's
Enlightening orb, where the ALL SEEING EYE
Beams blessings infinite—adoring still,
The re-united spirit will ascend,
Waked by the kindling voice of seraphim.

Of God and loved are they, *the true in heart*,
Those solitary wanderers of the earth,
On whom were closed her haunts of happiness;
But their's the heritage and home of heaven,
With full oblivion of the ills they bore,
Patient and plaintless, from a sinning world,
Which on the guileless sufferer flings its glance,
And calls perdition, justice.

THE SABBATH.

AT A DISTANCE FROM MY HOME, AND MY CHURCH. (1)

I STAY not for the house of prayer,
 For God is glorious every where,
 In the lone wild his power is known,
 As in high Heaven's surrounded throne.

And yet that house of prayer is dear
 To those who have no portion here,
 Dear in *contrition's* (2) thoughtful sigh,
 And dear in *praise*, the adoring eye,
 Most dear the *absolving word* (3) divine,
 Which falls on faults and griefs like mine!
 Ah! may those pleading griefs atone,
 For every fault that life has known!

The organ's choral peal to hear,
 Or the slow fall, soft-warbling clear,
 Till the soul feels her God is near;
 And, with the *Diapason's* note,
 The songs of angels seem to float,
 Or the rich voice—ne'er pour'd in vain,
 If heaven sublime the mortal strain.

These would I claim on bended knee,
 And in the Christian's worship see
 The Christian's hope extend to me.
 Nor while the holy Pastor's prayer
 Proclaims *the peace of God* (4) is there,
 May the disturbing world betray
 That *hope*—nor fright that *peace* away.

(2) Confession, (3) Absolution, (4) and Pastoral blessing of the protestant Episcopal Church.

LINES

TO A BELOVED AND REVERED MINISTER OF THE CHRISTIAN
CHURCH.

WHAT e'er of hope's religious calm I know,
To thee, *Director of my thoughts*, I owe,
Thee—sacred shepherd of a pastoral care,
Won to thy praise, as wakened by thy prayer.

When doomed to feel of grief the feared excess,
And lost the dream of earthly happiness,
I saw thee from thine height of mind descend,
And in the sorrowing suppliant, know the friend.

That voice, which, like a missioned angel's strain,
Ne'er pours the fine, and favouring thought in vain ;
Thought, born of wisdom—but as pity kind,
Profound, yet lucid—forceful, yet refined.

That thought—that voice—when sorrows full control
Had, like a wintery tempest, chilled the soul,
Could, like the vernal morning's gentle ray,
Bring the calm promise of restoring day.

Calm—but not brilliant—joys no more shall rise,
But mournful seasons gleam through weeping skies,
While thou—and heaven—a holier light bestow,
To guide the sufferer through her path of woe.

HYMNS.

REANIMATION.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE BOSTON HUMANE SOCIETY, AND
INTENDED BY THE AUTHOR TO BE SUNG BY THE REANIMATED
PERSONS WALKING IN PROCESSION.

Who from the closing shades of night,
When the last tear of hope is shed,
Can bid the soul return to light,
And break the slumber of the dead!

No human skill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blast of nature froze,
Recall to life the perished form,
The secret of the grave disclose.

But Thou—our saving God—we know,
Canst bless the *mortal* arm with power,
To bid the stagnant pulses flow,
The animating heat restore.

Thy will, ere nature's tutored hand
Could with young life these limbs unfold,
Did the imprison'd brain expand,
And all its countless fibres told:

As from the dust thy forming breath
Could the unconscious being raise,

So shall the wasted voice of death
Wake at thy call in songs of praise.

Since *twice* to die is ours' alone,
And *twice* the birth of life to see ;
Oh let us, suppliant at thy throne,
Devote our *second* life to THEE.

DEDICATION HYMN.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE CHURCH OF WEST BOSTON.

In vain would mortal hands prepare
The temple's blest abode ;
Unless, supreme in mercy there,
Descend the accepting God.

In vain the warbled prayer we raise
In strains that seem divine ;
Unless the heart's responsive praise,
Inspiring God ! be thine.

Such was a MAYHEW's (1) soul of zeal,
Adoring thee with fear,
He taught the sinner's heart to feel,
The avenging power was near.

With milder light a HOWARD (2) shone,
To him persuasion given,
He made thy pitying promise known,
Parent of earth, and heaven !

Such may your youthful Pastor prove,
The words of life to feel,

Be his a HOWARD's patient love,
A MAYHEW's heavenly zeal!

O THOU! to whom the solar blaze
Is but a shadowy zone,
To thee our holiest dome we raise,
Glorious for God alone!

HYMN.

SORROW AND SUPPLICATION.

Though dark and deep offences flow,
Be the repentant grief sincere;
Pure as the falling fleece of snow,
Shall the accepted soul appear.
Thine is a pitying parent's care,
GOD OF FORGIVENESS! heed our prayer!

If, pierced by many an earthly woe,
The breaking heart its peace resign;
On heaven that breaking heart bestow,
And be its healing mercies thine!
To thee our sorrowing thoughts we raise,
GOD OF COMPASSION! hear our praise!

From the bright heaven's transcendent throne
Behold the Lord of life descend,
Making the sentenced earth his own,
The blessing of his love extend!
SAVIOUR, AND GOD! from thee we claim,
The christian's ever soaring flame!

The mind that rests its hope on high,
Though dark as night, as winter cold,

Adoring heaven's protective eye,
 Shall to its glorious light unfold.
 The breath of worlds, the soul divine,
 CREATIVE DEITY ! are thine.

HYMN.

PRAISE AND PRAYER TO GOD. (1)

Oh thou, who ere the lapse of time,
 Wert glorious with unfading prime ;
 ENDURING GOD ! thy pity give,
 To me who but a moment live.

Thy strength the elements controuls,
 And rules the axis of the poles ;
 To me, in sinful suffering weak,
 The words of pardoning mercy speak.

THOU LIGHT OF WORLDS ! whose quenchless ray
 Beams in the brilliant blush of day !
 On me, in darkest error blind,
 Pervading, pour the all-seeing mind !

PARENT OF LIFE ! to whom I owe
 The nerves that thrill, the veins that glow,
 Me, sinking to the oblivious grave,
 May thy absolving goodness save.

IMMORTAL BEING ! God alone !
 All-giving nature is thy own ;
 To Thee, her wandering race restore,
 Till all her breathing world adore.

HYMN.

GLORY TO GOD.

To THEE, creative God, I owe
All that I have, or hope, or know ;
Each ray of mind, that seems to shine,
Is but a passing gleam of thine !

The lusted heavens present thy zone,
The peopled earth, thy living throne ;
This globe, which nature holds of thee,
Is bound by thy infinity !

Poor, and unblessed, not mine the power,
To shield from want one frugal hour,
When through thy pitying care I drew
The bread of peace and promise too.

How vain the pride of man appears,
How weak the vigour of his years,
Yet thou the VITAL RAY hast given,
That lights and leads his hope to heaven,

TWO HYMNS,

For the Celebration of the Lord's Supper, at the first Church
in Dorchester.

MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

Matthew, 2d.

WRITTEN AT THE PARTICULAR REQUEST OF THE CHURCH
AND ITS BELOVED PASTOR.

WHEN on the midnight of the east,
At the dead moment of repose,
Like hope on misery's darkened breast,
The planet of salvation rose.

The Shepherd, leaning o'er his flock,
Started with broad and upward gaze;
Kneel'd—while the star of Bethlehem broke
On music, wakened into praise.

If heathen monarchs from afar
Followed, when darkness round them spread,
The kindling glories of that star,
And worshipped where its radiance led.

Shall we, for whom that star has risen,
For whom that Shepherd music flow'd,
Regardless hear of sins forgiven,
Nor claim the promise God bestowed!

Shall we, for whom the Saviour bled,
 Careless his banquet's blessing see;
 Nor heed the parting word, that said,
 Remember HIM, who died for *thee*!

HYMN 2d.

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER AT THE FIRST CHURCH IN DORCHESTER.

I.

AND hast thou, Lord to sinners given,
 Pardon, and peace, and hope, and heaven!
 To man's offending race restored
 The blessing of the absolving word!
 While to thy table we are led,
 And pour that wine, and break that bread,
 With which the incarnate God was fed!
 With which the incarnate God was fed!

II.

Ne'er may the earth's vain wishes raise,
 Lips hallowed by thy prayer, and praise;
 No more the thoughts of sin surprise
 Hearts of the accepted sacrifice—
 Hearts claimed by thee, whose wakeful woes
 Gave the contending world repose;
 Dark ere the sun of glory rose.
 Dark ere the sun of glory rose!

III.

Dark ere the rays of mercy shone,
 Dark ere the gospel's light was known;
 Dark, ere in guilt and misery's hour,
 The Lord of life—of love—of power,

The heaven-descended Saviour, gave
 Eternal victory to the grave ;
 And died—a sinning world to save,
 And died—a sinning world to save !

STANZAS.

INTENDED FOR A YOUNG ECCLESIASTIC, RECENTLY ORDAINED ONE OF
 THE PASTORS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. (1)

WHAT is the world's unhallowed charm,
 To one whom martyr'd saints regard ;
 Calm is the pulse, the nerves are calm,
 When mortals rest on heaven's reward.

And thou, like him whose trust (2) is thine,
 Whose genius sheds its rays on thee,
 Must every flower of earth resign,
 For treasures of eternity.

Canst thou the fruits of pleasure scorn !
 Wilt thou of wealth the hoards despise,
 Gazing on gifts that life adorn,
 With quiet undesiring eyes ?

Canst thou, while others warm, grow cold,
 Wilt thou while beauty kneels be blind ;
 Though cast in Nature's finest mould—
 As if to Nature's self unkind ?

Then, PASTOR, to the heavens remove,
 Let angels thy companions be ;
 Wants of the world, its hate, its love,
 Are feelings unapproach'd by thee.

'Thee—bound to duty's rigid breast,
To penance, and its pains resign'd,
The passions of the soul suppress'd—
Recall'd the wandering thoughts of mind.

While some are doubting, some admiring,
Be thine the saintly teacher's part,
From the unholy world retiring,
To learn the sacrifice of heart.

To search the path his steps have trod,
Thy bishop blest—whose life divine
Moves gently onward to his God,
THE LESSON OF THAT LIFE IS THINE.

MONODIES,

Elegies, and Stanzas.

MONODY,

TO THE YOUNG HEROES WHO FOUGHT AND FELL UNDER GENERAL
ST. CLAIR, IN A DESPERATE MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER, AT THE
MIAMI OF THE LAKES.

DESCEND, bland pity ! from thy native sky,
Come, with thy moving plaint, and melting eye !
The muses court thee from thy blest abode ;
Enthroned in light—embosomed in thy God !
With balmy voice the wayward tidings tell,
How the brave bled, and how lamented fell !
How in the earliest pride of opening bloom,
On houseless wilds demand a sheltering tomb !
Far from the social tie, the kindred tear,
Denied the relic'd urn and trophied bier.

In the deep horrors of the midnight shade,
In the first onset daring valour made ;
Each youthful warrior wastes his wearied breath,
And woos stern honour in the grasp of death.
Scarce seen to charm, just rising to applause,
The blameless victim of a ruthless cause ;
Torn like a plant beneath the early spring,
When shivering *Eurus* flaps his fateful wing.

Ah say ! what pure libations can be paid !
What fond atonement soothe the hovering shade ;
In vain from frozen age the warm tears flow,
In vain bright beauty droops in clouds of woe,
In vain the hero's laurelled wreathes decline,
In vain the minstrel swells the notes divine.
They, who afar, these bootless griefs deride,
And stain the fair *Ohio's* flowery tide, (1)

Who the wrong'd Indian's scanty gatherings spoil,
 Wrest his sole hope, and strip his subject soil ;
 Or like the *rattling serpent* of the heath,
 On the lone sleeper pour the darts of death—
They must atone—from them the mourners claim,
 Each loved associate, and each treasured name ;
Their cruel hands these desolations spread,
 Lost, in their cause, each martyr'd stripling bled ;
 Driven by their rage, the forest's children roam,
 And the lorn female wants a pitying home !
 As if that wild which bounteous heaven displays,
 From orient PHOEBUS to his western rays—
 Spread its broad breast in vain ; to them denies,
 The gifts which nature's liberal care supplies.

Since your own hills and widening vales demand,
 The labouring ploughshare and the culturing hand,
 Why must that hand pollute the ravaged heath,
 That forming ploughshare wage the deeds of death.
 Though wakening reason join her forceful strain,
 Still shall dejected mercy plead in vain ;
 Or shall *Columbia* hear the rude behest,
 And clasp her murderers to her bleeding breast,
 Shall she with impious hand, and ruffian knife,
 From her *first offspring* snatch the claims of life,
 To nature's sons with tyrant rage deny,
 The woody mountain, and the covering sky !
 Ah no—each sainted shade indignant bends,
 Bares his deep wounds, his pallid arm extends ;
Return, he cries, *ere every hope is lost*,
OHIO claims you on his ozier coast ;
Return ; though late, your treacherous wish disclaim,
Awake to justice, and arise to fame ;
No more with blood the blushing soil deface,
And spare the patient, suffering, injured race,
To you our lacerated spirits turn,
From you demand a monumental Urn,

*For you our grievous wounds uncovered lie,
 Meet the hard earth, and brave the drenching sky,
 While the sick moon unveils her pensive brow,
 And the drear night-bird swells the peal of woe.
 Still the lorn shade its lurid vigil keeps,
 And oe'r the unburied bones in hopeless horror weeps.*

Nor crimson war, nor valour's glittering wreath,
 To the pale corse recall the quivering breath ;
 'Tis the mild power of seraph PEACE alone
 Can charm each grief, and every wrong atone ;
 HER healing hand shall waft oblivion round,
 Pouring her opiates through each gushing wound,
 O'er the cold ghost a mantling *Olive* spread,
 And shade the sod that laps THE GLORIOUS DEAD.

EPITAPH,

ON DOCTOR ANDRE CARENTE. (1)

HERE to his kindred earth by ills resigned,
 CARENTE, the doubting son of science lies ;
 In this cold cell is fixed that faltering mind,
 Inflamed by wisdom, but yet never wise.

If, in the hour his traitorous fortune smiled,
 Averse he viewed the worldly art *to save* ;
 At last by fortune and her sons beguiled,
 He lived to ask that bread he wasteful gave.

If shades of error cloud his guideless day,
 As no divinity but CHANCE he knew ;
 Seek not to draw the hiding veil away ;
 But own by chance full many a suffering grew.

When chilled by scorn, with broken-hearted care,
 Lonely, and lost, he heaved his trembling breath;
 One friend he found—blest refuge of despair,—
 One only kind remembering friend in death.

ELEGIAC LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. A. WIFE OF THE HONOURABLE
 JOHN C. J.

AH! what avails, that round her angel face,
 Transcendant beauty breathed its softened grace,
 Or what avails the friend-surrounded bier,
 Or e'en a matchless husband's hopeless tear!

That fancy, whence the pencilled scenes arose,
 That hand by which the finished portrait glows,
 That touch, which taught the chorded notes to roll,
 That voice whose warbling chained the captive soul,
 Unconscious sleep! regardless of the care
 That grieving tells in life, how prized they were.
 The purer spirit wings its promised way—
 While hovering seraphs guard the beauteous clay.

Bright as the rose, which sinks beneath the storm,
 Fair as the gathered lily's polished form;
 Lamented shade! for thee shall memory mourn,
 And living praise thy early grave adorn.

With every grace the soul of sense to move,
 Caress'd by fortune, happy in thy love;
 Say, when did fate with equal lustre shine,
 Or what blest husband knew a joy like thine!

Won by his worth, with thy perfections charmed,
 Endeared by hope, with mutual fondness warmed;
 Each opening morn increasing pleasure knew,
 In scenes of bliss the closing day withdrew.

GREAT GOD OF WISDOM! on thy just decree,
 What impious mortal dare to question thee!
 Why the blest ABBA yields her valued breath,
 While loathing wretches court the grasp of death?
 While some whom hard affliction calls her own,
 Beneath this tedious weight of being groan.
 In silence breathe the unregarded sigh,
 And cloud with secret tears the melting eye;
 Or who the hidden springs of fate can find,
 What ruling power instructs the searching mind,
 Why merit droops, and prosperous vice beguiles,
 Why pity grieves, and rude oppression smiles;
 And while the living miscreant laughs at woe,
 O'er BEAUTY'S urn the tears of VIRTUE flow!

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE HONOURABLE MR. BOWDOIN, LATE GOVERNOR AND COM-
 MANDER IN CHIEF OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

AH, Bowboin, if thy sainted shade,
 Still wander round the cheerless glade;
 Or mid the rich and sparkling sky,
 Can heed the muses plaintive sigh;
 Can see a grateful country mourn,
 See genius deck thy laurelled urn:
 While those thy secret bounty fed—
 The tear of hopeless sorrow shed;

Ah, yet extend thy patriot care,
 Yet heed a faithful people's prayer :
 Some kindred soul of heavenly fire,
 With thy departed worth inspire ;
 Give him to scan the comet's way,
 To watch the chaste moon's bashful ray,
 To mark where *milky myriads* flow,
 And see the distant planets glow ;
 O'er the blue arch undazzled gaze,
 Searching the sun's meridian blaze ;
 And round the vast perfected whole,
 Find ONE BRIGHT ORB OF GLORY (1) roll.

Then all those sacred virtues blend,
 Which formed the husband, father, friend.
 The liberal praise, the cautious blame,
 The charity concealed from fame,
 Each worth, each lustre of thy faultless mind,
 And with another BOWDOIN grace mankind.

AUX MANES DE JULIE.

FROM THE GERMAN POETRY OF A SCIENTIFIC FRIEND, THUS REN-
 DERED INTO FRENCH.

Quel Astre radieux est maintenant ta demeure,
 O douce Julie ! et dans quelle sphere celeste, reten-
 tiront un jour, devant le ciel, les cries de joie, de
 l'amitiè que s'y trouvent. Les larmes qu'on verse
 pour toi arroseraient les fleurs d'un printemps.
 Jeune vierge, sois à nous, si tu peux, un messenger

de l'Eternité! et que ta touchante voix, un jour,
appelle ceux que tu aimes!

THUS IMITATED IN ENGLISH, TO THE MEMORY OF JULIA,
AGED FOURTEEN YEARS.

SWEET JULIA! say what radiant star on high,
Wafts thy young graces through the glowing sky;
From what harmonious sphere, IMMORTAL FAIR,
Will that charmed voice the tones of comfort bear,
With sister seraphs chaunt the touching strain,
And give to hope thine angel-form again?
The tears that unavailing fondness pours,
Shall meet the spring and bathe its fairest flowers.
Emblems of thee—now withering in thy tomb—
So fresh in youth, so fragrant in thy bloom.

Celestial scenes will every wish employ,
Till thou, and heaven, restore a mother's joy,
Yet—if thou canst—her sleepless cares controul,
Glance thy light vision on her clouded soul,
The veil of grief with holiest touch remove,
And point the path of REUNITED LOVE.

MEMENTO,

FOR MY INFANT, WHO LIVED BUT EIGHTEEN HOURS.

As the pure snow-drop, child of April tears,
Shook by the rough wind's desolating breath—
Scarce o'er the chilly sod its low head rears,
And trembling dies upon the parent heath.

So my lost boy, arrayed in fancy's charms,
 Just born to mourn—with premature decay
 To THE COLD TYRANT stretched his feeble arms,
 And struggling sighed his little life away.

As not in vain the early snow-drop rose,
 Though short its date, and hard the withering gale;
 Since its pale bloom ethereal balm bestows,
 And cheers with vernal hope the wasted *vale*.

My perished child, dear pledge of many a pain!
 Torn from this ruffian world, in yon bright sphere,
 Joins with awakened voice the cherub train,
 And pours his sweet breath on a mother's ear.

Kind dreams of morn his fairy phantom bring,
 And floating tones of extasy impart,
 Soft as when Seraphs strike the heavenly string
 To charm the settled sorrow of the heart.

MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL HENRY KNOX, WHO DIED IN
 OCTOBER, 1806. (1)

With all of nature's gift, and fortune's claim,
 A soul of honour, and a life of fame;
 A warrior-chief in victory's field renowned,
 A statesman with the wreath of virtue crowned—
 SUCH, KNOX, WERT THOU! Shall truth's immortal strain,
 Recall thy deeds, and plead their worth in vain!
 Sacred and sainted mid yon radiant sky,
 In vain shall friendship breathe her holiest sigh?

Where is that pity known thy life to share,
 Softening the beams by glory blazoned there.
 Lost like thy form, with that unconscious grown,
 Of all thy fine affections called their own!
 Ne'er shall that smile its speaking charm impart,
 To win the angered passions from the heart:
 No more that voice like melting music flow,
 Sweet in its sadness o'er another's woe.
 But round thy tomb despair will live to weep,
 Cold as the cearments of thy marble sleep.

YET WERT THOU BLEST!—ere age with chill delay
 Quenched of the fervid mind its sacred ray—
 Heaven called thee hence—nor nature's late decline,
 Saw thy full lusted fame forbear to shine.
 Called thee with patriot spirits earth-approved,
 With heroes by the QUEEN OF OCEAN loved.
 While on that world of waters, victory gave,
 Immortal NELSON gained a glorious grave.
 When PITT, the soul of Albion, reached the skies,
 And saw the RIVAL OF HIS GREATNESS rise.
 Fox, loved of fame, an empire's guide and boast,
 His voice sublime mid wondering plaudits lost.
 These, like thyself—for *God-like* deeds admired,
 In the ripe Autumn of their years expired.
 Hence shall each kindred genius blend with thine,
 And mingling in collected radiance shine.

Honoured in life, in death to memory dear,
 Not hopeless falls the tributary tear.
 For what is death, but life's beginning hour,
 The poor man's glory, and the good man's power;
 Replete with every bliss we taste below,
 Source of the hope we feel, the truth we know.
 Then not for thee, BLESSED SHADE! the grief be given;
 For thee, beloved on earth—approved in heaven,

Thy cherished worth shall still retain the power,
 To soothe the lonely—bless the social hour,
 And thy remembered virtues light the gloom
 That death's deep night has gathered o'er thy tomb,

RECOLLECTIONS,

TO THE MEMORY OF THEOPHILUS PARSONS, LATE CHIEF JUSTICE
 OF THE S. J. C. OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Is then that mind, whose all-perceptive eye,
 Seem'd an imparted light of DEITY.
 That mind which from the sordid earth could soar
 To worlds where angels tremble and adore ;
 Is that extinguished ?—As the sun's low ray,
 By the cold twilight cloud is borne away—
 Or like that sun, in heaven's congenial clime,
 Again to wake, with energy sublime !
 Hid, but not lost, the undying part shall rise,
 More pure, more just, more hallowed, and more wise.
 And as on earth unequalled, and alone,
 With God's own light the immortal genius shone.
 Restored to heaven, with saints and angel's there,
 He breathes the blessing, lifts the guardian prayer.

That eye, whose glance, by guileless nature taught,
 Spoke the full feeling, beamed the unbounded thought,
 That smile assuring, whose protective charm,
 Fell on the timid heart, like pity's balm,
 With temper kind as heaven, whose cheering glow,
 Shed its warm beams on every shade of woe :
 That wit spontaneous, whose attractive ease,
 Careless of pleasing—never failed to please,

That moral wisdom winning, yet severe,
Which speechless wonder bent entranced to hear.
These shall the melancholy thought restore,
And weep to think, they live to charm no more.

Admired ! beloved ! to earth's affections lost,
But throned in heaven, beyond the seraph host,
Angel ! or saint ! ah deign our griefs to see,
Nor let the wanderer memory stray from thee.

STANZAS,

UPON SEEING AN IMPERFECT SKETCH DESIGNED FROM MEMORY, FOR
THE POWERFUL FEATURES OF THE LATE AND EVER LAMENTED
PROFESSOR MC KEAN.

How vain the painter's classic aim,
To *keep* that clear, and glorious eye,
Whose rays from heaven's most hallowed flame,
Touched close on immortality.

As vain the peaceful smile to trace,
Which warm in life's affections grew,
And poured of soul a speaking grace,
To every mental feeling true.

Perfection not to man is given,
But thou MC KEAN, so kindly shone,
That loved by earth, and blessed by heaven,
Both claimed thy genius as their own.

Frail were the wish, that soaring mind,
These features to God's image near,
Like the winged Eagle, earth confined,
Were longer lent to languish here,

LAMENTATIONS

OF AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER, OVER THE TOMB OF HER
ONLY SON. (1)

"OH LOST!" *forever lost*—thy mother's eyes,
No more shall see thy morn of hope arise,
No more for her its day resplendent shine,
But grief eternal rule like wrath divine,
Blotting from earth's drear scene each mental ray
That chased the phantom of despair away.

When fortune saw me all her gifts resign,
No murmur wakened, for thy love was mine;
Though hard her frown, and many a blow severe
Called to thy brilliant eye the clouding tear;
Yet poor the boon that waits on fortunes store,
Since the full pampered heart still pines for *more*.

DISTRESS on thee, my son, her mildews shed,
To blight the laurel blooming round thy head;
Chilled by her grasp, but not to wrongs resigned,
For warm as summer glowed thine active mind;
No syren pleasure, potent to betray,
Ere lured thy lone and studious hours away.

But science on thy young attractions smiled,
For genius gave thee birth, and called thee child.
The painter's touch, the minstrel's art divine,
With many a charm of polished life were thine,
And thine the soul sublime, too ardent wrought,
The impetuous feeling, and the burst of thought;
Strong and resistless—to *the few* alone,
Was all the treasure of thy being known.

Cold was its fate—yet o'er thy wrongs supreme
 Young GENIUS rose—with rich and radiant beam,
 While the fine eye, to that and nature true,
 Spoke all that mind inspired, or sorrow knew.

POOR BOY ! I thought thou o'er my urn would'st weep !
 And grieving yield me to the tomb's last sleep ;
 Nor, in thy dawn of years, when hope was gay,
 Like heaven's bright arch of promise, melt away—
 Lost, like a sun-beam in the spring's chill hours,
 And transient as the garden's earliest flowers :
 But dearer thou than rays that morn illumine,
 And lovelier far than nature's vernal bloom ;
 These, when the storm has past, again return,
 But what shall wake thy deep death-slumbering urn ?
 What but the voice of heaven, that strain divine,
 Which bids the trembling earth its trust resign.
 Then the bold genius, and the feelings wild,
 No more to wrongs and woes shall bear my child ;
 But that warm heart to generous pity known,
 Which all the grieved affections made their own,
 With the pure essence of that brain of fire,
 Shall to a Seraph's fervid flame aspire ;
 And angels with arch-angels, pleased to find,
 The blest expression of thy kindred mind ;
 Charming from memory's thought its earthly pain,
 Will give thee to thy mother's soul again.

STANZAS,

INDUCED BY THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF A SINGLE DROP OF RAIN, HAVING
FALLEN AS THE AUTHOR WAS ENTERING THE UNDER AISLE
OF THE CHAPEL CONSECRATED TO THE DEAD.

SOFT was the drop, and seemed to flow
From heaven—as if an angels eye,
Gazing upon this form of woe,
Had melted to its murmured sigh.

Cold was the tear, and cold it fell,
Where never hope, nor life, shall warm ;
Since sepulchred those graces dwell—
Which gave to life and hope their charm !

REGION OF TEARS ! thy echoing aisle,
No strains but grief has ever known,
Fearful it freezes nature's smile,
And looks on misery alone !

Why does the desperate mourner call
On thee—in many an accent wild ?
Deaf is thy cold and clammy wall—
Dead as the passions of her child.

Yet the sweet seraph peace is here,
Lost to the world, she dwells with thee ;
And gives from heaven an angel's tear,
To shed its pitying dew on me.

Spirit of him my soul adored !
When will this bosom rest with thine !
No more thy living woes deplored,
Shalt thou and happiness be mine ?

STANZAS,

●CCASIONED BY THE QUESTION OF A FRIEND, "WHAT HAS PRE-
SERVED YOU?"

WHEN I saw my youth's best treasure,
Life's first blessing yield his breath—
Did my breaking heart resign him,
To the mouldering caves of death ?

No—I watched him, fondly watched him,
With a mother's longing eye ;
Gazing on each tranquil feature,
Till it seemed too dear to die. (1)

Eight lorn days of speechless horror,
Morning saw my steps return ;
And the glooms of evening found me,
Weeping o'er the unburied urn.

Still as cold as Parian marble,
Were those features, resting mild—
But this dying heart felt colder,
Than the bosom of its child.

Dying, but not yet to perish,
Heaven in pity saw its woes,
And on calm'd religion resting,
Bid the murmurer find repose.

Hovering, like an angel o'er me,
When of life was lost the care—
SHE, the child of hope, sustained me,
SHE has saved me from despair.

LINES

ENCLOSING THE BEAUTIFUL RINGLETS OF MY SON.

THOSE hazle ringlets, nature's boon designed,
 So oft around my parting fingers twined,
 Shorn from their brow of beauty, seem to say,
 His praise shall live, bright and unchanged as they.

APOSTROPHE,

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED DAGHTER CHARLOTTE.

FRAGMENT.

DAUGHTER ADORED! and good, and fair,
 As the unsinning angels were!
 No more the heaven that filled thine eyes,
 Shall o'er a mother's sorrows rise,
 Like the blue morning's soften'd ray,
 To charm the clouds of grief away.
 That mother *lived*--and lives--to see
 The gift of God recall'd in thee:
 Despair's deep voice appall'd to hear,
 Slow whisp'ring that *thou art not near*.
 Despair's chill glance on anguish borne,
 To feel and know thy life is gone.

Ne'er did the tender morning shine
 On deeds of filial love like thine;

Nor to the western world was known
 A beauty lovelier than thine own :
 Genius was thine, and taste refined,
 And gentle temper's feeling mind ;
 Temper, whose fine unclouded mien
 Shone constant, gracious, kind, serene.
 Ah ! what does earth's dim orb supply,
 Like heavenly temper's angel eye !
 Or the discordant world afford
 Of music, like her answering word !

Child of my sorrowing soul ! to me
 Thou wert an earthly deity !
 Hope round thine infant pillow played,
 Hope in thine early grave is laid ;
 A mother's hope, and lost despair,
 Has led his haunting spectres there.

* * * * *

LINES,

TO THOSE WHO HAVE SAID "YOU ARE TRANQUIL."

IF calm the forehead's silent air,
 As peace with folded wing were there ;
 Nor tear betray the electric pain,
 Which rushes on the trembling brain :
 Nor does the speaking sigh impart
 What dies within the closing heart ;
 As firm the unfaltering voice may seem,
 And clear the cold eye's transient gleam :
 Yet has the secret sufferer known
 To dwell on hope forever flown,

And that cold eye been wont to weep,
 While memory rose—to *murder sleep*.
 Even thus the rainbow's arch of flame,
 In token of deliverance came !
 Though garb'd in nature's tranquil form,
 Its home the cloud, its birth the storm ;
 While bruised, the drooping groves declare,
 How hard the thunder's bolt struck there.

Could glance, or moan, or murmur, show
 That selfish, solitary woe,
 To one unwandering thought confined
 A hermit on the desert mind,
 A wreck, from life's full ocean toss'd,
 In the hard storm of anguish lost,
 Yet to the careless world appears,
 Nor breathed in sighs, nor drown'd in tears :
 Thus o'er the mansion—home of death,
 The chapel curves the polish'd dome,
 Where music pours his angel breath,
 And beauty brings her mortal bloom,
 With mingling praise, and melting prayer,
 As heaven and earth were meeting there.
 Mindless of RUIN's rapid power,
 Heed they, that nearsepulchral gloom ?
 Where late *his* sceptred arm was laid
 On glory's wreath and beauty's flower,
 Causing their blended tints to fade,
 In the long winter of the tomb,
 Heed they, in youth's beginning year,
 The threatening blast, cold-hovering near ?
 Heed they mid life's meridian glow
 How fast the falling shadows flow,
 Which evening's sullen hours bestow ?
 If sunk the earth's vain hope appear,
 Again its ray may dawn, and rise
 Smiles mingle with the grieving tear.
 But cherish'd sorrow never dies.

INVOCATION,

TO THE SHADES OF MY ANCESTORS, WENTWORTH AND APTHORP.

*"A proud inheritance I claim,
In all their sufferings, all their fame."*

MONTGOMERY.

SHADOWS OF MEN, revered and great !
Or good ! or crushed by adverse fate !
O'er your devoted offspring bend,
To her who seeks no earthly friend !
Mission'd of God, descend !

Let her imploring tear and sigh,
Yield to the thought that ye are nigh ;
Guarding with blest paternal eye,
The action of her woes.

Your height, your fall, your wrongs declare,
And show how bless'd, how cursed ye were,
Prisoned in earth's domains ;

Let STRAFFORD, (1) chosen of a king,
The features of his history bring,
Expressive, as when warm in life,
Ere the red block and severing knife,
His monarch's fearful faith bestows,
How bright in opening morn he rose,
How dark at fate's tremendous close,
Alternate joys and pains.

And ye, *the blooming brothers*, (2) come,
Victims of youth's untimely doom ;

This to the elements a prey,
That flung the gem of life away,
 With an unholy hand.

Ah! be his ills thy lesson made,
 And though enclosed by misery's shade,
 Await thy God's command.

Distant and dark—by graves divided—far
 From her, who rose his morning's earliest star;
 Her, whose sweet eyes of love, and polish'd mind,
 Were to the young and graceful WENTWORTH kind,
 Impious—in plighted faith of heart, to share
 The unpermitted chalice of despair.

Not theirs the altar's consecrated flame,
 Which soars to Heaven in honor, peace and fame,
 Whose chasten'd light is seen on earth to glow,
 Like moon-beams o'er a sculptur'd angels brow;
 But theirs a meteor-plague which threatening shone,
 Till every fluttering wing of fear had flown;
 A meteor-plague, whose inauspicious ray
 Bore all the blooming health of hope away.

* * * * *

That blessing which the dream of passion sought,
 Waked to the frantic extasy of thought.
 Opposed—in life with fated fondness grew,
 Opposed—in dust no mingling union knew.
 And thence, in ever parted tombs they lie,
 Martyrs of morbid love's insanity.
 Love, the betrayer! near whose breath of fire,
 The calm affections tremble—or retire—
 So in the LAND OF ICE, mid stainless snows,
 His *boiling strength* the dangerous GEYSER (1) show
 Powerful in mischief—bold in beauty soars
 From shuddering earth, to heaven's receding towers.
 Pervading all; but not in all the same,
 Here pale with frost, there blushing red with flame.

Chain'd to the rock, or lifted to the skies,
 Round his white brow benignant rainbows rise ;
 Hope in their smiles—can hope that breast reveal,
 Whose hidden fires a secret foe conceal ?
 Whose baneful deeds, like GEYSER'S FOUNTAIN prove,
 A heart that burns, or boils, with hate or love.
 Destructive powers ! if fiends on earth are known,
 Their reign is passion—and its height their throne.

APTHORP ! my proud paternal line,
 The homage of my soul is thine,
 Where CAMBRIA'S minstrel-realm appears
 A beauty—or in smiles—or tears.
 In scenes, where rich the sun-beam glows,
 And swift the sleepless torrent flows,
 Beneath the mountain's weight of snows—
 The fathers of my sires, had there
 Birth—blessings—griefs, and sepulchre ;
 A favoured race, to fortune known,
 Still on the rude armorial stone,
 Mid the cold ivy's trembling green,
 The annals of their deeds are seen.
 By Lion-hearted Richard led,
 How bold they fought, how fearless bled—
 How erst the shield, whose CRESTED pride,
 A royal gift—in crimson dyed,—
 Had graced *that Christian Warrior's* (2) side,
 Whose sons, in youth's romantic day,
 Tempting rude ocean's dangerous sway,
 To the far land of promise came,
Not forced by want, nor driven by shame ;
 But to endearing fancy true,
 Fancy, that loves and woos the distant and the new.
 These, to the young and lovely shore,
 The glories of their lineage bore,
 Talent, and taste, and truth severe,
 And honour, as existence dear ;

With hurrying passions unconfined,
 Was pity's oft relenting mind ;
 And bounty's glowing heart so warm,
 And beauty of celestial form. (3)

The wanderers reared God's dome of prayer,
 And rest in sculptured memory there.
 Soon to that honour sanctioned tomb,
 The *remnant of the race* shall come,
 Cold, slumbering by its relics lay,
 Unconscious of the kindred clay.

SHADES OF MY FATHERS ! great, or good,
 This heart yet glorying in your blood,
 Pleads for that peace which earth denies,
 The *living branch*, whose foliage young,
 Mid your deep-rooted virtues sprung ;
 With a good angel's guardian care,
 Shield from the night-frost of despair,
 Driven by life's storms, its torn leaf lies,
 Immortal, full in bloom to rise.
 SIREN of a firm unbroken line,
 Source of my life—YOUR HEAVEN IS MINE.

NOTES.

NOTE (1) Page 30.

TO THE MANSION OF MY ANCESTORS.

THIS Mansion, as enlarged and embellished by its honoured proprietor, the late Charles Apthorp, Esq. was *then*, that is, about the middle of the Eighteenth Century, said to be the scene of every elegance, and the abode of every virtue. *Now*, its beautiful hall of entrance, arches, sculpture, and base-relief; the grand stair-case, and its highly finished saloon, have been removed, or partitioned off, to accommodate the bank and its dependencies.

NOTE (2) Page 30.

"The Noble (2) there were nobly led."

Lord Amherst, and Sir Peter Warren, commanders of the then army and navy, were not only received at the generous ball and banquet, but also to the continued hospitality of the Mansion, during their temporary residence in Boston; the honoured proprietor being pay-master to, and contractor for the royal army and navy.

NOTE (3) Page 30.

"While the Crusader's shield (3) was seen."

The shield of the Apthorp arms, which bearing a *mullet* or spur, in heraldry, with truly Welsh prepossession, the family were fondly, perhaps foolishly, wont to trace back to the Crusades.

NOTE (4) Page 30.

"Where my proud father's (4) infant eyes."

In this Mansion, the father of the author, with seventeen other children, were born; sixteen of them at the particular request of the noble guests, were permitted to pass through the well peopled and well furnished apartments. Those children, all, and without exception, healthy and handsome, have perished, and for the most part, before the meridian of their days.

NOTE (5) Page 31.

"All, all are lost—(5) the bright, the fair."

Not one of their numerous descendants remains, who was in existence before the death of the venerated parent, and to tradition alone are we indebted for this memorial of true excellence and generous hospitality.

The beautiful mother, also of Welsh origin, was granddaughter to Sir James Lloyd, a name which even to the present day, has preserved its pristine honours, unsullied, and undiminished.

Finally, the author presumes to hope that her *Lines to the Mansion*, will not be attributed to pride, or any self-sufficiency whatever, but rather to feelings of true filial piety, and grateful commemoration.

NOTE (1) Page 32.

TO THE KINDEST OF THE KIND. (1)

Truly these childish Lines were not *then* seen by the individual to whom they were inscribed in very early youth.

NOTE (1) Page 105.

"And a walled acre (1) awes the subject world."

Alluding to the well known origin of Rome.

NOTE (2) Page 106.

"Egypt! from whom immortal hope (2) arose."

The Egyptians were the first who asserted the immortality of the soul; the belief of which was clearly indicated by the doctrine of the Metempsychosis.

NOTE (3) Page 106.

"Where great Sesostris (3) rears his trophied bust."

In all the countries subjugated by this extraordinary hero, he erected pillars or statues of himself with this inscription, *"I Sesostris, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, subdued this country by the power of my arms;"* and probably no conqueror has ever displayed so many monuments of victorious greatness.

NOTE (4) Page 106.

"No more Osiris (4) guards those wasted plains."

Osiris, the inventor of the plough, was worshipped under the form of an Ox, whom they denominated the God *Apis*.

NOTE (5) Page 106.

"No pean'd Isis (5) strews the golden grains."

"I Isis, wife of king Osiris, am she, who found corn for the use of man."

NOTE, PAGE 106.

"Nerved with majestic strength—and graced with form divine."

None could be compared to Xerxes in Strength—In Beauty
—and in Stature. *Gillies' Greece.*

NOTE (6) Page 107.

"Chief of her choice, her Great Civilian (6) reigns."

This merely required the name of John Adams, and is now rendered superfluous, by the previous notice of the Odes having been written during his presidency.

NOTE (1) Page 127.

"For all the life of genius breathes in thee." (1)

The father of this fortunate child, Mr. Featherstone Hall, a man of science and profound learning, is said to be a lineal descendant of one of the Scotch heroes ; of the great Sir Walter. The beautiful and accomplished mother, daughter to the late Judge Duane, of the S. J. C. of New York, was, and surely is, lovely in person, amiable in heart, and enlightened in understanding ; nor shall it be forgotten, that at a period of ill health, and great mental distress, the present writer was indebted to this eloquent beauty for consolations of voice, and refinement of mind and manner, whose tender and unaffected charm has seldom been equalled, and can never be excelled.

NOTE (1) Page 135.

"How many the branches, how mighty the tree." (1)

This may be said to apply literally, and metaphorically ; literally, in allusion to that genealogical tree, which every Welsh gentleman is sure to possess, and to preserve ; metaphorically, as to the living branches of a family, nearly all *lost in the deep of the tomb.*

NOTE (2) Page 135.

EPISTLE TO THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

This great and good man, the ornament of his profession, of his country, and of the world, having, in the highest judicial station, enlightened by his wisdom and instructed by his virtues but for the short term of eight years, was then, by divine will, suddenly called from life, its usefulness, and its honours, before disease or decay had weakened the faculties of his unequalled mind, or touched the kind temper of his feeling heart.

In commemoration of him who cannot die, an obituary delineation will be found on these pages ; a delineation inadequate, but expressive of the gratitude which favours and

benefits had inspired, and will perpetuate with the existence of memory and mind in the author.

NOTE (3) Page 136.

" Guide of the laws (3) an empire's boon and boast."

This should have been Page 135, Note (2), as fully explained by *" The highest judicial station."*

NOTE (1) Page 139.

" Whether the helm of state (1) to guide."

As a member of the General States Convention.

NOTE (2) Page 139.

" Or bid the storm of war subside." (2)

As one of the Commissioners for establishing the Treaty of Peace.

NOTE (3) Page 139.

" From Afric catch the falling tear." (3)

As President of the First American Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

NOTE (4) Page 139.

" O'er the stern courts of law preside." (4)

As Chief Justice of the S. J. Court of the United States.

These Lines were first impelled by the circumstance of the Honourable Mr. Jay's having lost his Election to the Chair of Government, through the manœuvres of an exasperated Party counteracting the Choice of the People—which choice was indisputably established at the next Trial.

NOTE (1) Page 150.

" And such does Europe's scourge (1) appear."

Napoleon Bonaparte, at that period the scourge and destroyer of southern Europe.

The following, extracted from a recently published work, has only to substitute the name of Napoleon Bonaparte for that of the Roman, and the similitude is complete.

“Aaron Burr, the Julius Cesar of America, was the most astonishing man of his age; a man that inspired spirit into every thing material or immaterial with which he came in contact; *a man who went about working treason*, tampering with the bravest and stoutest hearts of our country, in the light of heaven, with an audacity unlike any thing ever seen in the history of disaffection, setting our laws at defiance—mocking at our strength—doing that, which now he has failed, has been called madness; yet for which all the talent, the learning, and the power of the country were unable to punish him! A man, that poured his spirit of revolt, like a flood of fire, into every heart that he came near—disturbing the oldest and most cautious of our veterans; one that *seemed* to put himself, life and name, into the power of every human creature that he approached; yet with all this *seeming*, he was never in the power of mortal man, as Wilkinson and Eaton can shew; a man that suffered the legal wisdom of the whole country to array itself against him, without trembling, and then, just put out enough of his own strength and no more, to defeat and shame them.

“Since the time of the Roman, there has never been a man upon this earth so like Julius Cesar, as Aaron Burr.”

NOTE (2) Page 151.

“*Ambition by the bard defined.*” (2)

“Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,

“The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods.”

NOTE (1) Page 172.

“*Yet to that fame new honours* (1) *give.*”

See the national monument erected over the relicks of General Montgomery at New York, in 1819.

NOTE (1) Page 176.

INSCRIBED TO THE ORATOR OF THE CENTURY. (1)

These Stanzas were written at the immediate moment of

reading the address of the orator to the pilgrims, upon the completion of the second century of their establishment on the Rock of Plymouth.

NOTE (1) Page 201.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF. (1)

Taken in arms, fighting for his freedom, and inhumanly butchered by his conquerors! This affecting event was fully delineated in the various Gazettes of that period.

NOTE (2) Page 202.

"When erst Messenia's (2) sons oppressed."

The *Messenians* being conquered by the *Spartans*, and agreeably to the custom of the age, the miserable remnant led into slavery, under these circumstances were so inhumanly oppressed, that rising, and united in arms, they seized upon a Spartan fortress, and after innumerable injuries, inflicted and reciprocated, finally obtained their freedom.

NOTE (1) Page 210.

CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT. (1)

The above delineation was intended for a diplomatic character, recently returned to the retirement of his own country, with a determination, it was said, not again to employ his splendid talents in her public service, either at home or abroad.

It is also proper to add, even as it is true—that though originally intended for the public papers, this was never printed until now. The possible impropriety which might have been attached to the motives of the author, had she been traced and discovered, restraining her temerity.

NOTE (1) Page 214.

PROPHECY INSCRIBED TO COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS. (1)

This prophecy was literally fulfilled by the energy of arm, and of mind, victoriously displayed in the heroic defence by Commodore Rodgers, of the city of Baltimore.

NOTE (1) Page 217.

“ *Like him who bleeds in victory.*” (1)

Ere recovered from his dangerous wounds, Major General Brown was seen returning to war and to victory.

NOTE (1) Page 219.

“ *The star of Empire falls with thee.*” (1)

It will probably be perceived that the chorus of the above song, is in allusion to Bishop Berkley’s prophecy:—

“ Westward the course of Empire bends its way,

“ The four first acts already past,

“ The fifth shall close the drama of the day,

“ Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

NOTE (1) Page 229.

The atrocious Lord *Rochester* was converted to Christianity by Bishop Burnet; at the time, and during the sufferings of an incurable decline of constitution. Upon which occasion, the horrors of his wretched mind, and the reproaches of his awakened conscience, seem property to illustrate the contrast of religious trust and error.

The younger Lord *Lyttleton* died as he had lived, wretched in principles, miserable in conduct, hopeless in sickness, and appalled in death; which was accelerated by the famous dream of the lady, and the bird, &c. &c. and most probably made more immediate by the proud and painful suppression of his desperate feelings, occasioning one of the ventricles of the heart to burst, by which he expired.

NOTE (1) Page 234.

THE SABBATH. (1)

These lines were occasioned by the sarcastic question of a fellow traveller, “ Can you worship out of the pale of your own church ?”

NOTE (1) Page 238.

"Such was a Mayhew's (1) soul of zeal."

Mayhew and *Howard* were Divines established to preach the Gospel in the former Sanctuary, the Reverend Mr. *Lowell*, a young man amiable and eloquent, was the ordained Pastor of the new Church.—These three Stanzas being *local* and *personal*, might be omitted upon any occasion for which the remaining lines might be made applicable.

NOTE (1) Page 240.

PRAISE AND PRAYER TO GOD. (1)

In this Hymn, the Author has in part attempted to imitate the sublime adoration of the North American Indian, expressed in the following Prayer .

"Oh ETERNAL, have mercy upon me—because I am passing away !—O INFINITE—because I am but a speck !—Oh most MIGHTY—because I am weak !—Oh SOURCE OF LIFE—because I draw nigh to the Grave—Oh, OMNISCIENT—because I am in darkness !—Oh ALL-BOUNTEOUS—because I am poor !—Oh ALL-SUFFICIENT—because I am nothing !"

NOTE (1) Page 244.

INTENDED FOR A YOUNG ECCLESIASTIC, RECENTLY ORDAINED ONE OF THE PASTORS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. (1)

In apology—It is observed, that these Stanzas were immediate upon hearing a Sermon by the young Priest, enforcing "*the Duty of Penance*"—on which very solemn occasion some among the more youthful females appearing to be rather too much charmed, it was thought that the injunction, seemingly intended for the Pastor, might not be wholly lost upon the Penitent.

NOTE (2) Page 244.

"And thou like him whose trust (2) is thine."

In allusion to the enlightened and truly Right Reverend

Bishop Cheverus, at this time Primate of the Roman Catholic Churches over the N. E. States.

By every Sect, and Order of Christians, is this eloquent Prelate admired, approved, and beloved.

NOTE (1) Page 249.

“And stain the fair Ohio’s flowery tide.” (1)

The War, productive of these ever-lamented disasters, was said to have been instigated by the rapacious cruelty of *the more Savage White Settlers*, who encroaching upon the Indian Territory, carried Desolation and Death even to the Habitation of their *Women*—finally exasperating the Sufferers to Deeds of reciprocated Violence, which deeds were terminated by a War, as fatal to Honour as to Innocence.

NOTE (1) Page 251.

ON DOCTOR ANDRE CARENTE. (1)

This Soi-disant materialist, with an Infidel head, but a feeling heart; wasteful in prosperity, and discarded in distress, was finally suffered to perish, amid the bitterness of unremembered services and unregarded poverty; having experienced the contrasted extremes of prodigal affluence, and deserted indigence.

NOTE (1) Page 254.

“Find one bright orb of glory (1) *roll.”*

MR. BOWDOIN, in his Astronomical observations, supported the Theory of an “ALL SURROUNDING ORB.” This Theory has generated discussion and occasioned doubt, as not reducible to Philosophic certainty; yet it is generally allowed to indicate original Thought and profound Investigation.

NOTE (1) Page 256.

TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL KNOX, WHO DIED IN OCTOBER,
1806. (1)

The year that deprived his family, his friends and his coun-

try of the society, the virtues, and the services of the heroic and amiable Knox ; the three great Luminaries of the Elder World were likewise extinguished.

NOTE (1) Page 258.

NOTE.

In Page 135 of this work, will be seen an Epistle to THEOPHILUS PARSONS.—But too soon after that was written, were the distressed feelings of the Author called to substitute an Obituary of this Great and Good Man—whom she there seemed to admonish.

NOTE (1) Page 260.

LAMENTATIONS OF AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER, OVER THE TOMB OF
HER ONLY SON. (1)

Charles Ward Apthorp Morton expired of a Dropsy of the Brain, a disease always accompanied by premature but extraordinary capacity. Its fatal termination was accelerated by sedentary habits and intense study. In his very early childhood he appeared a prodigy of genius ;—and entered the University at thirteen—where he gave the fairest promise of excellence in Science and the Fine Arts ; for although endowed by nature with a taste for the Sister Powers of Music, Painting and Poetry ; from his devotion to the more honourable pursuits of Science, he relinquished these but a short time previous to his last illness. His heart was noble and sincere ; abounding with passions, and affections. His integrity unblemished and his death productive of self-despair to his unfortunate Mother.

At his early age having already made Improvements in Medical Electricity ; for which he received a Certificate from the President and Professors of Harvard University. But his whole existence was that of suffering, owing to the original feebleness of his constitution and the energetic sensibility of his mind.

NOTE (1) Page 263.

Till it seemed too dear to die. (1)

This is no poetical fiction. When it was thought incumbent to perform the last pious obligation, resigning the dead to the sepulchre of his maternal Ancestors, under the desperate possibility that life was not wholly extinguished, his desolate Mother continued to visit the melancholy aisle, in which his remains were deposited, until even that last Hope was extinguished—and “Another and a better world” alone remains to console her incurable afflictions.

NOTE, Page 264.

“Daughter adored! and good, and fair.”

That this melancholy Apostrophe, and in addition to this—the Stanzas in page 67—was and were correctly just, and free from the exaggeration of maternal enthusiasm, the Author appeals to the recollections of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of living individuals, who have seen Charlotte Morton in the dawn of fifteen, and these will surely admit, that a Beauty more brilliant—a Temper more celestial—and a Mind more enriched by Talents and by Virtues, had never met observation, nor inspired affection.

A complexion of the most delicate bloom, large dark eyes of enchanting blue, long ringlets of flaxen gold, in which no tint of the auburn nor approach to the red were seen, a smile seemingly of itself perfect beauty—an ivory neck and shoulders, in symmetry a model for sculpture—sweetness, softness, elegance—a musician, a painter, a poet.

This beautiful and highly gifted being was married early, and perished in the morning of her days, the victim of cares, and of climate—leaving her affectionate Mother the sole consolation of remembering that the two last happy years of her life were passed under the parental roof, until within three months of her decease, when at the request of her absent husband she voluntarily followed his fortunes, and became the affectionate victim of conjugal duty.

NOTE, Page 265.

*“ A mother’s hope, and lost despair,
Has led his haunting spectres there.”*

* * * * *

This fragment was immediately impelled by reading her last faithfully fond Letter to a dear and distressed Mother.

NOTE (1) Page 267.

“ Let Strafford, (1) chosen of a king.”

Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, the Minister, and favourite of Charles the First, sacrificed by that Monarch to his own personal safety—was beheaded near the end of the reign. Charles, in his last moments, declared that he suffered justly for having given up the Earl of Strafford to popular fury.—See *Hume’s History*.

The near Relations of this Nobleman were the founders of the American Family of Wentworth. This family being presumptive heirs to the now extinct Title of that Earldom of Strafford.

NOTE (2) Page 267.

“ And ye, the blooming brothers, (2) come.”

These were Henry and Samuel Wentworth, the maternal uncles of the Author, both perished before they had attained the age of 20. The first, on a northern voyage of curiosity and improvement, was entangled amid floating masses of ice, and in that situation expired along with the whole ship’s company, passengers and seamen.

His young brother, Samuel Wentworth, having been invited to England by his noble relatives, was under the patronage of those, admitted as student at the Temple ; at which period he first met Miss Lane, the object of his honourable passion, and the cause of his fatal misfortunes, the daughter of a great commercial house of that period. Her large inheritance, by her father’s will, made dependent on the pleasure of her

mercantile brother, to the aristocracy of whose wealth, young Wentworth could only oppose nobility of birth, accomplishment of mind and beauty of person, possessions which the man of commerce held as nothing, compared with the superior treasures of monied interest.

Consequently the love was prohibited, and the lover banished from his mistress; who though closely imprisoned in her own apartment, found means to preserve an epistolary connection. The correspondence encreasing the enthusiasm of restricted passion, until every possible hope of their union being extinguished, a deadly vial was obtained, and the contents, equally divided, were at one desperate moment swallowed by both. Their last desire, of being buried in the same grave, was denied.

These frantic and too affectionate lovers, finished the short career of their miseries on the birth day of Wentworth, being that which completed the nineteenth year of his age. And it is not irrelevant to add, that the brother of the lady lived to lose his immense possessions, and died desolate and distressed; at which period, we trust, repentance came, and forgiveness was awarded.

NOTE (1) Page 268.

“ His boiling strength the dangerous Geyser (1) shows.

THE GREAT GEYSER, or Boiling Fountain of Iceland, ejects a stream of boiling water, sometimes more than a hundred feet upward, wrapped in foam—and encircled by beautiful rainbows, burying itself beneath the rock, and ascending the skies in constant alternation—the effect of subterranean fires sometimes giving the appearance of deep red or green to parts of the Geyser.—See *Sir G. S. Mackenzie*. Also, I think; *Dr. Henderson*, the last Traveller who has published *Observations on the Great Geyser*.

NOTE, Page 269.

“ *Apthorp ! my proud paternal line.*”

John, the founder of the transatlantic race of Apthorp, was a man of taste and talent in the Fine Arts; particularly those of Painting and Architecture. A taste and talent, which has in some instance been transmitted to his descendants even of the fifth generation.

An ardent imagination, and an ambitious desire of mental improvement, led him from his native country of Wales. And in England, he saw, loved, and married, Miss Ward, a celebrated beauty, with a large fortune, whose Portrait, by Sir Peter Lely, yet remains with her descendant. This portrait is distinguished by the long dark eyes, which that artist preferred and made fashionable.

The qualities of both parents live, and are conspicuous in some of their descendants. A highly respectable individual of these, whose superiority of mind may possibly disdain such recollections, was, in his minority, so transcendantly handsome, that upon a Tour through the Southern States, he was generally designated “ *The Eastern Angel.*” As he now is, the Genius of Canova, might design that form as a model for the sublime statue of melancholy, since his fortunes have fallen—like those of his race—a voluntary sacrifice to the best sentiments, and the noblest feelings of humanity, while domestic bereavements coming yet nearer to his gracious heart have left it the prey of sorrow.

Charles Bulfinch, Esq. of Washington, at this time, the National Architect, is one more evidence of the inestimable happiness of a good descent.

NOTE (4) Page 270.

“ *The wanderers reared God’s dome of prayer,
And rest in sculptured memory there.*” (4)

The present *Stone Chapel*—originally the *King’s Chapel*—founded by Royalty, was finished by the generosity of individuals. *Charles Apthorp, Esq.* the son of John, gave 5000*l.*

sterling, a very large sum for the Provinces at that period, about the middle of the eighteenth century.

His Marble Monument with a very fine Latin Inscription, by his Son, still remains in the Chapel, which Monument covers the Tomb of the truly noble-minded race of Apthorp.

How erst the shield, whose crested pride.

The *Crest*, if not the whole Armorial Bearing, is thought or said to have been conferred upon the Battle Field by Richard.



Apology.

IN APOLOGY for what may properly be termed a mere medley of mind, in Thoughts and Fragments; it seems honest to explain how written, and why published.

Far from having originally presumed to attempt regulating the capacities, or amending the hearts of others; the sole view of the author has been, to correct and console her own.

A series of disappointments, with distress, cruelly aggravated by the premature death of very dear children, having left that stagnation of heart, and that pulsation of brain, which sometimes seems to precede the most deplorable of human miseries; to avert the apprehended possibility of this, the aid of constant occupation, and continued self-examination, was resorted to; that self-examination inducing recollection, and impelling resolution, as to cause, effect, and remedy.

The early morning and the late evening, given to the question of her own faults, many mistakes, and continued afflictions, the result of such enquiry was committed to fragments of paper, with the single intent of being referred to, and acted upon

by the author's solitary self, who—*not of the world, yet stood among them*—and met the frowns, and passed the smiles of the many, and had THOUGHTS, and essayed to write of them also.

Finally, the accumulation of Fragments occasioning difficulty of selection, these were arranged by the author, and slowly transcribed into one manuscript—sufficient for a book—that is, sufficient in pages—but probably insufficient in every other requisite ; this was her belief, and this belief virtually confirmed by the opinion of some to whom a very small portion of the work had been timidly communicated.

And yet, under every personal and particular discouragement, the author could think that those poor fragments, which had done so much for the dispositions of her own mind, might, under similar exigencies, effect something for the benefit of others ; and with this impression stamp'd on her heart, she had the temerity to apply to one, who honours and hallows the cloth that he wears, and by the unerring genius of that one, was countenanced, favoured, and encouraged, and did venture—even amid existing fears, appalling predictions, and conscious inefficiency, to hope, and to ask for patronage—and that patronage was awarded by the gentle and the generous ; and if ultimately supposed to have been lavished upon the dull, and the incompetent, will surely not be thrown away upon the assuming and the ungrateful.

S. W. M.

ERRATA.

The following Lines, having been omitted in their proper place, solely by the fault of the Author, are here inserted, as seemingly essential to illustrate the historical series of extreme events, compelled by the power and progress of Time.

These Lines the Reader will, if he please, supply, p. 106.

“ *Where great Sesostris rears his trophied bust
A mouldering pageant and an empty name.*”

Whose harness'd steeds—a mournful band!—
Were monarchs, conquered by his hand!
The trappings, which their shoulders bore,
Once royal robes, were stiff with gore
'Till TIME, a friend to Misery true,
The victim,—or the victor, slew;
And held the car, or heav'd the chain,
Of this the triumph—that the pain—
The car—the chain—whose blended sway
The happy and the hurt obey.
Egypt, whose meads the barbarous *Turk* deflowers,
While the wild *Arab* mocks her murdered powers,
Assisting thee to blight her fading fame.

Page 130, Line 16—for *faithfulness* read faithlessness.

“ 142, “ 6—for *warm* read moist.

“ 155, “ 8—for *fired* read proud.

“ 178, “ 15—for *bringing* read bring.

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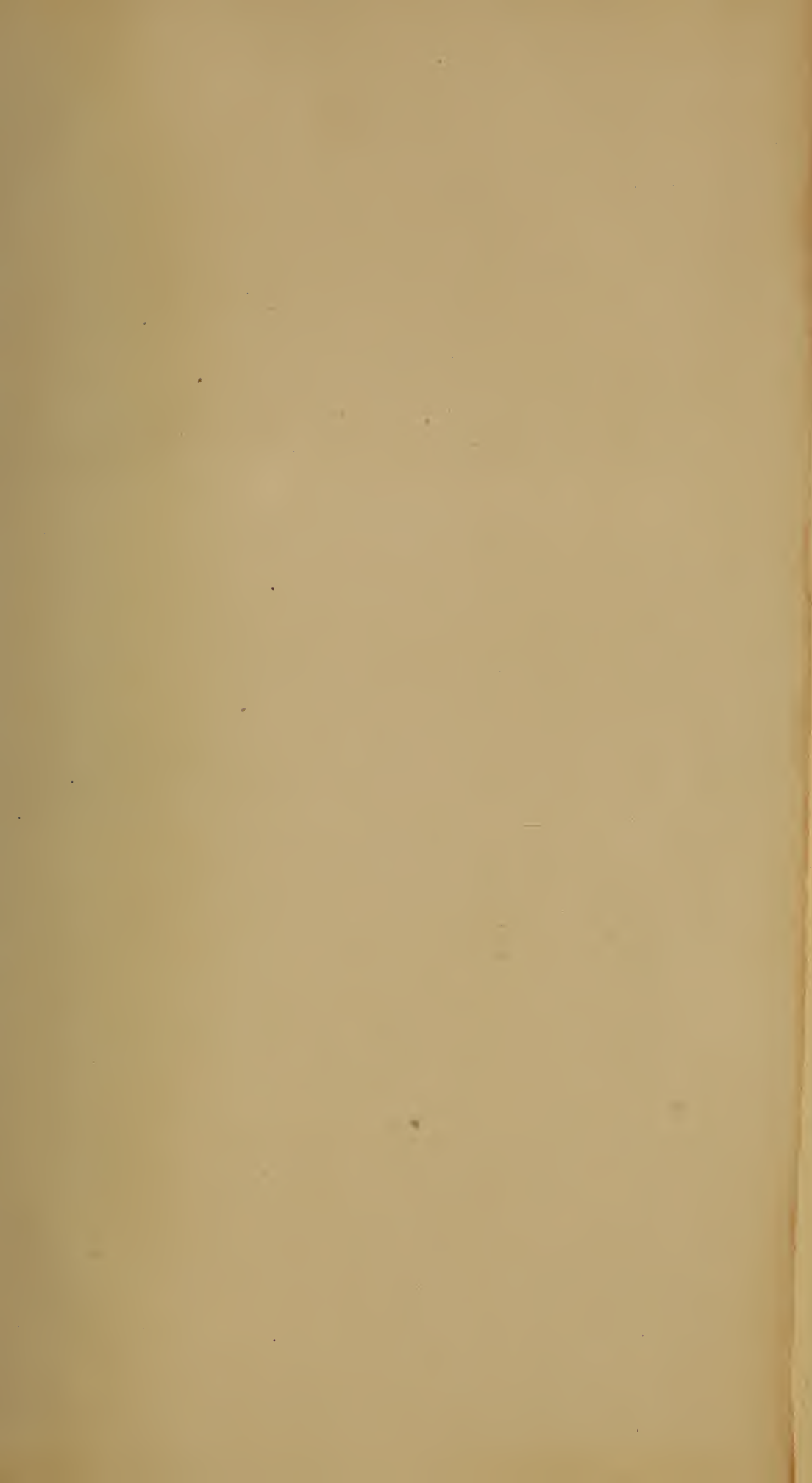
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